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Chronicle of King Henry VIII of England.

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CHRONICLE OF

King Henry VIII. of England.

BEING

A CONTEMPORARY RECORD OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE REIGNS OF HENRY VIII. AND EDWARD VI.

WRITTEN IN SPANISH BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

G 15328
387

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION,

BY

MARTIN A. SHARP HUME,

Knight of the Royal Spanish Order of Isabel the Catholic.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS,

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TO THE

MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, K.G.,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED IN HUMBLE TESTIMONY

OF ADMIRATION AND RESPECT.

M. S. H.

I BEG to acknowledge my obligation to James Gairdner, Esq., of the Record Office, for valuable advice and assistance in preparing this work for the press.

M. S. H.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN 1873 the Academy of History of Madrid had brought under its notice by one of its corresponding members a parchment MS. of ninety-five quarto leaves, entitled "CHRONICA DEL REY ENRICO OTAVO DE INGLATERRA." The document, which had been greatly prized by the owner's family, was closely written in seventeenth century characters, and was stated at the end to have been copied in Madrid in 1659. It consisted of seventy-five chapters, treating of events which extended from the divorce proceedings of Henry VIII., in 1527, to the execution of the Lord High Admiral Seymour, brother of the Duke of Somerset, in March, 1549, and the Academy of History placed it in the hands of one of its most distinguished members, the diplomatist and statesman, Don Mariano Roca de Togores, Marquis de Molins, for examination and report.

Amidst the political convulsions which were agitating his country, and in which he took an important part, the Marquis could devote but scant and intermittent attention to his task; but notwithstanding his inability to personally consult the many authorities and documents of the period in question, only to be found in London and Vienna, he had made considerable progress with his learned and acute analytical report, when, as he says, almost to his dismay he discovered, as a result of inquiries he had ordered to be made, that no less than eleven copies of the manuscript existed in Madrid and the Escorial—all of them apparently earlier, and some of them more interesting than the particular codex under examination.

This discovery greatly extended the scope of the report, which, instead of confining itself to the one MS., now dealt critically with the whole of the eleven. It was found that several of the copies now unearthed carried the Chronicle on to the execution of the Protector Somerset in January, 1552, and the arrest

of Paget, and three of the four copies found in the National Library at Madrid extended into the reign of Queen Mary. It was easily seen, however, that the seventeen chapters, from seventy-five to ninety-two, extending from the death of Seymour to the execution of his brother Somerset, had been written by the same hand and in the same artless and unliterary style which is characteristic of the first seventy-five chapters, whilst the "third part," as it is called in one of the copies, relating the events of Queen Mary's reign, is written in totally different and more cultivated diction. It was wisely decided, therefore, to recommend to the Academy for publication one of the copies in the Biblioteca Nacional, containing only the ninety-two chapters, with such slight emendations and improvements as were suggested by a collation of it with the several other codices of ancient date which had been discovered in the Palace Library at Madrid and elsewhere.

That the document had been highly valued at the time when the events it recorded were fresh in men's memories was evident from the large number of contemporary copies which had been made of it, and from the fact that the great Jesuit historian, Father Rivadeneyra, in his history of the Reformation, had in at least two cases copied it textually—namely, when describing the coronation procession of Anne Boleyn through London, and the farewell of Henry VIII. on his death-bed with his daughter Mary. Rivadeneyra's history was written in his old age, in 1587, but, curiously enough, he was probably made acquainted with the Chronicle thirty years before in this wise. The only copy which bears a date, except the seventeenth century MS. first submitted to the Academy, is a beautifully copied and emblazoned parchment quarto copy, in which the history is carried up to the execution of the Duke of Northumberland in August, 1553, and in a curious and valuable appendix [1] bears the words,

[1] The Dedicatory Epistle to the "Albadeliste" copy of the Chronicle in the Biblioteca Nacional runs as follows :—

"When the King Henry VIII. of England married Queen Katharine, daughter of the Catholic King Ferdinand of Spain, there came to England a Valencian man of letters, and lived there many years, during which time there befell in that country religious barbarities, such as the denying of obedience to the Pope and to the Holy Sacrament, and other things to be expected of a misguided and blinded people, as is more largely set forth in this treatise, which is written in five quires and a half, and was written by the Valencian man of letters I speak of, for he was a man of good memory, and

"Scripto en Gante, postrero de Octabre MDLVI." On the ornamental frontispiece of this appendix there are carefully drawn at the top the arms of the family of Enriquez de Guzman, and at the foot the arms of Enriquez alone. This gives the clue to the conscientious copyist, who, as he says, had to copy the document 'on the sly,' and who sent it to his friend without a binding for fear of discovery, for the Enriquez de Guzman of the day was Don Diego, Count de Albadeliste, brother-in-law of the great Duke of Alba, with whom he was then (October, 1556) in Italy, whilst the Enriquez who is known to have been in Ghent at the same time was his kinsman, Don Pedro Enriquez, Chamberlain to his Catholic Majesty, Philip II. The great Emperor Charles V., sick of the world's grandeur and the world's emptiness, had come to Flanders to

was persuaded by his friends to undertake this work. After he had written all that is contained in these six quires unhappily a certain misfortune befell him, wherefore, as everything over there was changed, he was obliged to leave the country to save his life, and he escaped, and nothing more was ever heard of him, but it is believed either that he was murdered by his enemies or was lost at sea. He left in the house of a Spanish merchant, a friend of his, who lives in London, all his garments and belongings, and amongst other things he left the original, from which cautiously, and on the sly, and with a great deal of trouble, I have taken this copy of the six quires, or rather five-and-a-half, to be exact, in substance, although in some things I have condensed the writing in much less words, in the first place, because I had no time to be so diffuse, for, as I have said, I have copied it on the sly, and in the next place the style seemed to me to be anything but that of a man of letters, for he never mentions the time nor dates when all this variety of things happened as he describes, for which he excuses himself in the prologue, which I do not copy, in order to attend to the principal part, so I beg to be forgiven for this defect and the others which I may have made by my own fault in the copying, and hope that my good-will and zealous desire to be useful will be accepted. In Ghent, last day of October, DMLVI.

"I have not had it bound (NOLOEHECHO enquadernar), for fear that it might be discovered, for many of the persons of whom it speaks are living, and also because it would be very troublesome to send by the post."

On the back of one of his pages the transcriber also criticises the original in this wise:—

"And I am sorry to see that whilst in all the things of which this history treats, it is most copious and most true, as I have been able to learn from persons who were concerned in them, yet in the matter of fixing time it is so deficient that no date is mentioned in any part of it, although it is so necessary and important a thing for the enjoyment of history."

take a last farewell of his native place before retiring to his living tomb at Yuste; and amongst the other members of his family there came from England to meet him his son Philip, King of Spain and England, with his splendid court, one courtier of which, Don Pedro Enriquez, was then to copy the Chronicle 'on the sly,' and send it to his powerful kinsman, and another, a young but already eminent priest, the secretary and friend of St. Ignatius Loyola, Father Pedro de Rivadeneyra, was thirty years after to adopt its very words in his great history of the English schism.

It will be seen that Don Pedro, the copyist, enters into some curious criticisms of the work he is transcribing, and repeats, but with evident doubt, the current account of its authorship. He says that it was compiled from papers left in the house of a Spanish merchant in London by a Valencian lawyer, or man of letters, who had gone to England with Queen Katharine of Aragon, and who, in consequence of a misfortune that befell him, had to fly from that country to save his life; but he goes on to say that the style of writing appears to him to be very unlike that of a lawyer, although he adds, "it is most copious and most true, as I have been able to learn from persons who took part in the events."

A so-called chronicle without a date, except a purely arbitrary one in its first sentence, can hardly be seriously criticised from the point of view suggested by its title; but the omission of dates, bad as it is in a chronicle, is hardly so suggestive of carelessness as the confused and slovenly order in which some of the events are related. It is no uncommon thing for the writer to hark back with a remark that he forgot to tell an event in its proper order, so he may as well tell it now; and in one case he even transposes the order of Henry VIII.'s fourth and fifth marriages, and makes Cromwell intervene in the marriage of Katharine Howard, which took place after his execution. But for all these imperfections and drawbacks, the Chronicle, written in a rough and blunt phraseology, bristles from beginning to end with new subsidiary facts and natural touches which reveal the sympathies and partialities of the writer, and enable the reader easily to distinguish the scenes of which he was an eye-witness or actor from those which he recounts at second hand only, and again from those which are merely the repetition of the gossip of his class or neighbours. The value of the Chronicle must in a large degree

depend upon the personality of the author, and the amount of opportunity for observation which he enjoyed; and the speculations of the Marquis de Molins on this point do not appear to me very successful. No Valencian man of letters went with Katharine to England, except the celebrated Professor Luis Vives, who left before the events of the Chronicle took place, and the uncouth and ungrammatical style proves the writer to have been a man of small culture, and unused to literary composition; but a portion of the Chronicle may have been inspired by a certain Licentiate Medona, or Medina, to whom the Queen wrote a letter in March, 1535, and who seems to have been some sort of agent of hers in London. A suggestion appears to have been made that the chronicler was a Spanish priest who was in attendance on the ill-fated Katharine, but this again is rendered improbable, if not impossible, from the proved fact that, with the exception of the weak and aged Bishop of Llandaff, mentioned in the Chronicle, who died in 1540, no Spanish priest was near Katharine in the last years of her life; and in any case it is not conceivable that a Spanish priest could have burst forth in paroxysms of praise of Henry as the writer of the Chronicle does. The Marquis de Molins rejects the idea that any Spanish merchant resident in London could have written it, as no mention is made of the frequent exactions imposed by Henry and the Protector Somerset upon the commercial classes, although I would point out that the immunities granted to foreigners resident in London by Henry are mentioned in Chapter LII., and a long complaint on the debasement of the coinage under Somerset is made in Chapter LXXIX., besides an expression of condolence with the merchants who had been despoiled by the Lord High Admiral Seymour. The Marquis very strongly inclines to the belief that the Chronicle must have been the work of, or at all events inspired by, one of the Spanish mercenary soldiers then in the service of England. It is undoubted that a great portion of any value the Chronicle may possess must depend upon the fact that it contains the most detailed, curious, and hitherto unknown particulars of the lives and fortunes of these military adventurers, their names, their pay, their quarrels, jealousies, and triumphs; and, highly interesting as are some of the grave historical facts related, they may mostly be relegated to the contemporary English chroniclers for the sake of the trivial but deeply interesting miniatures of the daily life of these Spanish swashbucklers.

The Marquis de Molins pitches upon one of these mercenary captains, whose name throughout the Chronicle is mentioned as Captain Julian, as the probable author or inspirer, on account of the almost auto-biographical minuteness with which some of his adventures are told, and very happily guesses this Captain Julian to have been a certain Julian Romero, who in after life became a famous general in the continental wars, but whose biographers were ignorant of his youthful sojourn and services in England. This surmise as to Captain Julian's identity with the General Romero who fought so valiantly at San Quintin, and who died in 1577, is abundantly proved by authorities in England, which the Marquis apparently had not the opportunity of consulting; but true though it be that Julian's deeds and thoughts in certain adventures are set forth with trivial exactness, I cannot for several reasons admit the theory of his authorship of the record. In the first place, his character as displayed in the Chronicle itself, and as confirmed by a Spanish historian in 1554, who calls him a captain of small knowledge or prudence, is the very last in the world to fit him to sit down and write of other men's deeds in the fulness of his own youth and turbulence; in addition to which, his signature to a document unearthed at Simancas by the Marquis de Molins proves that this brave gentleman could hardly write his own name. What is more important still, however, is that certain events in the Chronicle, such as the coronation of Anne Boleyn, the burning of Father Forest, and the reception of Anne of Cleves, all of which happened before Julian could have arrived in England, are evidently related by the writer as an eye-witness. No mention moreover is made of Julian's active service and adventures in Scotland during the campaigns of 1548-9, in which he appears, according to the French historian Beaugué, to have played a distinguished part.

The author's peculiarly artless style renders it easy to distinguish the point of view from which he tells his story, and reading between the lines, in nearly every case where he relates a scene at second hand the source of his information is clearly indicated. The theory of the lawyer or priest being the author is unlikely on the face of it. The author could not have been Don Miguel de la Sá (or Lasao), Katharine's doctor, who was with her at her death, although he perhaps communicated the particulars of the scene to the writer, because no mention is made of certain important medical facts obtained from him by the Ambassador

Chapuys, and sent by the latter to Charles V.; and more especially because, on the first visit of Chapuys to Kimbolton, related so graphically in Chapter XXIV., it is perfectly clear that the chronicler was one of the party, and tells the story from the outside and not the inside of the castle.

I take it for certain also that the writer of the Chronicle was not himself at Court, or in personal communication with royalty, because in the more or less apocryphal conversations with royal personages scattered throughout the book, the King or Queen is always addressed as 'Your Majesty,' a title used by Charles V., but not usually assumed by or addressed to Henry VIII., who was always called 'Your Grace' or 'Your Highness' in conversation. Again, the writer evidently saw the triumphal procession of Anne Boleyn through the city from the street, and was, clearly, one of the Spanish residents who, as he said, waited so long for the arrival of Anne of Cleves at Blackheath. He indicates himself also as the 'only foreigner' who got inside the Tower to see the execution of Anne Boleyn, by obtaining entrance the night before. He just as evidently saw from the street the return of Surrey from Guildhall after his condemnation to death, and from the street, too, outside the palace of Whitehall, he apparently witnessed the pageant of the christening of Edward VI., and nine years afterwards, his coronation. I judge that the author could not have been a diplomatist, as he shows no familiarity with the person or movements of the celebrated Spanish ambassador in London, Eustace Chapuys, and apparently knows nothing of the eternal game of political checkmate which the wily Fleming was playing with the French king on the English chessboard, nor does he mention once the *finesse*, the intrigues, the supplications, the threats and the appeals made for years by Chapuys on behalf of the Princess Mary to her brutal father, either to let her leave the country and go to her Spanish relations, or to allow her to have proper medical attendance and some assurance of protection or safety from the ever-dreaded poison. The writer knew none of the moves of what was probably the greatest diplomatic game ever played, and I cannot believe that he was any secretary or hanger-on of Chapuys'.

All this seems to show that the author was not a courtier or a diplomatist any more than he was a lawyer or a priest, and the responsibility for the document would therefore appear to rest between a resident merchant, trader, or interpreter, or one of the

mercenary soldiers of fortune who flocked to the standard of Henry VIII. for the honour, the pay, and the ransoms. From the first coming of Katharine of Aragon, with a great suite of Spaniards in her train, there must have been a large number of her countrymen constantly passing through London—messengers, courtiers, friends, soldiers and agents; and after the divorce, the road through France from Flanders to Spain being periodically closed by war, the couriers, men-at-arms, diplomatists, and travellers, in their journeys backwards and forwards, would pass through England from the south-east coast to Bristol or Plymouth in still larger numbers. This would of course necessitate some lodgings or hostelries in London, where the language was spoken and their countrymen to be met with, the proprietors of which, or their sons, would no doubt habitually serve as interpreters to their guests; and all through the book it seems to me that glimpses are to be caught of some such person as this, who would be brought into contact with a large number of his countrymen of all ranks and professions, and, Spaniard-like, would listen to, and in his turn retail, their stories of passing events in which they were actors.

The trite account of the protracted divorce proceedings, and the shadowy forms of kings and cardinals, sink into the background when the real live figure of Montoya, one of the Queen's servants, is brought before our eyes. It is then no longer an abstract personage, but a flesh-and-blood man, who probably told his share of the story to the open-eared chronicler. We know how much money he had, the name of the gentleman in Antwerp who paid it to him, the exact time he took on his voyage, how much he paid for his boat, and the many small particulars by which the simple-minded chronicler plainly divulges his informant. Montoya, we are told, remained at Bruges to escape the King's vengeance, and the scant number of Katharine's faithful Spaniards was still further shrunken; but another informant is ready at the dramatic scene related in Chapter XX. When the oath of allegiance to the new Queen, and to Henry as head of the church, was being imposed on all the inhabitants, the Spanish residents in London, we are told, were in hiding for twenty days, until the Emperor's ambassador was able to arrange with the all-powerful Cromwell that they should be exempt; but no such leniency was intended to be accorded to Katharine herself, notwithstanding the splendid burst of fury and indignation with

which she had cowed the King's page Montjoy, who had dared to ask her to take the oath immediately after the divorce had been pronounced. The writer of the Chronicle was evidently not at Buckden on the second attempt made to extort the oath from the Queen and her servants, but out of her four Spanish attendants it is quite easy to distinguish the narrator of the scene. The Archbishop of York, Dr. Lee, and the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Tunstall (not as the writer erroneously says, the Archbishop of Canterbury), were sent to administer the oath, but, we are told in the Chronicle, with instructions not to press the Queen very hardly. The daughter of Isabel the Catholic was quite equal to the occasion, and flatly refused to swear. She called her servants together, and explained to them that they could not swear allegiance to Henry as head of the church, but told them to swear as her *maître de salle*, Francisco Felipe, should swear. The Chronicle tells how she called the faithful Francisco Felipe to her and concocted with him a word-juggle in Spanish which should cover the consciences of the servants and satisfy the bishops at the same time, and the *jeu de mots* appears to have hoodwinked the commissioners as regards the oath to Henry as head of the church. But the second oath, to Anne Boleyn, was not so easily disposed of; for when the Archbishop told the household what they had to swear, we are told "they all in one voice, *and especially Francisco Felipe*, said, I have sworn allegiance once to my mistress Queen Katharine, and whilst she lives I can recognize no other queen in this realm." The Archbishop then threatens them with punishment if they refuse, and the dramatic scene of the Burgundian lacquey Bastian is told, and a graphic account is given of his leave-taking from the Queen. It is quite clear from the mistake in the name of the bishop who administered the oath, and from the absence of any mention of the Queen's two young English chaplains, Abel and Barker, who refused to swear and were taken off to cruel sufferings and ultimate martyrdom, that the writer of the Chronicle was not present in person at this scene, and that his account of it was probably related to him by Francisco Felipe, with whose affairs and movements he is again very well acquainted after the death of the Queen in January, 1536. Felipe was taken from the Queen's service in 1535 for some time and is known to have stayed in London until the prayers of Katharine and the influence of Chapuys caused him to be restored to his mistress; and on Katharine's death he was in London

for a time, endeavouring to get the pay that was due to him, as well as a small legacy left to him by the Queen. The Chronicle gives an interesting account of a scene between Henry VIII. and Francisco Felipe respecting the restoration of certain valuables in Felipe's possession, after which the incensed monarch dismissed the faithful servant with scant ceremony and no money, and we are told that Francisco Felipe got nothing, and went poor to his own country. This account, in which the *maître de salle* is represented in a favourable light, and the King as a mean curmudgeon, can hardly be inspired by the same person as in a later chapter of the Chronicle bursts out in praise of Henry thus, "Oh, what a good King, how liberal thou wert to everyone, *and particularly to Spaniards*."

The scene at the Queen's death-bed is probably told at second hand, and might be related by either Dr. De la Sá or Francisco Felipe, but all the events which the Chronicle relates as happening in London at this time, such as Anne's entry into London, her execution, and the martyrdom of Forest, were evidently witnessed by the writer. There is a curious account of the attempted escape from England of the Spanish Bishop of Llandaff, and here again a glimpse seems to be caught of the narrator. He knows exactly the sum of money realized by the plate confided to 'some Spanish merchants' by the Bishop, what was done with the money, and the small particulars of the purchases *secretly* made for the journey, and even the amount paid to the boatman. I have a vague idea that the writer or compiler, whoever he was, must have lived in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Katharine's (now the site of St. Katharine's Docks), as he so often in the course of his book brings this not very important conventual and charitable establishment into prominence. He mentions that all the windows at St. Katharine's were broken by the concussion of the Tower guns on the entrance of Anne Boleyn, but he has not a word to say for the other windows all round Tower Hill, Tower Street, and other points equally near, whose windows must have been destroyed as well. Bishop Ateca of Llandaff is mentioned as being Abbot of St. Katharine's, and living there until his attempted escape. Surrey's boat to aid his escape from the Tower was taken of a St. Katharine's boatman, and was ordered to await him there. The part of London most affected by Spanish merchants was from time immemorial the neighbourhood of Tower Street and both sides of Tower Hill,

and indeed the tradition has not even now entirely died out.

In the autumn of 1543, Gonzaga, Viceroy of Sicily, arrived in London, as ambassador from the Emperor to Henry VIII., and an offensive alliance was concluded against France. At that time and for many years afterwards the Netherlands were swarming with soldiers of fortune—Spaniards, Burgundians, Swiss, and Germans—intermittently in the service of the Emperor, but willing to sell their aid to any other potentate who would pay them well; indeed, to this day the Spanish equivalent for 'sending coals to Newcastle' is to 'put another pike in Flanders'; and as the spoil of the church had given to Henry a greater abundance of money than was possessed by any other prince, it was natural that the adventurers should find their way hither as soon as the alliance of Henry and their master was known.

The Chronicle tells with minute exactness of the successive visits of two great Spanish noblemen to England, and the attempts made by Henry to enlist their aid in the coming war. We are told that these noblemen, one after the other, lodged at "the house of a Spaniard settled in London." Their incomings and outgoings are told with almost wearisome exactness. The names of their visitors and the thoughts of their followers are quite familiar with the narrator, and whenever the affairs of these noblemen, and especially the last one, the Duke of Alburquerque, needed communication with Englishmen, the knowledge of the writer is most complete. On the visits of the two dukes successively to the Court of Henry again the spectator stands revealed. It was to the writer a matter apparently of prime importance in a national chronicle that the 'other gentlemen' who accompanied the noblemen should have the honour of kissing the King's hand, and on these occasions, as on most, where the narrator is relating his own impressions, he uses the artless phrase "it was a sight to see" the grandeur of the Court. The Duke of Alburquerque and his followers entered the King's service for the war, and the familiarity of the writer with the Duke's movements continues throughout the whole campaign before Boulogne, at which he was presumably present. The English and Spanish historians barely mention the fact that the Duke of Alburquerque was present, but the Chronicle shows him taking a prominent part in the conduct of the siege, and all that relates to his share and the share of the Spaniards in this and the subsequent wars I

believe to be quite new. The minute exactness and truth of the writer with respect to the Duke of Alburquerque's affairs before Boulogne are incidentally proved by a diary of the siege written by the King's secretary, in which not only is the Duke given the next position after the royal blood, but the very uniforms described by the chronicler are mentioned, and the hundred horsemen who followed the Duke. (Rymer, vol. xv. page 54. "*The order how the King's Majesty departed out of the town of Callay, on Friday, 25th July.*")

The design of the allies was to send two great armies to move conjointly on Paris, and the English king collected troops and sent them to his town of Calais. Unfortunately, however, Henry, seduced by the ambition of following the example of the Emperor in reducing the towns on the road, instead of swiftly moving on the panic-stricken capital, frittered away his strength before Boulogne and Montreuil, and the King's stay before Boulogne previous to its surrender is dwelt upon minutely by the writer. He mentions that the King was in the habit of "*coming* to the Duke of Alburquerque's tent at nightfall accompanied by a gentleman named Master Knyvett, and a laquey, whereupon the Duke used to sally forth with another laquey and an *interpreter the Duke had*, and they went to walk on the beach." The conversations between the King and the Duke in these walks are repeated with apparent fidelity, and it is difficult to avoid speculating whether the '*interpreter the Duke had*' was not the writer or narrator of the scene, and whether 'the Spaniard who was settled in London' might not have accompanied the Duke to the wars.

Thenceforward the lives and adventures of the Spanish mercenaries in the English service occupy a large space of the Chronicle, and we catch sight repeatedly in the narration of some person who is constantly in contact with these swashbucklers without being one of them. Thus, in the curious scene of Julian's intemperate rage, told in Chapter LXIII., the narrator is not very far to seek. The merchant who heard everything that the obstreperous Julian had said, and who knew exactly how much Gamboa had heard as well as Gamboa's malicious secret appeal to the witness to be hard on the peccant captain, might well be the Spaniard settled in London, in whose house both the Dukes of Najera and Alburquerque lodged, and who, as interpreter to the latter, was familiar with all his affairs in London and before

Boulogne. We seem to guess the probability of this "Spaniard settled in London" being one of the foreign jurymen in Captain Guevara's trial for murder in January, 1550, told in Chapter LXXXVIII., as he knows the secrets of their deliberation whilst considering their verdict, and his description of the trial is almost puerile in its minuteness.

That the writer could speak and understand English is evident from the fact that he repeatedly translates words and expressions, but it is also clear that he had learnt all he knew by ear or rote, from the extraordinary eccentricity of his spelling of English proper names. Not a name in the book is spelt otherwise than phonetically as it would strike a Spanish ear, and in some cases great ingenuity is shown in adapting English pronunciation to Spanish spelling, as in Huaruyque for Warwick, Arequenebeth for Harry Knyvett, Cahuart for Howard, and it is difficult to avoid thinking that the reason why Wolsey's name is never mentioned in the chapters that relate to him is because of the difficulty or impossibility encountered by the writer in putting it phonetically into Spanish letters.

The document appears to have been first written, as far as Chapter LXXV., some time during the year 1550, probably in Belgium, where the writer no doubt had taken refuge from the persecutions of the time in England. Chapter LXXV. tells of the great famine in England which took place in 1550, and a previous chapter relates the execution of Seymour (March, 1549); and that the whole of the Chronicle up to Chapter LXXV. was written at the same time is proved by the remark in Chapter L., when speaking of the unfortunate Sir Geoffrey Pole, brother of the Cardinal who had taken refuge in Belgium, that "*at this very day*" the Bishop of Liege was entertaining him, and making him an allowance. "This very day" must have been in 1550, as Sir Geoffrey Pole returned to England, amnestied, at the beginning of 1551. The trial of Guevara for murder, at which the writer was certainly present, took place at the end of January, 1550, and is related in what may be called a continuation of the Chronicle. In this continuation many of the events recounted must, in all probability, have happened before the author's flight, such as the already mentioned murder trial in January, 1550, and Warwick's bold intrigue against the Protector; indeed it would appear to be not improbable that the first imprisonment of Somerset might even be the reason of the author's

removal to Belgium, as he shows himself all through a strong partizan of Somerset and Paget; but be this as it may, it seems clear that the last seventeen chapters of the Chronicle were not written as the first seventy-five were, all at one time, but were added one by one, partly from reminiscence and partly as the news was received from friends in England. I am brought to this conclusion from the fact that when the writer recounts the reconciliation between the fallen Somerset and the triumphant Warwick, in Chapter LXXXIII., he did not know of Somerset's execution (January, 1552), related in a subsequent chapter, because he expresses some doubt or fear lest the restoration of Somerset to liberty should not be regretted 'some day' by Warwick and his friends.

These last seventeen chapters, probably added piecemeal during the year 1551 and early in 1552, show clearly also that during that time the writer was living in a French-speaking country, as Gallicisms are constantly creeping into the text of these chapters which are never observable in the first seventy-five chapters, presumably written in England, or more probably transcribed from rough notes or memoranda immediately on the arrival of the writer in Flanders, some time in 1550.

The Chronicle is written throughout in a peculiarly uncouth and clumsy style, and an attempt has been made in the translation to preserve as much of its blunt simplicity as possible, whilst suppressing enough of its tautology and obscurity to make it intelligible to English readers.

M. S. H.

CHRONICLE OF KING HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE CARDINAL WAS THE CAUSE OF ALL THE EVIL AND DAMAGE THAT EXIST IN ENGLAND.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and thirty,[1] Henry VIII. being King of the realm of England, and in the flower of his age, determined for his own greater tranquillity, and in order to be able to take his pleasure, to give over the government of his kingdom to a Cardinal who lived there, who was Archbishop of York. This Cardinal was not a very learned person, but was much thought of by the King. He was of very low birth, his father being a butcher, but the King gave him the Chancellor's seals, and all that he ordered in the kingdom was done, even the Lords[2] obeying him. It came to such a pass, indeed, that the King intervened in nothing, and this Cardinal did everything. As it is the custom of princes always to strive to be friendly with those who rule in foreign countries, the King of France gained the goodwill of the Cardinal to such an extent that it brought about an alliance between the French and English Kings,

[1] This date (the only one in the book) appears to be quite arbitrarily introduced, as Wolsey had been Henry's minister since 1513, and several of the events related in the next three chapters happened before 1530, Wolsey indeed dying in that year, having been disgraced the year previous.

[2] The members of the King's Council are generally thus indicated in the Chronicle.

and the Cardinal always tried that the King of England should be on bad terms with the Emperor, the more to show his own friendship for France.

When Pope Clement died, this Cardinal wrote to the Emperor, asking him to remember what he promised him at Bruges when he was there as ambassador, which was to try to get him made Pope. The Cardinal well knew the Emperor would not do it, and by this means he could pick a quarrel with him.[1] This was evident when he sent the Clarence herald with the herald of France to the

[1] This is an error. The intrigue in question took place on the death of Pope Leo X., on the 1st December, 1521. Wolsey had gone on a mission to the Emperor at Bruges earlier in the year, and was cajoled by the wily Charles with promises of advancement to the papal dignity into concluding an offensive alliance of Spain and England against Francis I., who only the year before had sworn eternal friendship with Henry on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The promise looked a safe one when it was made, as the Pope was only forty-five, and much younger than Wolsey. On the death of Leo X., however, Charles sent the Bishop of Badajoz as ambassador to England to quiet Henry and the Cardinal with false hopes, whilst the Spanish agents were paving the way for the election in Rome of the Emperor's former preceptor, the Cardinal of Tortosa (Adrian VI.). The Bishop of Badajoz, writing to his master from London, 19th December, 1521 (Family Archives, Vienna—Bradford), says: "On the one side it does not appear to me that the Cardinal entertained any very sanguine hopes of success, though he is very far from despairing of it; on the other it is nevertheless obvious that something may be gained in this affair. The Cardinal will not fail to perceive in the management of it what the disposition of your Majesty towards his pretensions really is, and what trust is to be placed in your Majesty's promises conveyed to him last year through Sieur de la Roche and myself, which he at that time refused, but which he did not now forget to remind me of." A few days after the dispatch of this letter the Bishop received one from the Emperor, dated 14th December, 1521, in which he instructs him to impress upon Wolsey how zealous and desirous he (Charles) is to secure his election. Amongst other pregnant passages in this letter there is one that mentions Bruges as the place of the Emperor's promise.

"We wish you further to inform Monseigneur the Legate (Wolsey) on our part that we have never failed to have his advancement and elevation in view; and that we most willingly hold to the promise made to him at Bruges respecting the papal dignity; requiring only to know his own wishes, and the measures he would advise, in order to use in this affair, and in every other which concerns his interest, all the power and influence, without any reserve, which we can command."

Emperor to bid him defiance, as everybody knows. In this document I shall not talk about challenges, but I will tell of the artful plot he contrived. As he rose from base beginnings he rejoiced in having wise people in his train, and amongst them there was an astrologer, who said to him one day, "My lord, you will be destroyed by a woman." At the time he had so much power the sainted Queen Katharine was living, and, she grieving that so low a man should have so great control, showed but little love towards him, and rather tried that the King should look after the government of his kingdom. The Cardinal knowing this, and remembering what the astrologer had said, made up his mind to invent the diabolical thing we shall tell you of in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE CARDINAL MADE THE KING BELIEVE HE WAS BADLY MARRIED AND LIVING IN MORTAL SIN.

AFTER the devil had put it into the head of the Cardinal to do all the ill he could to the sainted Queen Katharine, and the Cardinal, knowing that the King was very much enamoured of one of the Queen's ladies, called Anne Boleyn, he went to the King one day, and finding him very merry, he said, "Sir, your Majesty must know that for many days I have wished to say something to you, but I do not dare, for fear you should be angry with me." The King wishing to know what it was, said, "Cardinal, say what is in your heart; you have my leave." The mischief-maker was nothing loth, and kneeling on the ground, he said, "Your Majesty must know that for many years you have been in mortal sin and living in adultery, for you are married to the wife of your brother, the Prince of Wales." The King was struck with astonishment, and said, "Cardinal, you deserve heavy punishment if this be so, and you have not told me before. If I really am in

mortal sin, God forbid that it should go on; but if it is not so, take care what you say." [1]

The Cardinal repeated his assurance; and to turn his wickedness to account, he said, "Your Majesty will see to it and undo the error." The King, as I have said, being in love with Anne Boleyn, answered him, "Well, but, Cardinal, in what manner can I free myself from it?" Then said the Cardinal, "Sir, your Majesty must speak to the Queen to this effect: 'My lady, you well know that you were married to my brother and lived half a year with him, so by the divine law I could not marry the widow of my brother;' and when your Majesty has spoken thus, you will see what she will say, and we will proceed accordingly." The King liked the Cardinal's advice, and presently, on the same day, he went to the sainted Queen and said, "Well you know, my lady, that on the command of the King my father I married you, and now it seems to me that for many years we have lived in mortal sin. I know you are holy and good; let us then undo the error of our consciences, and you shall be Princess of Wales, and we will part." From that hour forward the King was only happy in the thought of getting rid of her. The sainted Queen, knowing the malice from which it sprang, answered as follows.

[1] This scene, if ever it took place at all, must have happened not later than 1527, about which time the idea of a separation from Katharine first seems to have assumed form.

Grafton says: "This season (*i.e.*, summer, 1527) there began a fame in London that the King's confessor, being Bishop of Lincolne, called Dr. Longland, and divers other great clarkes, had told the King that the marriage between him and Lady Katharine, widow of his brother, Prince Arthur, was not good, but damnable, and the King should hereupon marry the Duchess D'Alençon, sister to the French King, at the towne of Calice this sommer, and the Viscount Rochfort had brought with him a picture of the said ladie, and that at his return out of Fraunce the Cardinall should pass the sea into Fraunce to fetch her."

CHAPTER III.

THE ANSWER GIVEN BY THE SAINTED QUEEN TO THE KING.

O MY good Henry, I well know whence all this comes, and you know that the King, Don Ferdinand, when he gave me in marriage with the Prince of Wales, was still young, and I came to this country a very young girl, and the good Prince only lived half a year after my coming. My father, the King Don Ferdinand, sent at once for me, but King Henry VII. wrote and asked my father that I might marry you. You know how we were both agreed, and how my father sent to Rome for the dispensation, which the Pope gave, and which my father left well guarded in Spain." The King, thinking she had not got the dispensation, answered, "We must see it; I do not believe there is any such dispensation." Then the blessed lady, seeing that things were really serious, sent off a gentleman of hers named Montoya, who was so diligent, that within twenty days he went to Spain and brought back the dispensation. During this time the King's love for Anne Boleyn became more and more ardent, and he was burning with impatience to get quit of the Queen, and carry out his intention of marrying Anne Boleyn, as he afterwards did. As soon as the gentleman came back with the dispensation, and the King knew of it, he said he wished to know from Rome if the dispensation was genuine and true, so he ordered that for a space of ten days no one should leave the kingdom, and during that time he sent a post to Rome. It is said that he sent to offer a large sum of money, that they might write from Rome that no such dispensation existed; and the Queen, when she knew that the King had despatched his post, said to the same Montoya, "It is necessary, Montoya, that you depart by post with my letter to the Pope at once, and as the ports by Dover are closed, take a Flemish

ketch, pay them whatever they ask you, and depart at once, striving to arrive in Rome before the King's post leaves there." The good Montoya was no sluggard, for that same night he gave fifty crowns for a ketch, in which he sailed; and God so ordered it, that in a day and a half he arrived in the town of Antwerp, and there an honourable gentleman named Pero Lopez gave him three hundred ducats. He left; and God guided him so, that he arrived in Rome one day before the King's post. As the Pope received the letters from the blessed lady first, when the King's post arrived, he said, "I know already why you come, and I wish all the world to know that the dispensation is a good one, and I will write to the King your master what may be necessary, sending thither also for my greater tranquillity Cardinal Campeggio." So he presently carried this into effect,[1] and sent off the King's post and the gentleman Montoya; but when the post arrived in England, the King was sorely chagrined to learn that the Pope was warned by Montoya's having gone. As the blessed lady knew the King was angry, she prevented Montoya from coming over, and so the gentleman stopped in Flanders, in a town called Bruges, and there they gave him what he required. Cardinal Campeggio left Rome, and in a very short time arrived in England, when the King wished the case to be considered.[2] The King took for his representative the English Cardinal, and the blessed lady chose Cardinal Campeggio, and a term of thirty days was accorded for both sides to prepare their cases and defend their rights.

[1] Pope Clement's Bull was dated 3rd April, 1528.

[2] Cardinal Campeggio arrived in England early in October, 1528, and departed October, 1529.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE SAINTED QUEEN DEFENDED HER OWN CASE FOR WANT OF A LAWYER.

THE blessed lady, knowing that she should not find anybody to speak for her, sent a messenger to Flanders with her letters to a learned man who lived in Bruges, called Master Luis Vives, who was in her pay. She wrote to him, asking him to come to her aid; but this Luis Vives[1] was so frightened that he durst not come; so when the sainted Queen saw that he was too much afraid, she said, "Praise be to God; I must trust in Him, and He will help me."

So when the time was expired the judges sat in the great

[1] This was the celebrated Valencian lawyer and philosopher, who had been one of the professors of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and had been formerly in high favour with both Henry and his Queen, who had confided to him the education of their daughter Mary. He had been arrested and banished at the beginning of the divorce proceedings, and the invitation of the Queen that he should return and defend her was answered by him with a refusal. In writing on the subject to Juan de Vergara, his own account of the circumstances is somewhat curious: "In rebus Britannicis magna mutatio. De hoc Regis et Reginæ dissidio audivisti et enim est fabula *toto notissima cœlo*, ut ille dicit. Ego Regina me adjunxi, quæ mihi meliore causa visa est niti, eique quam potui opem tuli et dicendo et scrivendo. Ea res animum Regis offendit, ita ut me *libera custodia* juberet detineri sex hebdomades unde sum dimissus ea conditione ne regiam ingrederer. Itaque liber jam, consultissimum judicari domum redire idque Regina per codicillos suasit clam missos. Post menses aliquot missus est Campegius Cardinalis in Britanniam judex causæ. Rex mira festinatione missit Reginam quærere sibi patronos et advocatos ad dicendam causam apud eum ipsum Campegium et Cardinalem Angliæ. Accivit me Regina ut sibi adessem; negavi expedire ei á quamquam in illo foro defendi; præstare ut indicta causa condemnaretur quam ut aliqua specie defensionis: Regem tantummodo prætextum quærere ad suum populum; ne Regina inaudita videatur esse circumventa, reliqua eum non magnoperè curare. Irata est mihi etiam Regina, quòd non statim voluntati potius suæ paruerim, quam rationi meæ, sed mihi mea ratio instar est omnium Principum; ergo et Rex tamquam inimico, et Regina tamquam

hall of London, and there were eight lawyers for the King and none for the sainted Queen.[1]

At that hour first began in the kingdom the eruptive pestilence of heresy, for no sooner had the judges commenced hearing the King's lawyers, and before the sainted Queen had spoken, these lawyers advanced such things that one of them, even without any shame whatever, said, "Your lordships will know that if the Prince of Wales had carnal conversation with this lady, there is no divine law or any dispensation worth anything at all, and the marriage cannot be valid. That the facts may be seen the more clearly I have here these two gentlemen of great credit who will swear that one morning the Prince came out of his chamber saying: 'Gentlemen, I come out glad this morning, for I have been during the night six miles into Spain.'" The lawyer produced his witnesses, who swore what he had said was true, but for their honours' sake I will not name them. The blessed lady seeing this wickedness and perfidy, brought out the dispensation, and said these words, "O false ones! how can you swear such great wickedness? The King Henry, my husband, knows well how he found me." And sure enough it was said that the Prince was impotent, and that the blessed lady was virgin when she married the King. The judges seeing the right that the blessed lady had on her side—Cardinal Campeggio being much more learned than the English Cardinal, and overcoming him by the Holy Scriptures—they found that the dispensation was quite good. The English Cardinal, seeing that his learning did not reach that of Campeggio, agreed with him to give sentence next day in favour of the sainted Queen, and went that night to see the King, to whom he said: "May it please your Majesty, I was mistaken, and all our doctors, and it is needful that the sentence should be given against your

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immorigero et refractario, uterque annum mihi salarium adhemit. Itaque his fere tribus annis ego ipse admiror, unde me toleraverim, ut facile intelligam quantò majus sit quod Deus tacite supeditat, quam quod ab hominibus cum magno strepitis exprimitur—"

Epistolæ Vives—Vives opera omnia Valentiæ, 1788 (Marquis De Molins).

[1] The tribunal sat 28th May, 1529.

Majesty." The King when he heard this flew into such a great rage as could not be surpassed, and as he was determined to leave her (*i.e.* the Queen), and was blind with love for Anne Boleyn, whom he wanted to marry at once, he told the Cardinal very angrily to get out from his presence, and sent to summon the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and other lords of his Council, and said to them: "Well, my lords, you have seen how the Cardinal has put me in for this, and now at the best time he leaves me in the lurch. I am determined to follow my own will, and I wish you, my lord Duke of Norfolk, to-morrow, when the Cardinals sit to give judgment, and before they give it, to tell them that I command that no judgment shall be pronounced." So on the next day when the Cardinals took their seats the Duke of Norfolk was present, and before anyone else spoke, he said: "My lords, it is the will of the King that no more should be said about the Queen's affair, and he wishes no sentence to be given." So the Cardinals, hearing what the Duke said, presently arose, and no more was said in the matter.

That same day the King said to Anne Boleyn: "Sister, the Cardinal has left us in the lurch at the critical time, but I promise you I will not forsake you. I will crown you Queen of my realms yet." And she answered him, "Your Majesty is ruled by the Cardinal; it would be better if he went to study again, and had not so much power." "I promise you, Madam, for the love I bear you," said the King, "I will take from him the power he wields." What a judgment of God! and how He punishes the wicked! This Cardinal thought he was to be undone by the sainted Queen Katharine, and instead of that he was ruined by Anne Boleyn.

So the King sent for the Cardinal, and took from him the seal of Lord Chancellor, and ordered him to interfere in no temporal affairs. The Cardinal seeing this went down on his knees before the King, and begged the grace of being allowed to go to his diocese, which the King granted, and presently he took his departure, of which we shall speak in its proper place.[1]

[1] 1529.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE KING DISMISSED CARDINAL CAMPEGGIO, AND PRESENTLY MARRIED ANNE BOLEYN.[1]

AS soon as the English Cardinal had gone to his diocese the King called Cardinal Campeggio, and said to him, "Cardinal, you can go when you like, for I would have you know that from this day forward the Bishop of Rome shall have no more power in my realm."

The good Cardinal, seeing the intention of the King, resolved to leave at once; so he went, and we will make no more mention of him here. And the King ordered a meeting of the grandees of his kingdom, both temporal and spiritual, and when they were met, he made them a short speech, and told them clearly not to dare to contradict him, and then he said: "You well know the tyranny exercised every year by the Bishop of Rome in my dominions, and the large sum of money he takes out of them: and it is my will that he shall take out no more. Therefore, I wish Parliament to be called together so that it may abolish this state of things." They all answered with one voice that it should be done, indeed they were obliged, for he had told them beforehand not to contradict him, and some of them even told him he had done well.[2]

Then the King commanded that within eight days all should meet at Westminster, and in the meanwhile he said he wanted to marry Anne Boleyn, and begged them all to approve. The King made this speech at a town near London, called Greenwich, the blessed lady, good Queen Katharine, staying there at the same time. The King left directly afterwards for another house of his

[1] Campeggio left England in October, 1529, but the public marriage of the King with Anne did not take place until the end of May, 1533, although they had been privately married some months previously.

[2] The divorce from Katherine was actually promulgated by Archbishop Cranmer in May, 1533.

called Richmond, and then sent for Anne Boleyn and all the ladies of the Court, very few remaining with the sainted Queen. When they arrived he sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury to say mass, who married them at once.[1]

Here the King acted by might and not by right, and when the sainted Queen heard of it you may conceive the great sorrow which fell upon her to see the King do so ugly an act before God and the world to satisfy his own desires. He sent to the blessed lady to tell her to leave the house and go to Kimbolton, about fifty miles from London; and the blessed lady, seeing the King's order, left[2] at once, taking with her all her old servants, both English and Spanish, and some of her ladies whom she had brought up from children. God knows they all were sorrowful enough, but the blessed lady comforted them and said: "My true servants, pray be of good cheer. I trust in the mercy of God that he will turn the heart of my dear Henry so that he may see the error into which he has fallen."

As soon as the house was clear Anne Boleyn was in haste to get back to Greenwich. So they all returned, and within three days the King made known to the city of London how he wanted to pass through the city with his new Queen for her to be crowned at Westminster; and the citizens, as soon as they knew the King's will, decorated the city very sumptuously, and made many triumphal arches, as will be told.

[1] This evidently refers to the public marriage. The private marriage took place at Whitehall on the 25th of January, 1533, and the officiating clergyman was Dr. Lee, Bishop of Coventry, afterwards of Chester and of York.

[2] The author, in his desire to tell a connected story in these early chapters, sacrifices chronological accuracy and sequence. Katherine, in fact, had left Greenwich for Windsor more than two years previous to Henry's second marriage. She was removed to Ampthill in June, 1531, thence to Buckden in 1533, and finally to Kimbolton, to die, in July, 1535.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW ANNE BOLEYN WAS TAKEN TO THE TOWER OF LONDON, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH SHE PASSED THROUGH LONDON.

THE King had not been at Greenwich three days with his new Queen when he sent word to the Captain of the Tower of London to make ready, as he was going thither, and on Monday morning he left Greenwich in one of his barges, accompanied by the Queen. There were so many barges and boats which left with them, and so many ladies and gentlemen, that it was a thing to wonder at, for it is four English miles from London to Greenwich, and the river is quite wide, but nothing else could be seen all the way but barges and boats all draped with awnings and carpeted, which gave pleasure to behold.

Near the town of Greenwich the King always keeps many of his ships, and these were all dressed out very prettily, and full of artillery; and higher up towards London there were many vessels before a place called Ratcliff (Recleo), which also were in order; and higher up still, before St. Katharine's, there were an infinite number of ships, vessels, and barges, all in very good order. Well, it is quite incredible the great quantity of artillery there was around the Tower of London. As soon as the King got into his boat they began to fire off so many cannons at Greenwich, that the King's boat got as far as the first ships before they finished. Then the King's ships took up the firing, and it lasted so long that the King arrived at Ratcliff, two miles off, by the time it was ended, and then the ships off Ratcliff commenced, and went on firing till he got to St. Katharine's, where the artillery on the ships and barges continued firing until the King reached the Tower and went inside; indeed, all the ladies and gentlemen had disembarked before it finished. The Tower guns then began, and it verily seemed as if the world was

coming to an end; indeed, they fired so much, and the pieces were so large, that neither in the Tower nor in St. Katharine's, which is almost like a town, was there a single whole pane of glass left, and it seemed as if all the houses must tumble to the ground.

When the artillery had finished the trumpets began, so many of them, that it was quite a sight to see. And so all that day and night the King with his Queen remained in the Tower, and the next morning[1] very early the King went in his boat to Westminster. At ten o'clock Anne left the Tower in an open litter, so that all might see her, but before she came out all the cavalry preceded her, all in very fine order and richly bedight. Then came the gentlemen of rank, and then all the ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in cars, very brave. The Queen was dressed in a robe of crimson brocade covered with precious stones, and round her neck she wore a string of pearls larger than big chick-peas, and a jewel of diamonds of great value.[2] On her head she bore a wreath in the fashion of a crown of immense worth, and in her hand she carried some flowers. As she passed through the city she kept turning her face from one side to the other; and here it was a very notable thing to see, that there were not, I think, ten people who greeted her with "God save you!" as they used to when the sainted Queen passed by.

And when she arrived at the great street called Chepe, near a gilded cross which was there, they had put up a very brave triumphal arch; and the custom of that country is, when a King goes through London on his way to be crowned, the city gives him a thousand pounds sterling, and when a Queen passes they give her two thousand nobles. On the top of the triumphal arch were the gen-

[1] 1st June, 1533.

[2] Hollingshead, writing in 1587, describes her dress thus: "She had on a circot of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same furred with ermine. Her haire hanged downe, but on her head shee had a coife with a circlet about it full of rich stones."

It is curious, however, that a contemporary historian, the celebrated Jesuit, Father Rivadeneyra, secretary of St. Ignatius Loyala, in his history of the "Schism in England," written in 1587, copies textually the words of our Chronicle in describing Anne's dress and progress.

tlemen of the city, and by a cunning device, as the Queen passed, they let down a boy dressed as an angel, who gave the Queen a purse containing two thousand nobles.[1]

As soon as Anne received the purse of money she put it beside her in the litter; and here she showed she was a person of low station, for there were by her at the time the Captain of the King's Guard with his men and twelve lacqueys, and when the sainted Queen passed to her coronation she handed the two thousand nobles to the Captain of the Guard, to be divided between the halberdiers and the lacqueys. Anne did not do so, but kept them for herself.

Passing through London she arrived at Westminster, where the King was awaiting her, and she was received with great sounds of trumpets and other instruments. The King took her in his arms and asked her how she liked the look of the city, to which Anne answered, "Sir, I liked the city well enough, but I saw a great many caps on heads, and heard but few tongues." It is a thing to note that the common people always disliked her. From Westminster Hall she was taken to the church, where the Kings and Queens are always crowned, and there she was crowned with great ceremony, and carried thence to the royal palace, where great feasts were made, lasting more than a week, with many jousts and tournaments. Here we will leave them for a time to say what the King did in Parliament.

[1] This hardly agrees with the accounts of other eye-witnesses, but the discrepancy is easily explained.

Hollingshead says: "The Aldermen stood by the Little Conduit in Cheape. . . . . When she came to the Cross of Chepe, newly gilt, Master Baker, the recorder, came to her with a low reverence, making a proper and brief proposition, gave in the name of the city 1,000 marks in a purse of gold, which she thankfully accepted with generous words. . . . She then rode to the Little Conduit, where there was a rich pageant full of melody, representing Mercury, with Pallas, Juno, and Venus; and Mercury presented her with a gold ball divided into three parts, as a gift from the goddesses, to signify wisdom, riches, and felicity." The chronicler evidently saw the presentation at the conduit, and took it for the other one.

CHAPER VII.

HOW THE KING WAS MADE HEAD OF THE CHURCH IN HIS REALM BY THE PARLIAMENT.

I HAVE told how the King ordered all the grandees of his kingdom to meet in Parliament within eight days, and when they were met he made this speech to them: "You know already how the Bishop of Rome with his false Bulls and pardons took great sums of money from this country every year, and how he has made himself esteemed. I have seen this great abuse, and my will is, and I hope all will agree with it, that I should be acknowledged head of the Church within my realm. It is necessary, therefore, that all of you, both spiritual and temporal, should take the oath to that effect. From this time forward I desire to take the revenues, and that the Pope should be called only Bishop of Rome. Whoever calls him Pope must be punished." They all, both spiritual and temporal, cried with one voice, declaring him head of the Church in England after God.

On that day nothing else was done, but in two days' time the spiritual Lords met in the great church which they call St. Paul's, and agreed that within a month all the bishops, abbots, and prelates of the realm should come to take the oath, as well as two from every monastery in the land.

During this time notice was given to a Spanish bishop,[1] who acted as Queen Katherine's confessor, to come and

[1] This bishop is called in all English records and histories George Allequa or Atheca, but the Marquis De Molins proves his name really to have been Jorge de Ateca, a Dominican monk, who appears to have been appointed confessor to Queen Katherine for a short time on her first arrival in England in 1501, and to have been re-appointed by the King and Privy Council to the same post near the injured Princess during the last years of her martyrdom, in consequence of "his timid and quiet character. He would do less harm than any other." (Privy Council Papers.)

He was consecrated Bishop of Llandaff in 1517, and was replaced

take the oath. He was Bishop of Llandaff, in the land of Wales, and the good Bishop, knowing the evil intention and the bad path they were following, went to the sainted Queen and said to her: "My lady, I sorrow much what I shall be forced to leave your Majesty, for they have sent for me to take my oath to the King as head of the Church, which I will rather die than do." The blessed lady answered him, "Bishop, look well what you do, the soul is more precious than worldly goods;" and the Bishop said, "Your Majesty will see what I will do." So he presently departed for London, and went to his abbey of St. Katharine's, for he was the abbot of it, where he appeared quite happy. Then one day he went to the house of some

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in 1537. The story of his attempted escape is told in its wrong order in the Chronicle, as it did not take place until a month after the death of the Queen, to whom he administered the last sacraments.

He was, however, for some time before then, in extremely bad odour with the King and the all-powerful Cromwell, for on 24th August, 1535, Morgan, the Commissioner, writes to Cromwell saying he is inquiring into the state of the diocese, but that the Bishop is not in those parts, and he must do the best he can without him (Gairdner); and subsequently, in the same year, Adam Becansaw, priest, and John Vaughan, who were the judges, write to Cromwell saying that they have found the Bishop of Llandaff and his Archdeacon guilty of great ruin and decay of the mansions and other great faults, and have sequestered the fruits into the King's hands and yours (Cromwell's). (State Papers, Gairdner.)

The Bishop went back to his own country (Aragon) in 1537, and Fray Diago, the historian of the Dominican order, tells a miraculous story of him on his way home to Calatayud. "While on this journey, he arrived at the city of Zaragoza, in the kingdom of Aragon, where they not only demanded dues on his wardrobe, which was not large, but also on some blessed candles which had been given to him in Our Lady of Monserrat for the Empress; and he said, 'The curse of St. Peter and St. Paul fall on the house of him who does me such a wrong,' and the next day at dawn it, *i.e.* the house, was in such a blaze that all the people in it had great difficulty in escaping. As a proof that this happened by order from heaven, it was God's will that the houses on each side were uninjured, although a high wind was blowing. The Bishop arrived in Calatayud, and God called him to his kingdom in the same monastery where he had taken the vows. He died in 1540, and is buried in the middle of the church, going out of the Lady Chapel."—DIAGO, "Historia de la Orden de Santo Domingo" (De Molins).

Spanish merchants who were there, and said to them, "Gentlemen, I need to sell a little silver, and I do not want anyone to know that it is mine. I will send it to you this evening, and you will turn it into money as soon as may be." So he sent a coffer full of silver by a servant whom the good Bishop trusted, and it was sold for one thousand ducats, which the Bishop asked them to have delivered to him in Flanders, and it was so arranged without anyone knowing anything about it.

Then he sent to a Flemish skipper and said to him, "Brother, you must leave by this tide with your ketch for Gravesend, and this lad you see here will join you with an old sailor. I want you to carry them to Flanders, and for your trouble, and that you shall not delay, here are fifty ducats for their passage." The skipper said, "Let them come to-night, the weather is fine, and I will soon land them in Flanders." So the ketch went to Gravesend to await the lad and the sailor.

Then the Bishop sent his servant to buy some sailors' clothes, and told him to let nobody see. When he had bought them he sent him to hire a boat to take them both to Gravesend, which the lad presently did; and then at midnight, unseen and unheard, the Bishop dressed himself as a sailor, and very secretly they sallied out and went to the boat which was awaiting them. The same night they arrived at Gravesend, where the ketch was waiting; but as it was very early in the morning, they left the boat and went to an inn. The good gentleman had already warned his servant not to pay him any respect, and by-and-bye the skipper of the ketch came and said to the lad, "Brother, if you are going it is time to be gone, for the tide is running." So they left to go on board, and as they got into the boat the boy entered first, and carelessly said, "My lord, give me your hand." There were many boatmen there, and they suspected what it was when they heard "my lord," and went to the justice of the town and told what they had heard. The justice went with a boat and men before the ketch could set sail, and as he knew the Bishop, he said, "What is this! my Lord Bishop, this dress accords ill with your dignity." So he brought him out of the ketch, but took no notice of the servant, who

went with the vessel to Flanders, carrying with him certain of his master's documents, whilst the justice went to London with the Bishop.[1]

Just as he was he was carried before the King, and the King when he saw him said, "How is this, Bishop, what clothes are these?" and the good Bishop answered, "I am a bishop no longer. Poor I entered this realm, and poor I wish to leave it." Then the King sent him to the Tower, where he was a prisoner eight months, until at last an ambassador, who was there from the Emperor, named Eustaquio Chapuys, caused the King to let him go. So this good Bishop went away, but he carried out his intention, for he did not swear like the others, of which we shall speak no more in this our discourse.

[1] Antoine de Castlenau, Bishop of Tarbes, writes to Francis I. from London, 3rd March, 1536 (Bibl. Nat., Paris): "A Spanish bishop, the late Dowager's confessor, has just been arrested in a sailor's dress, while about to embark on a Flemish ship to go to Spain. He was discovered through his servant calling him 'my lord.' It is said that he has sent 100,000 crowns to Spain and that he is in great danger, for leaving the country without licence is punishable by death. He says he intended to go on a pilgrimage, and ask for leave on his return."

Eustace Chapuys writes to Charles V. from London, 7th March, 1536 (Vienna Archives): "The Bishop of Llandaff, confessor to the late Queen, finding that he could not live as a good Catholic, or preserve his own soul in safety, fearing also that by refusing to swear to the new statute he should be treated like the Bishop of Rochester and others, determined on the very day of my last letter (25th February) to escape from the kingdom for Flanders or Aragon, where he was born, but he managed so badly that he was taken a prisoner, and put in the Tower. . . . . The King does not wish him to go, as he might stir up opposition to the King . . . ." (State Papers.)

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE KING MADE A CHAPLAIN OF ANNE'S FATHER ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

AS soon as the King was married to Anne the Archbishop of Canterbury died, and Anne asked the King to grant her the boon of giving the archbishopric to a chaplain of her father's called Thomas Cranmer. The King granted it and summoned the chaplain, to whom he said, "Chaplain, I grant you the boon of the archbishopric of Canterbury." It may well be imagined that this news was received with joy by the Chaplain, who knelt down and kissed the King's hand. "Give your thanks to the Queen, Archbishop," said the King, and when the Archbishop thanked her, the Queen replied, "Cranmer, you have well deserved it for the good service you have rendered to my father."

Here I wish to declare that this was the last archbishop who received the papal Bull, which he sent for at the King's wish, in order to dissemble with the Pope, as he had not yet sworn allegiance to the King as head of the Church.

A Genoese merchant named Arigo Salbago found him the money which they sent to Rome. The King might well have excused him from this, if he had liked, as he took the oath so soon afterwards. In a very short time came the dispensation from the Pope, but it was not so quick but that the King was sworn head of the Church before it came, and this chaplain was made bishop without the usual ceremonies which accompany the act. He was one of the greatest heretics and greatest enemies that the Pope had, and all his life he has lamented the money he gave for the Bulls.

This archbishop is not at all learned or wise, but he has in his house the wisest men to be found in the land. Every day they study two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, and he always delights in having

the greatest heretics in the kingdom. This bishop it was who hurried the prelates to take the oath, as we shall tell in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE PRELATES SWORE TO THE KING AS HEAD OF THE CHURCH.[1]

IT has already been told how within a month the prelates were to meet, and the gathering took place in the church of St. Paul's, London. All the bishops commenced, and then the prelates, and they all swore that from that time forward their King was also their spiritual head, and they would all obey him as such. They arranged that commissioners should go all over the kingdom to administer the oath to the clergy in the monasteries and churches, and it was ordered that those who would not take the oath should be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The commissioners who were appointed set forth for all parts of the kingdom, and two of them went to the churches and monasteries of London, where all, some from fear and some from inclination, took the oath, except most of the Carthusians, of whom we shall speak presently; and we shall tell how the Lords took the oath, and how the Chancellor would not take it.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE LORDS TOOK THE OATH, AND HOW THE CHANCELLOR —THOMAS MORE—WOULD NOT TAKE IT.

ALL the Lords also met and acknowledged the King as head of the Church as the prelates had done; and when it came to the turn of the Chancellor, Thomas More,

[1] Spring, 1535.

he would not swear. This Thomas More was one of the wisest laymen in the kingdom, and the King had given him the Great Seal when he took it away from the Cardinal. When they wanted him to swear, he said in a loud voice that all could hear, "My lords, if you knew what you have sworn it would grieve you sorely, and God forbid that I for fear of death should sacrifice my soul." As soon as the Lords heard him speak in this manner they said, "What, my Lord Chancellor, do you think you know more than all the prelates of the kingdom, and do you think we do not prize our souls as highly as you do?" "My lords," he answered them, "if you did value your souls you would never have consented to do what you have done, and I for my part say I am ready to die."

The Lords then took the Great Seal from him and sent him a prisoner to the Tower. When they informed the King, he showed great concern, for he knew More was one of the wisest men in his kingdom, and he told them to let More alone, as he would go himself to the Tower and see him, and hoped to convert him. Great was the love he bore this Chancellor, for the King was never known to visit or speak to anyone after he had been arrested. I had forgotten to say that when the prelates were sworn the good Bishop of Rochester [1] was very ill, and very old, and therefore could not go to the Parliament, but afterwards they made him come, and then he refused to swear, so he was taken to the Tower. We shall speak of this bishop in due time, but we will now return to Thomas More.

As the King had said, he took his boat and went to the Tower, where he had More brought before him, and said these words to him: "Thomas More, what art thou thinking about? Dost thou not know that I have raised thee from nothing, and to place thee in greater state I have made thee my Chancellor; that I had and still have the will to make a great lord of thee? Why dost thou refuse to acknowledge me as the others have done? I beseech thee to do this, and I will do for thee what I have said." More answered him very quietly, and without the least fear, in these words: "I know, Sir, that your Majesty has

[1] John Fisher.

shown me many great graces, but do not think, Sir, that for all the goods of this world I would lose this poor soul of mine which Jesus Christ our Lord redeemed; and your Majesty must know that I have two masters—God is the first over my soul; your Majesty is over my body. Which is best, to serve the Lord of my soul or the Lord of my body? Since your Majesty is master of my body you must do with it what you will."

When the King heard this he went away, and ordered him to be tried, and refused to see the Bishop of Rochester. So the Lords met and passed sentence, which was that both More and the Bishop should be beheaded. They kept them eight days after the sentence, thinking that the good More would recant, but as the Holy Ghost was in him he stood firm and despised death, caring nothing for the things of this world. The loss of such a man was a great one for the King; and if all the other lords had done like the sainted More when the King made his speech to them, there would not have been so many heresies in the country as there are now.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE CARTHUSIAN MARTYRS DIED WHO WOULD NOT TAKE THE OATH.

WE have said how the Commissioners went to all the churches in the country to administer the oath acknowledging the King as head of the Church, and how they went to the Charterhouse. The night before they came the Prior called all the brethren together and preached to them very devoutly, and his sermon was such that all of them there and then declared they would die before they would take the oath. So they all promised one another, and were dismissed.

When the Commissioners came the next day, the Prior spoke for all, and said, "Gentlemen, do not strive to make

us swear, for we are all determined to die first. When the Commissioners heard this, they said, "What, fathers! do you want to be more rebellious to the King than all the other orders? Do not act thus." And to hear each man speak for himself, they called the Prior first, and placed a book of the Gospels before him, and commanded him before them all to put his hand upon it. He laid his hand upon the book and answered them, "Gentlemen, I promise you by all the virtues there are in this book, that I will rather die a thousand deaths than swear anything of what you wish;" and then he lifted his hand from the book, made the sign of the cross, and went out straightway.

They called the others, and the ten of them swore as the Prior had done, that they would rather die, and the whole eleven were carried off to prison just as they were.

When the King heard of it, he ordered that justice should be executed upon them; so they were taken two by two on hurdles, and they were dragged to the gallows, which is three miles from London. The Prior went alone on a hurdle, and the holy friars confessed each other as they went along, the Prior embracing the crucifix, and saying many prayers.

When they were arrived at the gallows, they took one of the first and threw a rope round his neck, and the hangman asked his pardon. Then all the others placed themselves so that they should see the first die, the Prior preaching in Latin and comforting him as he was led up; and the friar turned to the hangman, and said, "Brother, do thy duty." The rope being placed on the gibbet, the hangman whipped the horse and the friar remained hanging. Directly, before he was half dead, they cut the rope, and stripped him; then they ripped up his belly, plucked out his bowels and his heart, and cast them into a fire that was burning there, and afterwards they cut off his head, and cut him into quarters. The holy friars were looking on at all this, praying the whole time, and when the first one was finished, the Sheriff, who is the justiciary, said to the other fathers, "You see what has become of your companion, you had better repent, and you will be forgiven." Altogether in one voice, which was like that of the Holy Ghost speaking in them, they cried out, "Sheriff, we are

only impatient to join our brother." Each one offered himself as first for martyrdom, and, in short, they all died like the first one.

When the Prior saw that his brothers were dead, he cried aloud that all might hear, "Thanks to God that I have seen this day, and that I have witnessed my brothers go to glory. I beg to God in His mercy that I may soon be with them, and my great grief is that seven of my brethren feared the death which was life everlasting." Then he knelt and prayed, saying, "I pray to our Lord that He will put into their hearts such repentance as will make them sorry for what they have sworn." Then the hangman threw the rope round his neck, and served him the same as the others. Thus ended these eleven Carthusians; and all their quarters were placed at the gates of the city and the gates of the Charterhouse. It was a very notable thing that in more than three months' time the quarters were quite perfect, and no crows or jackdaws were ever seen on them such as are seen on other quarters of men, so in time they became dry. All of these friars died martyrs, for not one of them was dead when the hangman cut them open. God keep them in His glory. Amen.[1]

[1] If this account of the martyrdom of *eleven* Carthusians be correct it is important. The Bishop of Faenza, writing in September of the same year, says "from twelve to fourteen Carthusians have been hanged;" and Viscount Hannaert, the Emperor's ambassador in France, writing at the same time, says "twenty-eight people have been martyred, amongst whom are nine Carthusians." Mr. Gairdner, in the preface to the eighth volume of the Calendar of State Papers of the time of Henry VIII., expresses disbelief in the martyrdom of this number of Carthusians, and points out that Hannaert must have obtained his information from Chapuys, who says that "nine Carthusians are *prepared* to die." The English chronicles agree that on the 19th June, 1535, *three* Carthusian monks, namely, Newdigate, Middlemore, and Ermew, were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, and that on the 20th April preceding, three Carthusian priors and two monks had been martyred in the same way, and their quarters and heads set up on the gates and bridges, except one quarter, which was exposed at the gates of the Charterhouse; but I can find no reference to eleven Carthusians being martyred at the same time.

Dr. Ortiz, writing from Rome to the Empress in November, 1535, says "*another* Carthusian's head had been set up on the gates of London, with those of More and Fisher." He says that "the Bishop of Rochester's (Fisher's) head was as fresh as at first,

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE KING APPOINTED FOR HIS SECRETARY CROMWELL, WHO HAD BEEN SECRETARY OF THE ENGLISH CARDINAL.

WHEN the King dismissed the Cardinal from the Chancellorship, this Cardinal had a secretary called Cromwell, who at the time of the dismissal was going through all the abbeys in England, by orders of the Cardinal, to inquire the amounts of their income. This Cromwell was so diligent that he managed to inquire into everything, and the poor abbots, in doubt what was the object, and in the hope of ingratiating themselves with the Cardinal, sent him large sums of money by Cromwell, and when he arrived in London with the treasure, there was no lack of people to tell the King about it.

As soon as the King knew that this Cromwell had brought with him so much money robbed from the abbeys, the King sent for him, and said to him, "Come hither; what are these robberies you have committed in the abbeys?" and Cromwell answered him very boldly, "May it please your Majesty, I have not committed any robbery, and I have done nothing but what I was ordered to do by my master the Cardinal. The money I bring was sent of their own free will by the abbots of the monasteries as a gift to the Cardinal, and your Majesty well knows that the

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whereas the others turned black, but as people noticed it, all the heads were thrown into the river."

Chapuys writes to Charles V., 5th May, 1535: "Yesterday there were dragged through the length of the city three Carthusians and one Bridgettine monk, all men of good character and learning, and cruelly put to death at the place of execution only for maintaining that the Pope was head of the Church." (Vienna Archives. State Papers.—Gairdner.)

We have thus eleven Carthusian martyrs vouched for in London by the English chroniclers during the months of April, May, and June, and it would certainly appear probable that the unknown Spanish writer of the present record had consolidated these separate martyrdoms into one event.

Cardinal did as he liked, and I did as he told me, and therefore I bring these thirty thousand pounds sterling for the Cardinal." The King thereupon took a great fancy to this Cromwell, and spoke to him in this fashion, "Go to, Cromwell, thou art much cleverer than anyone thinks," and instead of sending him to be hanged as everybody expected, he gave him a slap on the shoulder and said to him, "Henceforward thou shalt be my secretary." This was the beginning of the rise of this Cromwell, who afterwards became more powerful than the Cardinal himself, as we will tell further on.

Seeing himself so quickly raised to the place of secretary to the King, and being one of the greatest heretics in the kingdom, he determined to maintain his position and try to rise, so he said to the King, who he saw was bent upon aggrandizing the Crown, "May it please your Majesty, I have a note of all the revenues and treasures held by the abbeys, and it seems to me that your Majesty could take away a great many of them, and apply the revenues to the crown." "But how can this be done, Cromwell?" said the King. "I will tell your Majesty. I will present a letter to Parliament in your name asking them to grant you all the abbeys which have less than three thousand ducats, and your Majesty can then appropriate a great revenue to the Crown, and send the abbots to the richer abbeys."

As this Cromwell had the revenues of the abbeys all written down, and signed by the abbots themselves, they could not get out of it. They were great simpletons, for a large proportion of them had signed that their abbeys did not reach three thousand ducats.

The petition was made to Parliament, and all declared in one voice that as the King was head of the Church he could do what he liked in his own Church, and therefore the demand was granted.

Cromwell was no sluggard, for he immediately sent collectors to unmake the abbeys. A great quantity of plate and revenues was got from them, without counting the large quantity stolen by the Commissioners, and great was the damage done to the realm by the destitution of these abbeys.

After a time, to complete the work, they ordered that all the abbeys should be abolished; and as the King made grants to many gentlemen of the church buildings, which were all covered with lead, they consented the more readily, and did not see the great destruction that was coming to the country. For everyone who reads this must know that two-thirds of the nation were maintained by the abbeys, which had many estates, and let the land cheaply to farmers, who thus held their pastures on easy terms, whereas, when the estates came into the possession of the King, and the gentlemen began to buy the hereditaments of him, they let them very much dearer to the poor farmers, and thus commenced the great rise in the price of all victuals and other things, as will be told.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE CARDINAL WAS ACCUSED OF INTENDING TO GO TO SCOTLAND, AND HOW HE DIED.

WE have told how the Cardinal asked the King for leave to go to his diocese, which was York, and no sooner had he gone than a very great many declared themselves his enemies. Among them one especially hated him very much, named Lord Sandys, cousin of Lord Arundel. Sandys went to his cousin, and said, "My lord, I much wish to be revenged on the Cardinal, who, you know, with great unfairness, took away from me more than a thousand nobles of revenue. I wish to complain to the King, and I will tell him that the Cardinal is going to pass over to Scotland." "Well, cousin," answered Arundel, "make your complaint now, for I know the King has fallen out with him, and I think he will give you back your revenue." So Lord Sandys went and said to the King, "May it please your Majesty, some servants of mine have just come from York, and they say that the Cardinal has given over two hundred new liveries to his men, and means to go to Scot-

land, carrying with him a treasure of money." The King, as he had fallen out with him (the Cardinal), said to this Lord Sandys, "Well, I order you to take fifty of my halberdiers, and bring him back here, and if I find it as you say I will punish him; and bring me the treasure he has, and all his plate." This Lord Sandys did not tarry, but at once started off with the halberdiers, and within eight days he arrived in York. He arrived at the time the Cardinal was dining, and went up to the dining chamber.[1]

When the Cardinal saw him, he said, "Welcome, my Lord Sandys, you come at a good time; sit down and dine." To which Lord Sandys answered, "Cardinal, this is no time to dine so leisurely;" and the fifty halberdiers then came in, and said, "My Lord Cardinal, the King has sent us for you, and we must take you with us without delay." When the Cardinal heard this it did not please him at all, but he answered, "I will make ready, and we will go when you command." Then another gentleman took possession of all his plate, of which there was plenty; and they found in his coffers over fifty thousand pounds in cash, and it was all put on horses and taken from York. At two days' journey from York the Cardinal fell sick, and so grievous was his malady that he died that night. It was said that

[1] I can find no record of Lord Sandys taking any part in Wolsey's arrest. The English chroniclers agree that at the end of October, 1530, a commission was given to the Earl of Northumberland to proceed to York and arrest the Cardinal, and hand him over to the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. We are told that the Earl of Northumberland, accompanied by Sir Walter Walsh and other gentlemen, arrived at Cawood Manor on 4th November, and after an altercation with the porter at the gate, whom they forced to surrender possession, and prevented anyone from advising the Cardinal, they ascended and found Wolsey at dessert. When Northumberland, taking Wolsey aside in his chamber, whispered that he arrested him, the Cardinal was very indignant, and refused to submit until Sir Walter Walsh assured him that he had the King's personal order to arrest him, when Wolsey, who knew Walsh as a member of the Council, said that was sufficient, and surrendered. He was taken to Sheffield Park, the Earl of Shrewsbury's seat, and there remained a fortnight for the arrival of Sir W. Kingston, the Constable of the Tower, to take charge of him, and on the last day of his stay there was taken ill. He moved next day to Hardwick Hall, and thence, on the following day, to Leicester, where he died, 30th November, 1530.

he took some sort of poison to avoid a more shameful death.

God's judgment! For this Cardinal had a fool, and one day that the Cardinal went to see a very splendid sepulchre which he was having made for himself, the fool went with him, and said, "My lord, why are you striving and spending so much money on this? Do you think you will be buried here? I tell you, when you die, you will not have enough to pay the men to bury you." And so it was as the fool had prophesied, for as soon as Lord Sandys saw he was dead he took no more notice of him, and would not wait even to see him buried, but went away at once. Truly it would have been better if he had died when he was a child, for then all the evil he caused would not have happened, and it would have been better for his soul.

Well, when Lord Sandys arrived at Court, he went at once to kiss the King's hand; and when the King heard of the Cardinal's death, he said, "I suppose he guessed that I should give him a different death." He ordered the income which the Cardinal had taken away from Lord Sandys to be given back to him; and so ended this Cardinal, who thought to be the greatest lord in the world.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THIS CARDINAL, BEFORE THE KING MARRIED ANNE, TRIED TO GET HIM MARRIED IN FRANCE.

I FORGOT to tell of the marriage that this Cardinal tried to make for the King. When the King was disputing with the blessed lady, the Cardinal was in correspondence with the King of France, and arranging that the King should marry a Madame. He went so far as to contrive that the King should send him as his ambassador to France, and, as the King did nothing but what the Cardinal advised him, he sent him, but whilst the Cardinal was getting ready to go, the King sent a gentleman to

France to bring him a portrait of the lady. This gentleman made such haste that he got back before the Cardinal entered France; and as soon as the King saw the lady's face, which was ugly, his love for Anne Boleyn being more ardent than ever, he sent after the Cardinal, and they reached him in Calais before he had started.[1]

It was a sight to see the splendour of the Cardinal. Never was there an ambassador who bore such magnificence, and great was his sorrow when the King sent for him to come back. When Anne Boleyn knew that the Cardinal had gone to arrange a marriage for the King, and saw how fond the King was of her, she determined to do him (the Cardinal) all the harm she could. How she did so has already been told, for she was the cause of his being disgraced.

And then he died as has been related, thus fulfilling the prophesy that he should be destroyed by a woman. The ill-fated man thought it would be the blessed Queen Katharine, but instead of that it was the cursed Anne Boleyn.

[1] This refers, no doubt, to Wolsey's magnificent embassy to France (see note 1, page 4) in 1527. Grafton says the Cardinal left England on 3rd July accompanied by many ladies and gentlemen, to the number of 1,200, and describes the unprecedented splendour of his train at great length. Instead of his being recalled from Calais, however, the English chronicles give his itinerary, or rather triumphal progress to Amiens, where he arrived on 4th August, and stayed with the French King, returning to England the last day of September. A return embassy from Francis I. to Henry arrived in England in the following month, and was received in London with a lavishness exceeding, if possible, Wolsey's reception in France. These embassies and their supposed object did more to make Wolsey unpopular with the common people than any previous act of his.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW CROMWELL ADVISED THE KING TO ABOLISH THE MONASTERIES FROM THE KINGDOM.

THIS Cromwell was always inventing means whereby the King might be enriched and the crown aggrandized, and one day seeing the King in a good and merry humour, he said, "I beseech your Majesty to listen to me;" to which the King answered, "Secretary, speak your will." "Then," answered he, "your Majesty should know that it will be well to abolish the monasteries. The many parish churches are quite enough, and so many distinctions of dress are not in accordance with the teaching of St. Peter." The King asked how it could be done, and Cromwell answered him: "I will tell your Majesty; I will send to all the monasteries to order and give them notice that it is your wish that in future they should appear simply as priests, and then, after a little time, it can be done easily and without scandal, because as they will be dressed simply as clergymen, people will not see that they have been friars." The King answered, "Do as you will, Cromwell; what you desire shall be carried out."

Thereupon Cromwell sent to all the monasteries, and ordered them in the name of the King to go dressed as priests, and that all should change their monastic garb within one month. The sinners of friars, seeing this would give them more liberty, were in such a hurry to change that in a week there was not a friar to be seen, for they all appeared as priests, and in six months nobody knew that there had ever been any friars. When Cromwell saw that the time was ripe, he sent all over the kingdom and arranged that on a certain appointed day they should all be turned out of the monasteries, and thus was it done. Here the King got a great treasure in crosses, chalices, and vestments from the monasteries, and the poor priests who had been friars did not know what to do; so most of them went to the north, where they did what will be related further on.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THE KING WENT TO CALAIS WITH HIS QUEEN ANNE.

THE King was so infatuated with his new Queen that he determined to go over to Calais and take her with him, so that the King of France might see her, and this he carried out. He started in very great state, and when he arrived at Calais the King of France was at Boulogne, and came to Calais, where the King gave him a very grand reception and great feastings. Queen Anne paid him great attention, for she had been brought up at the French court, and was even said to be not averse to the Admiral of France. Anything may be believed of her, for she acted as will be related presently.

When the great rejoicings were over, the King of France begged the King, together with the Queen, to go to Boulogne and enjoy themselves there with him. The King consented, and they went in very great state. If the King of England's welcome to him of France was a splendid one, very much more splendid were the feasts given by the King of France to the King and his new Queen. They were at Boulogne three days, and then returned to Calais, where the King received letters from his Council, giving him news of the rising of the north. So the King returned to his kingdom, and when he got to London he gathered men to send to the north; but first we will relate the cause of the rising, and who were the first instigators of it.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE PRIESTS WHO HAD BEEN FRIARS WENT TO THE NORTH, AND WHAT THEY DID.[1]

WHEN the poor friars saw themselves homeless, destitute, and without food, most of them went to the north and stirred up the common people to rise against the King. They chose for their leader a lawyer named Aske, and met in a field, where one of the priests preached a sermon, and in less than a week they were joined by forty thousand men or more, and then chose their captains. This Aske was their general, and his banners bore painted on them the five plagues of Egypt.[2] As soon as the King heard of it he sent the Duke of Norfolk, with as many men as he could get, to meet them. Aske had already a great deal of artillery, and some of the gentlemen of the north with him, and the Duke of Norfolk hurried forward and arrived within two miles of the rebels before they could pass a river, behind which he pitched his head-quarters,

[1] It is curious that the writer, whilst giving an account of Aske's revolt, which, however, he antedates two years by making it follow immediately on the King's visit to France in 1532, does not even mention the much more important rising in Lincolnshire which preceded it. Instances of this limited purview are found all through the book, and rather tend to add value to what is described, as apparently the writer tells nothing, because he knows nothing, except events in which he is in some way personally interested either as actor, eye-witness, or friend of persons concerned.

[2] This is another instance of how entirely dependent the writer was upon what he heard rather than what he read. The original Spanish *cinco plagas de Egipto*, is almost similar in sound with *cinco llagas de Cristo*, five wounds of Christ, for which it has evidently been mistaken, and which were borne upon the banners of "the pilgrimage of grace" as this revolt was called. Grafton says: "They had also certain banners in the field whereon was painted Christ hanging on the cross on one syde, and a chalice with a painted cake on the other syde, with divers other banners of like hypocrisie and feyned sanctitie. The souldiers also had a certain cognisaunce or badge embroidered or set upon the sleeve of the coates, which was the similitude of the five wounds of Christ."

and which was a good protection to the Duke's people, as it had rained in the night so much that the river had risen a furlong, otherwise the rebels would have routed them.

When the Duke saw the great power of Captain Aske he at once despatched a courier to the King, telling him that even with fifteen thousand more men he should hardly have enough to defeat them. When the King heard this he dissembled, and wrote a letter to Aske, showing him great favour, and asking him to come and speak with him; offering to send as hostages six of the principal gentlemen of the realm, and to grant all Aske's demands which were just. The six gentlemen hostages went; they were the Earl of Surrey, son of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord D'Arcy, the Earl of Rutland, Lord William, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Exeter, and Lord Thomas, brother of the Earl of Surrey; and when the good Duke saw by the King's letters the wise course he had taken he sent his heralds to Captain Aske with the letters. Aske, when he received the letters in which the King spoke to him so lovingly, gave credit to his promises, and showed the letters to the principal gentlemen who were with him, who all agreed with their chief that he should go, but that the hostages should be required.

A fine determination they came to, as I shall tell directly.

As soon as the hostages arrived the Duke sent them to Aske's camp, and Aske departed and came to the Duke, who gave him great good cheer, and handed him letters for the King, all very cautious. When he arrived where the King was, as soon as the King saw him he rose up, and throwing his arms around him said aloud that all might hear: "Be ye welcome my good Aske; it is my wish that here, before my Council, you ask what you desire, and I will grant it." Aske answered, "Sir, your Majesty allows yourself to be governed by a tyrant named Cromwell. Everyone knows if it had not been for him the seven thousand poor priests I have in my company would not be ruined wanderers as they are now. They must have enough to live upon, for they have no handicraft." Then the King, with a smiling face and words full of falseness, took from his neck a great chain of gold, which he had put

on for the purpose, and threw it round Aske's neck, saying to him, "I promise thee, thou art wiser than anyone thinks, and from this day forward I make thee one of my Council." And then on the spot he ordered a thousand pounds sterling to be given to him, and promised him the same amount every year as long as he lived.

The unhappy Aske, carried away with the chain and the thousand pounds and grant of annual income, was quite won over, and the King said to him: "Now return to the north, and get your people to disperse and go to their homes, and I will grant a general pardon for all. In order that the priests may have enough to live upon I will divide them amongst the parish churches and give them an allowance. Let them come at once, that this may be done. I order that in York each of the parishes shall take two of these priests, and give them ten pounds a year each to live upon, and the others I will divide amongst all the towns and villages." When Aske saw the good tidings he had to take back he determined to return at once; and the King ordered that after all was pacified he should come to Court, and he promised to make him one of his Council.

He left presently, and when he arrived to where his people were he made them a speech after this fashion: "Oh, my brothers and gentlemen, what a wise and virtuous prince we have! He recognized the justice of our cause, has given us a general pardon, and to you, the priests, he will give enough to live upon. Here is an order for York, providing for many of you in the parishes there, and you are to go thither at once to be apportioned to various places." When the people heard this, they all cried with one voice, "Long live our good King!" and the hostages were sent back to the Duke's quarters, and, in short, in a few hours all the people were on their way home, for they were already tired of it, and had wasted a good deal of their cattle. When the Duke saw all was pacified he went to the city of York with three thousand men, and took measures which prevented further rising, and then went back to the King, taking with him Captain Aske, to whom he still showed great respect. When they got to the King he asked Aske what gentlemen had helped him, and when Aske told him, he sent and summoned them, and on their

arrival had them beheaded. He at once sent Aske a prisoner to the city of York, and had him hanged on the highest tower in the city so that all might see.[1]

So ended Aske; and when it was all over, the King said to Cromwell, "It seems, Cromwell, that the country does not know thee as I know thee. Whoever harms thee shall harm me." Then Cromwell knelt and kissed his hand. In short, this Cromwell had more command even than the Cardinal had had, and the gentlemen (*i.e.* the Council) obeyed him as if he were the King. If his pride had not betrayed him, and he had kept friendly with the lords, he would not have come to the end he did, as will be related presently.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THOMAS MORE AND THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER DIED.

HOW the Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor More were sentenced has already been told. At that very time, the Pope, to see whether they would obey him, sent a cardinal's hat to this Bishop, whom he knew to be a very learned man. When the King knew it he was in a very great rage, and on the very day the Bishop was sentenced to death the cardinal's hat arrived. The King ordered both their heads to be cut off, so they brought them out of the Tower both together to the scaffold, which is just near the Tower. It was quite a sight to see the great number of people, for it was a good long while before the prisoners arrived, and, when they came, there were over five hundred halberdiers with them. The first to ascend was the Bishop, and when he saw so many people he gave them his blessing, and would have liked to preach a sermon to them, but he was not allowed to say anything. Then the good Bishop, seeing they would not let him talk, said these words: "Worthy people who are here, I beg you to pray to God

[1] Aske came to Court in December, 1536, and remained apparently in high favour for a time, but was beheaded in June, 1537.

for my soul, and also pray that He will lead your King on a better road than at present." Then the guards retired, and the holy man knelt and said to the executioner, "Do thy duty." Then he placed his head upon the block after having said a prayer in Latin, and when he had finished, the executioner struck off his head in three blows, and he rendered up to God the soul that was His already.[1]

Then the good More ascended the scaffold. He had seen all that had passed, and any man may imagine the anguish he was passing through, above all when he saw the Bishop headless. "Gentlemen," he said, "do what is to be done at once, for although I would fain speak to the people, I know you will not allow me, so I only ask them that when they see the blow struck they will all say three times the name of Jesus, so that my soul may take its flight with that sound." He said no more, but lay down at once; and when the captain of the castle saw his determination, he said to him, "Sir Thomas More, see here, the King sends you a pardon; abandon this opinion for which you are dying;" and he took out the King's great seal, and the people all hoped that the sainted More would be saved. But the Holy Ghost was within him, and he said these words, "Captain, in vain you strive, for the real pardon I hope for is that of my Lord Jesus Christ, who has the power, and before my eyes I see the real great seal, which is the five wounds of the Saviour. Let the headsman therefore do his duty." Then the captain told the executioner to behead him as he slighted the King's pardon. More asked for the headsman, and said to him, "Brother, give five strokes in honour of the Five Wounds," which he did. During the strokes the crowd said the name of Jesus, so his soul was thus accompanied. Verily, the King would have given a great treasure to have changed this More's purpose; but God decreed it otherwise, that he might serve as an example to many others who in secret are good Christians and deplore the evil that exists in the land.

[1] Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was beheaded 22nd June, 1535, and Sir Thomas More some days afterwards.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW THE COMMON PEOPLE ALL TOOK THE OATH, AND IT WAS SOUGHT TO MAKE FOREIGNERS SWEAR.

THE Commissioners were thereupon sent all over the kingdom to administer the oaths to the King and everybody swore without hesitation, some through fear and some through inclination. In the city of London there were a great many foreigners of various nations, and they also were sent for. But the Spaniards, when they saw this, went to the Emperor's ambassador, who was called Estacio Capucho (Eustace Chapuys), and told him what had occurred, and he answered them, "Gentlemen, my advice to you would be that you should leave the city for a few days until the fury blows over, and afterwards I will speak to Cromwell about it." So all the Spaniards went away, some one way and some another, and were about twenty days absent. The Ambassador spoke to Cromwell, to whom he said, "Sir, I am surprised that you and the Commissioners want to make foreigners take the oath, for you must know that if it were discovered in Spain, they had sworn it would cost the lives of all those who went thither. I beg you, therefore, Sir, since there are not many of them, and the matter is of small importance, to order the Commissioners to leave the Spaniards alone." Then Cromwell sent a gentleman to tell them not to summon the Spaniards, and these returned to their houses. All the other foreigners were summoned, but what they swore need not be told, only that the Spaniards were free.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THE KING SENT TO ORDER THE QUEEN KATHARINE TO SWEAR, AND SHE REFUSED.

THE King, not content with having caused the sainted Queen so much sorrow, and having banished her so far off, sent the Archbishop of Canterbury [1] to her and tell her to swear. He went, but took instructions that he was

[1] This is a mistake. The prelates who went to Buckden to extort the double oath to Henry, as head of the Church, and to Anne as Queen, were Dr. Lee, Wolsey's successor in the Archbishopric of York, and Tunstall, Bishop of Durham. (State Papers. Roper.)

The injured woman had struggled long against this crowning indignity, and wrote a letter to the Council when she was informed of the intention to administer the oath to her and her household. Her former crushing answer to the King's messenger, Montjoy, in 1533, when he had presented himself on a similar errand, made Henry and his Council aware that the august daughter of Isabel the Catholic would not tamely submit; and Chapuy's letters to his master are full of the subject of the oath to be extorted from Katherine and her servants, although they both treated this matter, as they did indeed all concerning the unfortunate lady, with great philosophy; evidently regarding her as rather a troublesome pebble in the smooth-running wheels of their diplomatic machinery.

Katharine's letter to the Council is as follows: "As to my physician and apothecary, they be my countrymen: the King knoweth them as well as I do. They have continued many years with me and have (I thank them) taken great pains with me, for I am often times sickly, as the King's grace doth know right well, and I require their attendance for the preservation of my poor body, that I may live as long as it pleaseth God. They have been faithful and diligent in my service, and also daily do they pray that the King's royal estate may long endure. But if they take any other oath than they have taken to the King and to me (to serve me) I shall never trust them again, for in so doing I would live continually in fear of my life with them. Wherefore I trust the King of his high honour and goodness, and for the great love that hath been between him and me (which love in me is as faithful to him as ever it was, so I take God to record), will not use extremity with me, my request being so reasonable." (Privy Council Papers.)

not to press her very hard; and when he arrived and told the Queen the purpose of his visit, she answered him, "Bishop, the King ought to be satisfied with what he has already done to me, without sending to tempt me in this way. You can go back again, for I will never take such an oath." Then the Bishop told her that she would have to take the oath of allegiance to Anne as Queen, and that the King had ordered that she should no longer call herself queen. When the blessed lady heard this, she said, "Bishop, speak to me no more, for these are wiles of the devil. I am Queen, and Queen will I die. By right the King can have no other, and let this be your sufficient answer." [1] The blessed lady, knowing that they would make all those who were with her that night take the oath, said to them, "Dear children, you can never swear that the King is head of the Church;" and to excuse them she sent for one of her gentlemen-in-waiting, called Francisco Felipe, and said to him, "To-morrow, when they want you to swear, you must speak for all the rest, and they must all say that what you swear they will swear. You can swear that the King has made himself head of the Church (*se ha hecho cabeza de Iglesia*).[2] This Francisco Felipe was a Spaniard, so soon as he came before the Bishop he said, "My Lord Bishop, we are all resolved to swear;" and then he put his hand on the Gospels, and said, "Yo juro que el

[1] The reply of the Queen on the occasion of which this chapter treats was the same as she had always given, namely, "that she was a Catholic, and did not recognize on earth any other head of the Church than the Roman Pontiff;" that she was the wife of Henry, and that "whilst she lived there could be no other Queen, nor could they persuade her that her daughter was a child of sin, or that she herself had lived eighteen years in concubinage."

The Queen's physician, Dr. De la Sà, who also acted as her secretary, writes to Chapuys under date 8th May, 1535, that he is informed they will propose the oath to his mistress, and if she will not take it she will be put to perpetual prison or beheaded. He himself cannot believe it, but the Queen does, and is in great tribulation. (Vienna Archives.)

[2] This is evidently a sophistical play upon words intended to deceive the Bishop, in which it succeeded. The pronunciation of the two expressions—"se ha hecho," "he has made himself," and "sea hecho," "he may be made"—is practically identical, and afforded a characteristically Spanish way of getting out of the difficulty.

Rey se *ha hecho* cabeza de Iglesia, and so will all my companions." And all with one accord said they would swear the same as Francisco Felipe.

Then the Bishop said, "You must swear allegiance to Queen Anne," and they all answered at once, and particularly Francisco Felipe, "I have taken one oath of allegiance to my lady Queen Katharine: she still lives, and during her life I know no other Queen in this realm." The Bishop answered, "I must tell you that those of you who do not swear will be punished." Then up and answered him a lacquey of the blessed lady, "Bishop, let the King send us out of the kingdom, but let him not order us to be perjurers." And the Bishop cried out to him, "And thou! who orders thee to speak before others of better breeding than thou?" Upon this the lacquey, who was a Burgundian named Bastian, said, "I speak for myself," whereupon the Bishop was very angry with him, and ordered him to leave the kingdom at once. The lacquey went and knelt before the Queen, and said, "My lady, seventeen years have I served you, and now it pains me to be forced to leave so good a mistress. I crave your pardon if in aught I have failed in my duty as a good servant," and with that he arose and went away.[1] The tears came to the good lady's eyes, and she said to the Bishop, "I think, Bishop, the King does not order you to dismiss my servants; it is not well done." The Bishop saw the good lady was right, and sent after the lacquey, but he had been so quick on his journey, that they did not catch him till he got to London, and then they brought him back. The Bishop did not press any of them further, but went away and told the King what had passed, and the King dissembled.[2]

[1] The action of this bold lacquey was reported and gravely discussed at the Privy Council, and it was decided not to press the three, or foreign, servants of the Queen. The legacy left by Katherine to Bastian of £20 seems not to have been paid by Henry, who refused to carry out out her last wishes.

[2] The writer is so absorbed with the cleverness of his countryman, Felipe, and the boldness of Bastian, that he omits to mention the most dramatic and tragic incident in the scene, namely, the refusal to swear of the two learned and virtuous young English

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW QUEEN ANNE WAS DELIVERED OF A DAUGHTER, AND THE REJOICINGS WHICH TOOK PLACE.

HOW Anne Boleyn reigned has been told; and in time she became pregnant, whereupon the King and all were very pleased and glad, and every day jousts and tournaments were held. She was afterwards delivered of a daughter, and the King could not be more delighted than he was. He made many grants, and gave many favours, and the princess was christened with very great state, and called Elizabeth. They were very particular in rearing her, and when she was two years old she talked and walked like any other child of four. It was God's will that Anne should have no other children, and day and night she would not let this daughter of hers out of her sight. Whenever the Queen came out in the royal palace where the canopy was, she had a cushion placed underneath for her child to sit upon; and the King called his grandees together and spoke to them thus: "You know, my lords, how God has given me this daughter, and as I was illegally married to the Princess of Wales, I wish the oath of allegiance as princess to be taken to this one, and my daughter Mary declared a bastard. All the lords, seeing him bent upon it, although in their hearts they were sorry, said that his Majesty should do as appeared to him best. The Duke of Norfolk said, "Your Majesty will recollect that Parliament swore allegiance to Madam Mary, and this could be done in Parliament without any scandal, for the city and borough representatives will agree to it." This advice seemed good to the assembled lords,

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priests who formed part of the household, Abel and Barker, and their consequent deportation to London—one, after cruel torments for many weary months, to be hanged and disembowelled alive in Smithfield, the other to be starved to death amongst the jail-birds and malefactors of Newgate prison.

and the King ordered Parliament to be assembled within a month, and directed Secretary Cromwell to draw up an address to be presented.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW PARLIAMENT MET, AND HOW THROUGH THE ADDRESS DRAWN UP BY CROMWELL PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS ACKNOWLEDGED, AND MADAM MARY DECLARED A BASTARD.

WITHIN the time ordered by the King the Lords spiritual and temporal, together with all the Commons, met in the great hall at Westminster; and Cromwell was wide awake, and drew up an address to present to Parliament, in which the following words were contained: "Gentlemen, it is known to you how, by divine inspiration, his Majesty the King has freed himself from the great sin in which he lived, and how God has vouchsafed him fruit of grace. You also know how his Majesty desires to do nothing without consulting you, and out of the great love he bears his subjects he has called you here together to tell you that Madam Mary is born of mortal sin, and as you swore allegiance to her without knowing of this obstacle, the King now wishes you to declare her illegitimate, and that Madam Elizabeth be acknowledged as princess." The Lords, as they all knew the King's will, waited for the Commons to answer, and for a long while nobody spoke, but all held their peace. As Cromwell saw that no one had anything to say, he raised his voice so that all could hear, and spoke as follows: "Then, gentlemen, you will show the love you bear your King, and your willingness to do as he wishes." They all cried out in one voice, both Lords and Commons, that the will of the King should be done, and that they were ready to swear whenever they were ordered to do so. Oh what utter blindness, and what little fear of God!

If the King had ordered them to do even worse things

they were determined to consent to whatever he might wish, so commissioners were sent all over the country to administer the oath.

Great was the sorrow of good Queen Katharine when she heard that her daughter was disinherited, and great was the sorrow too of Madam Mary herself. From that day forward the sainted Queen began to fall ill, and never got better until she died, as will be told.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW ANNE ASKED THE KING FOR THE JEWELS AND CROWN OF QUEEN KATHARINE.

NO man could imagine or think of all the wickedness which that Anne invented, or the pleasure she took in doing harm to the blessed Queen Katharine. One day she said to the King, "Sir, now that I am Queen, the Princess of Wales cannot have need of the crown or of the rich jewels and precious stones she has." The King saw what Anne wanted, and as he was so blinded with her, he sent off at once to the blessed lady to ask her to send him all her jewels and crown. The blessed lady, in order to obey the King, gave up all her jewels, which were many and very rich, but said that as for the crown she had not got it, but that Lord Rutland had it. "Although they take my crown," said the blessed lady, "I shall never cease to be Queen." They took the jewels to the King and told him what the sainted Queen had said, and he at once sent to Lord Rutland to deliver up the crown.

This Lord Rutland was a great personage, but as he was so very old he had not come to any parliament for many years past. When he saw the King's order, he asked, "Is my lady Queen Katharine dead?" He was told she was not. "Well, if she be not dead, tell my lord the King that he well knows when he gave me this crown to guard, and how I swore not to let it out of my keeping. So have I kept it until now, and if the Queen orders me to give it up

to her I will give it, but if not they must take it from me by force." So those who had gone for it went back again, and when they told the King the answer the good Rutland had given, he burst out laughing, and said, "What do you think of that old man, gentlemen?" They all said that his Majesty ought to send for him, so he ordered him to be summoned. He was so old that he was obliged to come in a litter, for he could not mount a horse, and so this good old lord came where the King was, whom for fifteen years or more he had not seen. He left the crown well guarded; and on his road he had to pass where the blessed lady was, and when he saw her, he said, "My lady, you know how the King has sent to demand the crown, and I have refused to give it up. I am now going before the King, who has summoned me, but I promise you, my lady, that unless they take it from me by force, I will never give it up." The good lady replied, "Oh! my good Rutland, pray do as the King commands thee, and for my sake let no harm befall thee or thine." So the good old man left and appeared before the King, who, when he saw him so old, rose from his chair and embraced him, and said, "Welcome, my lord," and made him sit near him, and asked him, "For what reason, my lord, did you refuse to send me the crown. Do you want to be more rebellious than anyone else in the realm?" The good old man replied, "Sir, your Majesty knows that I should be a traitor indeed if I were to give it up during the life of my lady Queen Katharine, for I swore that whilst she lived I would keep it safely." The King burst out laughing again. "It would seem, Rutland," he said, "that you know not what is going on, and since you do not know I will tell you myself." And then he told him how he had been living in mortal sin and how he had married again, and his wish was to give the crown he was keeping to his Queen Anne Boleyn. The good old man knew very well what had happened, but pretended to open his eyes at the news, and said, "If your Majesty married you could not legally do it whilst my mistress was alive, and I will keep her crown unless they take it from me by force, and if they do so take it I at least shall not have perjured myself."

The King was very patient about it, and said, "Go along

and rest my lord, you are tired with your journey now, and I will speak to you again." So this lord kept the crown whilst the blessed lady lived, for in two days' time the King ordered him to return home. Verily, if the King had had many like this lord, so much evil would never have happened, nor would the King have had such absolute licence from them to do such ugly things as he did.

When the lords saw that Rutland had his way, they said to the King that he ought to take the crown away from him, but the King said, "Well, my lords, but look; this good man is ninety years old and is like a child, and I have made up my mind to leave him alone, for he cannot last long, and you do not know the great services he rendered to the king my father and to me; besides, if I have to take the crown by force I must have him tried." The lords, when they heard this, were some of them pleased and some of them chagrined, for the King clearly showed by this that if they had been good and God-fearing, they would never have allowed him to do what he did, and there would not have been so much evil or so many heresies as there are now-a-days.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW THE BLESSED QUEEN KATHARINE DIED.

A VERY few days after the King sent to the sainted Queen for her jewels she fell ill, and her malady was such that she was not well for a day until she died. When the good lady felt unwell she sent to beg the Ambassador, Eustace Chapuys to come and speak with her; but as the Ambassador was a wise man, he wanted to obtain the King's leave first, so he went to Court and asked the King's permission to go and see Queen Katharine. The King replied, "Yes, Ambassador, you have my permission; I will send you word when you can go." So the Ambassador returned, expecting the King would send and tell him that he could go. The King, however, would not send him any

answer nor give him the licence either, although he (the Ambassador) sent many times for it. Seeing that they would not send to him he sent word to the King that he was starting, and hoped to receive the King's order on the road.

The Ambassador begged all the Spanish merchants in London to accompany him, and they at once very willingly got ready to go. Such a good company were they, that what with the merchants and the Ambassador's suite there were nearly a hundred horse, all very well caparisoned, so he was accompanied like a prince; and all along the road they went with much gaiety and merry-making, for they took with them their minstrels and trumpeters, and when they rode into the places on the road it was like the entrance of a prince.

As soon as the King heard of his departure he determined not to allow him to speak to the sainted Queen, and sent a gentleman called Thomas Bayan (Vaughan?), who arrived the evening before the Ambassador, and ordered that on no account was he to be permitted to speak to the Queen. As the Ambassador travelled slowly he saw this gentleman pass, and suspected what it was, so he ordered one of his servants to push forward and follow him to find out the truth; and it turned out as he suspected. The blessed lady had notice that the Ambassador would arrive with such a good company, so her sorrow when she saw the King's order may well be imagined; but she sent one of her chamberlains to beg the Ambassador to have patience, as the King would not allow him to speak with her; and he was obliged to remain four miles from the castle.

That night the blessed lady sent the Ambassador a great deal of game and venison, and many bottles of wine of all sorts, and begged him to make good cheer. The same night the Spaniards who were with the Ambassador told him that the order not to go only referred to him alone, and that they intended to go on, which they did. The next morning about thirty horsemen started, all in very good order, and they took with them a very funny young fellow who had been brought by the Ambassador, and who was dressed as a fool, and had a padlock dangling from his hood. When the Spaniards arrived at the castle they

began to amuse themselves with their horses, and the fool, as soon as he saw ladies at the windows, alighted from his horse, and made as if to get into the moat of the castle, crying out that he wanted to get at them. He got himself in as far as his waist, and everbody who was looking on thought he was silly, and cried out that he would be drowned. Then two or three of the gentlemen on horseback went in to pull him out, he crying out all the time for them to let him in, but seeing that they pulled him out, he took off the padlock that was hanging from his hood and threw it at the windows, and cried out in Spanish so that everyone could hear, "Take this, and the next time I will bring the key." The padlock fell on the other side of the moat, and some of the servants saw it fall and went and got it, and immediately sent a man with it to the King, thinking there might be some letter inside, in which they were mistaken.

To return to the purpose. They afterwards went to visit the gates of the castle, and many gentlemen came out, Bagan (*sic*) amongst them, and asked the Spaniards to come in: so they entered, and all the ladies came by order of the Queen. They gave these Spanish gentlemen a good breakfast in a lower hall of the castle, and whilst there the fool saw a barber belonging to the household in another part of the courtyard, and asked the gentlemen to come and see what he would do, so he clapped his hands to one of his cheeks and began to cry, and went to the place where the barber was, and made signs that he had the toothache. The barber out of pity for him made him sit in a chair and put his finger in his mouth, and the fool began to clench his teeth and scream out, and made the poor barber scream out too with pain of the bitten finger, so that the noise they both made brought all the ladies and gentlemen to them, and they mightily enjoyed the joke. This young fellow did many other mad pranks, which I will not relate here. After the breakfast was finished the Spanish gentlemen went away, and were accompanied by more than twelve gentlemen to where the Ambassador was. The Ambassador gave them very good cheer, and they told him what had passed, and he enjoyed himself very much with them, taking his leave with a gay countenance, but with a heavy

heart, because he could not speak to the blessed lady. When he got back to London he did not show that he had received any affront, and eight or nine months afterwards the King heard the blessed lady was very ill, and sent to the Ambassador to say that he could go whenever he liked to see her, but that he thought he would not find her alive, so very ill was she according to what they had written to him.[1] The Ambassador wished to see her before

[1] Eustace Chapuys, under date London, 13th December, 1535, writes to the Emperor saying that he has just heard from Cromwell that the Queen is very sick, and had asked leave to go and see her, but Cromwell replied that he had sent a servant, and would ask leave from the King for the Ambassador to go; but, continues Chapuys, "as the Queen's Physician sent to say it would be nothing serious, I have said no more about going, nor will I." (Vienna Archives, State Papers.)

In the Vatican Archives there is a letter from the Bishop of Faenza to M. Ambrogio, saying that he has heard from the Queen's physician, a Spaniard, that she cannot live six months, and has in secret told her of it. (13th December, 1535, Gairdner.) Dr. Ortiz (the Spanish Ambassador in Rome), writes to the Empress about the same time (16th December, 1535): "The Imperial Ambassador writes that he has not leave to visit or send any person to see the Queen or Princess. Those with the Queen are guards and spies, not servants, for they have all sworn in favour of Anne not to call her highness Queen or serve her with royal state. So, not to give them cause for sin, the Queen has not left her room for two years. Perhaps if she wished she would not be allowed. . . . Not a ducat is sent. . . . She has none of her old servants but her confessor, physician, and apothecary." (Simancas, State Papers.)

The Ambassador Chapuys, who for fully a year had been writing to his great master by every post expressing fears about the health of the Queen, and especially of her daughter Mary, and hinting at poison for both the unhappy ladies, writes, on 30th December, 1535, one of his usual tremendous and involved letters to Charles V., in which he mentions that he had received a letter from the Queen's physician, saying she had had a relapse and was worse than a month before, and for the Queen's satisfaction begs Chapuys to get leave to visit her. He sent at once to Court to solicit the said leave, and Cromwell said there would be no difficulty about it, but said the King particularly wished to see him on matters of great importance, and asked him to go to Greenwich at one o'clock next day. He gives a very long account of a political conference with the King, and goes on to say that after he had taken his leave the King sent the Duke of Suffolk after him to tell him that news had just come that the Queen was *in extremis*. Chapuys expresses disbelief in the great gravity of her condition, as her physician, he says, did

she died, and went with much more company than the last time, and arrived at the castle on New Year's Eve. The blessed lady rejoiced much with him and his company, but she was so exhausted that she could be no worse.[1]

The Ambassador was there until the eve of Twelfth Night, and the pleasure of the lady at his coming seemed

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not represent her as being so bad, but expresses his intention of taking horse immediately to see her. (Vienna Archives, State Papers.)

Philip Greenacre (believed to have been the Queen's apothecary), writes at the same time to Montesse, who appears to have been major domo to Chapuys, saying the Queen is very ill and the doctor will have written to the Ambassador. She gets worse every hour, and he begs Montesse to urge the Ambassador to come at once, as she has lost all strength. (British Museum.)

The next day, 31st December, 1535, Sir Edward Bedingfield, the chamberlain, or jailor, of the Queen, writes to Cromwell, saying, "The doctor moved her to have another physician, but she said that she would in no wise have any other, but commit herself to the pleasure of God." (Gairdner, State Papers.)

[1] Chapuys writes to Charles V. a very long letter, dated 9th January, 1536 (Vienna Archives), giving an account of this visit to the dying Queen, and incidentally settles, beyond doubt, a long disputed historical point, namely, whether the Queen actually died whilst Chapuys was at Kimbolton, or whether even he saw her at all before her death. The Chronicle is curiously confirmed in this respect by the aforementioned letter of Chapuys, which has quite recently been published by Mr. Gairdner. The Ambassador says he was accompanied on his journey, which he began on the 30th December, 1535, by a conductor, whom he calls a creature and spy of Cromwell, and when he arrived at Kimbolton refused to see the Queen except in presence of this spy and the principal members of the household, such as the chamberlain and steward, who had not seen her for two years. He describes her pleasure at seeing him, and says he stopped two hours talking with her, and although he rose several times to go, as he thought so long a stay would worry her, she would not let him. He stays four days, and passes two hours every day with the Queen, who became apparently much better. "I therefore took my leave of her on Tuesday evening, leaving her very cheerful, and that evening I saw her laugh two or three times, and about half-an-hour after I left her she desired to have some amusement with one of my men, who is a comical fellow (no doubt the young jester with the padlock, mentioned on page 48). Next morning she was much better, and the physician said I need not fear to leave her."

Katherine had died the previous day to that on which this letter was written from London.

to alleviate her a little; but when the Ambassador had gone, and the hour for her to render up her spirit to God had arrived, she called her confessor and her physician, and said these words: "Licentiate, what do you think; am I very bad?" and the licentiate, who was called Lasaut,[1] answered, "Madam, you must die." "I know it," said the good lady; and she then confessed and took the Holy Sacrament. She said a prayer to her servants that would have broken any heart, and when her hour came she raised her hands to heaven and said, "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum," and gave up her soul to God.[2]

[1] The Marquis De Molins appears to be in considerable doubt as to the identity of this physician, but repeated reference is made to him both in Chapuys' letters at Vienna, and State Records in England, where he is always called Don Miguel de la Sá. After the Queen's death the King made strenuous attempts to attract him to his service, and treated him with such marked kindness that Chapuys writes to the Emperor about it (7th March, 1536, Vienna Archives), saying that the King is afraid he might stir up opposition if he left England. Chapuys says the physician tells the King that if he entered his service people would consider it suspicious in connection with the death of the Queen; and besides, as he is a subject of the Emperor, he could not act without asking his majesty's permission.

The doctor's name, however, appears in the list of the newly-appointed household of Princess Mary as her physician a few months afterwards.

In the Vienna Archives there is a letter from Charles V. at Naples, to the doctor Miguel de la Sá, thanking him for his care of the Queen and Princess.

In a letter from the Empress to Dr. Ortiz in 1532, he is called the Licentiate Lasao.

[2] Chapuys writes to the Emperor from London, 21st January, 1536: "Since my last letter of 9th inst. I have had no opportunity of writing. I soon after sent one of my servants to the place where the good Queen died, to learn the circumstances since my departure, and also to comfort the poor servants, and to see what I could do, both for them and for the funeral, for which the Queen left some directions. My man returned only three days ago, and informed me that for two days after I left the Queen appeared to be better, and even on the day of Kings (Twelfth Day), on the evening of which she, without any help, combed and tied her hair and dressed her head. Next day, about an hour after midnight, she began to ask what o'clock it was, and if it was near day, and this she inquired several times after, for no other object, as she at length declared, than to be able to hear mass and receive the sacrament. And although the Bishop of Llandaff, her confessor, offered to say

Couriers were at once sent off to the King informing him of her death; and as soon as the King heard of it he dressed himself in yellow, which in that country is a sign of rejoicing, and ordered all his grandees to go thither, and that she should be buried very sumptuously.

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mass before four o'clock, she would not allow him, giving several reasons and authorities in Latin why it should not be done. When day broke she heard mass and received the sacrament with the utmost fervour, and then continued to repeat some beautiful orisons, and begged the bystanders to pray for her soul, and that God would pardon the King, her husband, the wrong he had done her, and that the divine goodness would lead him to the true road, and give him good council. Afterwards she received extreme unction, applying herself to the whole office very devoutly. . . . . Knowing that a wife in England could not make a will in the life of her husband, she caused her physician to write a note of her last wishes, leaving rewards to certain servants, leaving her robes to the convent in which she should be buried, and her furs to her daughter Mary." . . . . Chapuys then recounts the efforts he has made, and is making, to get the King to carry out these sad behests of the dead woman, and the mean excuses of Henry for non-compliance. . . . .

"The Queen died two hours after midday, and eight hours afterwards she was opened by command of those who had charge of it on the part of the King, and no one was allowed to be present, not even her confessor or physician, but only the candlemaker of the house, one servant, and one assistant (Compagnon), who opened her, although it was not his business, and there were no surgeons, yet they have often done such duty, at least the principal, who, on coming out, told the Bishop of Llandaff, her confessor, but in great secresy, as a thing which would cost him his life, that he found the body and all internal organs as sound as possible, except the heart, which was quite black and hideous, and even after he had washed it three or four times it did not change colour, and on cutting it open he found it black inside. He found, also, a round black thing clinging to the outside of the heart. On my man asking the physician if she died of poison, he replied that the thing was too evident by what had been said to the Bishop, her confessor; and that even if that had not been disclosed, the thing was sufficiently clear from the report and circumstances of her illness." (Vienna Archives, State Papers.)

Bedingfield, in one of his numerous letters to Cromwell on the subject of the post mortem arrangements, confirms the statement that the embalming was done by one of the household.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW THE BLESSED LADY WAS BURIED.[1]

WHEN the gentlemen arrived at the castle where the body of the lady was, there arose great dissension amongst them; those of them who loved her wishing her to be buried as Queen, and others as Princess, and they were obliged to send to the King to know how he wished her buried. The answer of the King was that she should be interred as Princess only, and that the arms of Wales should be quartered on those of Spain. This was done, and the body carried to an abbey fifteen miles off.

The blessed lady was much beloved, and it was a sight to see the crowds of people who came on the road to see the litter in which the body was borne. All the lords who were there were dressed in mourning, and their saddle-cloths sweeping the ground. The servants of the blessed lady were all in mourning, and the funeral was a very sumptuous one, more than three hundred masses being said during the day; for all the clergy for fifteen miles round came to the interment. And so the blessed lady was laid in the grave, and the lamentations of the servants were truly pitiable.

The King sent for all the servants and ladies who were with her, in order that they might serve the new Queen, but none of the Spaniards would continue in the service, all the others, however, from that day forward being as bad as the rest. One of the Spaniards, called Francisco Felipe, had in his possession much plate and jewels belonging to the blessed lady, and the King was told of this; whereupon the King sent for him, and said, "Felipe, you must give up what you have belonging to the Princess."

[1] A very minute account of the obsequies is given by Chapuys. The last wish of the Queen was disregarded, and she was buried at Peterborough, the body resting at Santry Abbey one night on the way. The body of the martyred Queen was consigned to the grave on 27th January, 1536. (Vienna Archives, Gairdner.)

Felipe, who was a very bold man, answered: "Sir, may it please your Majesty, I have nothing belonging to the Princess, unless you order me to give it up to her, for to her it comes by right." The King was very angry, and said, "I do not mean that, but what you have belonging to your late mistress." Then said Felipe, "May it please your Majesty, all that I have belonging to the Queen, my mistress, who is in glory, I will give up; but look, your Majesty, I served her for thirty years and never received any wages." The King was so angry that he would speak to him no more, and he had to give up all he had; the result of his loyalty being that he remained poor, for the King would give him nothing. The King might well have compensated him, but would not do so, and Felipe went a poor man to his own country.[1]

[1] This bold and wily Spanish *maitre de salle*, who stood faithfully to his mistress to the very last, appears to have been a constant source of trouble to the King and his Council, who found him to be the only person near her who could not be bought or bullied into betrayal of her interests. In 1535 he went on a visit to Spain, ostensibly to see his sick mother, but the King did not believe in the excuse; and a report presented to Henry says, "And, as touching the going of Francis Phillips into Spain, faining the same to be for visiting of his mother, now sickly and ancient, your Highness taketh it surely in the right that it is chiefly for disclosing of the secret matter unto the Emperor, and to devise meanes and ways how your intended purpose might be impeached." (State Papers.)

Felipe seems to have been removed for some time from the Queen's service, for in a long letter from Chapuys to the Emperor, dated 9th February, 1535, now in the Vienna Archives, he complains bitterly of the treatment accorded to Katharine and her daughter Mary, and details a long interview with Cromwell, in which he endeavours to obtain as a favour that the Princess should be with her mother, after which he goes on to say:—

"Moreover, as to the Queen's treatment, it seemed very strange that out of four Spanish servants whom she had they should take away her *maitre de salle*, who had followed her from Spain, and had now nothing to live upon. Therefore, it would be well that the King should let him return to his mistress, or retire towards your Majesty (Charles V.), where he could make some report of affairs here. Cromwell made no reply as to the Princess, but as to the *maitre de salle*, who is named Francisco Phelipe, he said he would get the King to let him return to the Queen, or if he pleased, to go to Spain, and give him money for the voyage; and as to the report he might make to your Majesty, you were not so credulous as to give credit to all that such men said, although he believed the

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW ANNE BOLEYN COMMITTED ADULTERY, AND HOW IT WAS FOUND OUT.

SOON after the death of the sainted Queen Katharine, Anne Boleyn, who ostentatiously tried to attract to her service the best-looking men and best dancers to be found, heard that in the city of London there was a young fellow who was one of the prettiest monochord players and deftest dancers in the land. They told her he was the son of a poor carpenter, and she sent for him to play before her, asking him what his name was, to which he replied, "My lady, my name is Mark." Then the Queen sent for her minions, amongst whom was one called Master Norris, and another Master Brereton, to whom the Queen showed great favour. She ordered Mark to play, Master Norris leading her out to dance, and Mark played some virginals so prettily, that while she was dancing she said to Norris, "What do you think of it, does not the lad play well?" and whilst they were passing near Mark,

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said Francisco Phelipe might, by his report, cause people to murmur over there, in accordance with their arrogant disposition." (Gairdner, State Papers.)

This was evidently bounce of Cromwell's. The faithful hidalgo was much less dangerous to Henry, shut up in Kimbolton, than he would be whilst spreading the sordid story of his mistress's martyrdom amongst the Spaniards, who adored her; and Chapuys, in his next letter, reports that the day following his interview Cromwell told him that the King had granted his request with regard to Francisco Phelipe.

In the Royal MS. (Camden Miscellany) there is a long list of a "View taken by Sir Edward Baynton on the 14th February, of the twenty-sixth year of Henry VIII. (1535) of stuff at Baynardes Castle, in custody of Mr. Francis Philippes, which was late the Princess Dowager's wardrobe stuff," and no doubt this formed a portion, if not all, of the treasure mentioned in this chapter. The legacy of £40, left to Felipe by Katherine in her will, was, with incredible meanness, never paid by Henry.

Norris answered gently, "Lady, I should well like him to play sometimes, if it were possible, when we are together." The Queen laughed, and Mark took notice of everything that passed. When that dance was finished, the Queen wanted to dance with Mark, and made one of her ladies play. So Mark danced with her; and he tripped it so well, and so gracefully, that she at once fell in love with him, and told him she wished him to live there. Mark fell on his knees and kissed her hand, and she ordered one hundred nobles to be given to him to buy clothes, and the next day Mark came all tricked out, looking like the son of a gentleman. He never left the palace, and the Queen persuaded the King to give him a salary of one hundred pounds, and from that time forward Anne always had Mark to play to her. One morning, when the Queen was in bed, she sent for Mark to play whilst she lay in bed, and ordered her ladies to dance. They began dancing; and after a while, when Anne saw that they were becoming very merry, she ordered one of the ladies to play whilst the others danced. When she saw they were intoxicated with their dancing, she called Mark to her, and he fell on his knee by her bedside, and she had time to tell him that she was in love with him, whereupon he was much surprised; but being of a base sort, he gave ear to all the Queen said to him, forgetting, the sinner, that only two months before he was a poor fellow, and that the King had given him a good income, and might give him much more; so he answered, "Madam, I am your servant; you may command me." And the lady bade him keep it secret, and she would find means to compass her desires. Very few days after that the King went to Windsor, which is twenty-five miles from there, and stayed a fortnight before he came back; so Anne, seeing she had time, confided in an old woman of her chamber, who, as it afterwards turned out, knew the Queen's secrets; and this bad old woman, instead of putting obstacles in the way, said, "Leave it to me, Madam, I will find means to bring him to you whenever you want him." Anne was so enamoured that every hour seemed a year.

One night, whilst all the ladies were dancing, the old woman called Mark and said to him gently, so that none

should overhear, "You must come with me;" and he, as he knew it was to the Queen's chamber he had to go, was nothing loth. So she took him to an ante-chamber, where she and another lady slept, next to the Queen's room, and in this ante-chamber there was a closet like a store-room, where she kept sweetmeats, candied fruits, and other preserves which the Queen sometimes asked for. To conceal him more perfectly the old woman put him into this closet, and told him to stay there till she came for him, and to take great care he was not heard. Then she shut him up and returned to the great hall where they were dancing, and made signs to the Queen, who understood her, and, although it was not late, she pretended to be ill, and the dancing ceased. She then retired to her chamber with her ladies, whilst the old woman said to her, "Madam, when you are in bed and all the ladies are asleep, you can call me and ask for some preserves, which I will bring, and Mark shall come with me, for he is in the closet now."

The Queen went to bed and ordered all her ladies to retire to their respective beds, which were in an adjoining gallery like a refectory, and when they were all gone but the old lady and the lady who slept with her, she sent them off too. When she thought they would all be asleep, she called the old woman, and said, "Margaret, bring me a little marmalade." She called it out very loudly, so that the ladies in the gallery might hear as well as Mark, who was in the closet. The old woman went to the closet and made Mark undress, and took the marmalade to the Queen, leading Mark by the hand. The lady who was in the old woman's bed did not see them when they went out of the closet, and the old woman left Mark behind the Queen's bed, and said out loud, "Here is the marmalade, my lady." Then Anne said to the old woman, "Go along; go to bed."

As soon as the old woman had gone Anne went round to the back of the bed and grasped the youth's arm, who was all trembling, and made him get into bed. He soon lost his bashfulness, and remained that night and many others, so that in a short time this Mark flaunted out to such an extent that there was not a gentleman at court

who was so fine, and Anne never dined without having Mark to serve her.

Here the devil was even with her, for as she formerly showed great favour to Mr. Norris and the other gentleman, Brereton, and forgot them as soon as Mark came into the field, these gentlemen were both grieved, each one for himself. Anne saw this, and called Master Norris to her, and spoke to him quietly, it is believed to tell him to go to her that night, for as Mark was expecting his usual summons from the old woman, she told him he could not go. As Mark saw Anne speaking to Master Norris, and had heard what they had said on the former occasion, he suspected what was going on.

The next day Mark was called by the Queen and told to play whilst she summoned Brereton to dance with her, and it is suspected that on that night Brereton was invited to visit her, as Mark waited in vain to be called.

The next night the old woman called Mark, and he could not refrain from telling the Queen what was in his heart. Anne laughed at him, and as he saw she was deceiving him, he said no more; and that night the Queen gave him a purse full of gold pieces, and told him to get ready for the ridings on May-day, to which the King was coming.

The next day Mark bought three of the best horses that could be found, and tricked himself out so bravely, that there was no gentleman at Court who spent so much money either in arms, liveries for his servants, or trappings for his horses.

There was much jealousy of him, and many murmured to see him so smart and lavish. One of the Queen's household had some words with him, and Mark threatened him, which offended the gentleman very much; and Mark, being always suspicious of him, conveyed his suspicions to the Queen, who sent for the gentleman and said to him, "Thomas Percy," for that was his name, "I desire that there shall be no quarrelling with Mark, and if any annoyance is caused him I shall be very angry." Percy answered, "Madam, you are aware that I have served you for many years, and I will not be ill-used by one who only

came yesterday." But the Queen ordered them to be good friends, and Percy could easily see that she bore great love for Mark; so he must needs go to Secretary Cromwell, and said to him, "I wish to speak to you." "Say what thou wishest, Percy," answered the Secretary, and then Percy said, "Your worship will know that it is hardly three months since Mark came to Court, and that he only has one hundred pounds salary from the King, of which he has only received a third, and he has just bought three horses that have cost him over five hundred ducats, as well as very rich arms and fine liveries for his servants for the day of the ridings, such as no gentleman at Court has been able to do, and many are wondering where he has got the money. I can tell you more, for I know that on many occasions he has been in the Queen's chamber, and your worship should look to it." Cromwell answered him, "Hold thy tongue, Percy, and keep this secret; when the King comes back I shall learn the truth; meanwhile keep your eyes open and see if you note any signs, and who speaks to Mark."

Percy did not forget it; and one night before the King returned the old woman called Mark whilst the ladies were dancing, and Percy was on the look-out, but Mark, seeing him watching, was clever enough to return to the dance instead of going with the old woman, so Percy discovered nothing that night. The next morning the Queen sent for Mark, and as soon as Percy knew that he was in the chamber he went to Secretary Cromwell and told him what he had seen the night before, and how he was now playing in the Queen's chamber. Cromwell said, "Hold thy tongue for the present, Percy; the King is coming to-morrow, and the next day is May-day, when the jousts will be held, and I will find out a way to discover the truth." [1]

[1] The writer, all through the incident, makes Mark Smeaton the principal figure, and there is no doubt that his account is an accurate reproduction of the popular impressions current in London at the time. I have not met elsewhere with so minute a relation of the circumstances of the miserable affair. How true or how false the allegations may have been must be now for ever surmise alone, but it is known that the so-called confession was wrung from the poor

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW CROMWELL TOOK MARK TO LONDON AND LEARNT FROM HIM WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

THE night before they held the jousts the King came to Greenwich, and all the gentlemen were very gay, particularly Master Norris and Master Brereton. On the day of the jousts, which was the 1st of May,[1] Cromwell was going to London and sent for Mark, and said, "Mark, come and dine with me, and after dinner we will return together." Mark, suspecting nothing, accepted the invitation; and when they arrived at Cromwell's house in London, before dinner, he took Mark by the hand and led him into his chamber, where there were six gentlemen of his, and as soon as he had got him in the chamber he said, "Mark, I have wanted to speak to you for some days, and I have had no opportunity till now. Not only I, but many other gentlemen, have noticed that you are ruffling it very bravely of late. We know that four months ago you had nothing, for your father has hardly bread to eat, and now you are buying horses and arms, and have made showy devices and liveries such as no lord of rank can excel. Suspicion has arisen either that you have stolen the money or that someone had given it to you, although it is a great deal

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lad, Mark Smeaton, on a positive promise of pardon, and his subsequent execution was a convenient way of closing his mouth for ever against retractation or recantation. It is uncertain whether Sir Thomas Percy, who was beheaded in 1537, is referred to, or his brother Henry, Earl of Northumberland, whose betrothal to Anne before her marriage, and his continued love for her, brought his head into great danger, and whose fainting with emotion in court during the trial cast renewed suspicion upon him. If Northumberland is referred to, it might well be that, still in love, though hopelessly, with Anne, he would be madly jealous of a low upstart like Mark Smeaton, whom he suspected of receiving the favours of the Queen.

[1] May-day, 1536.

for anyone to give unless it were the King or Queen, and the King has been away for a fortnight. I give you notice now that you will have to tell me the truth before you leave here, either by force or good-will."

Mark, understanding as soon as Cromwell began to speak that the affair was no joke, did not know what to say, and became confused. "You had better tell the truth willingly," said Cromwell; and then Mark said that the money had been lent to him; to which Cromwell answered, "How can that be, that the merchants lend so much money, unless on plate, gold, or revenue, and at heavy interest, whilst you have nothing to pledge except that chain you wear. I am sorry you will not tell what you know with a good grace."

Then he called two stout young fellows of his, and asked for a rope and a cudgel, and ordered them to put the rope, which was full of knots, round Mark's head, and twisted it with the cudgel until Mark cried out, "Sir Secretary, no more, I will tell the truth," and then he said, "The Queen gave me the money." "Ah, Mark," said Cromwell, "I know the Queen gave you a hundred nobles, but what you have bought has cost over a thousand, and that is a great gift even for a Queen to a servant of low degree such as you. If you do not tell me all the truth I swear by the life of the King I will torture you till you do." Mark replied, "Sir, I tell you truly that she gave it to me." Then Cromwell ordered him a few more twists of the cord, and poor Mark, overcome by the torment, cried out, "No more, Sir, I will tell you everything that has happened." And then he confessed all, and told everything as we have related it, and how it came to pass.

When the Secretary heard it he was terror-stricken, and asked Mark if he knew of anyone else besides himself who had relations with the Queen. Mark, to escape further torture, told all he had seen of Master Norris and Brereton, and swore that he knew no more. Then Cromwell wrote a letter to the King, and sent Mark to the Tower.[1]

[1] Lingard says that Brereton was arrested first, three days before, but the present Chronicle is probably correct.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW CROMWELL WROTE TO THE KING, AND HOW THE QUEEN AND HER GENTLEMEN-IN-WAITING WERE ARRESTED.

THE Secretary at once wrote to the King, and sent Mark's confession to him by a nephew of his called Richard Cromwell, the letter being conceived as follows: "Your Majesty will understand that, jealous of your honour, and seeing certain things passing in your palace, I determined to investigate and discover the truth. Your Majesty will recollect that Mark has hardly been in your service four months and only has £100 salary, and yet all the Court notices his splendour, and that he has spent a large sum for these jousts, all of which has aroused suspicions in the minds of certain gentlemen, and I have examined Mark, who has made the confession which I enclose to your Majesty in this letter."

When the King read this confession his meal did not at all agree with him; but, like a valiant prince, he dissembled, and presently ordered his boat to be got ready, and went to Westminster. He ordered that the jousts should not be stopped, but when the festivities were over that Master Norris and Brereton, and Master Wyatt, should be secretly arrested and taken to the Tower. The Queen did not know the King had gone, and went to the balconies where the jousts were to be held, and asked where he was, and was told that he was busy.[1]

Presently came all the gentlemen who were to ride, and Master Norris and Brereton came, looking very smart, and their servants in gay liveries; but the Queen looked, and not seeing Mark, asked why he had not come out. She

[1] The King's sudden departure from the jousts has always been a mystery, and explanations have been sought in the supposed picking up of Anne's handkerchief by Norris; but the writer of the Chronicle is evidently well informed on the subject, and probably gives the real reason.

was told that he was not there, but had gone to London, and had not come back. So the jousts began, and Master Wyatt did better than anybody.

This Master Wyatt[1] was a very gallant gentleman, and there was no prettier man at Court than he was. When the jousts were finished and they were disarming, the captain of the guard came and called Master Norris and Master Brereton, and said to them, "The King calls for you." So they went with him, and a boat being in waiting, they were carried off to the Tower without anyone hearing anything about it. Then Cromwell's nephew said to Master Wyatt, "Sir, the Secretary, my master, sends to beg you to favour him by going to speak with him, as he is rather unwell, and is in London." So Wyatt went with him.

It seems that the King sent to Cromwell to tell him to have Wyatt fetched in order to examine him. When they arrived in London Cromwell took Master Wyatt apart, and said to him, "Master Wyatt, you well know the great love I have always borne you, and I must tell you that it would cut me to the heart if you were guilty in the matter of which I wish to speak." Then he told him all that had passed; and Master Wyatt was astounded, and replied with great spirit, "Sir Secretary, by the faith I owe to God and my King and lord, I have no reason to distrust, for I have not wronged him even in thought. The King well knows what I told him before he was married." Then Cromwell told him he would have to go to the Tower, but that he would promise to stand his friend, to which Wyatt answered, "I will go willingly, for as I am stainless I have nothing to fear." He went out with Richard Cromwell, and nobody suspected that he was a prisoner; and when he arrived at the Tower Richard said to the captain of the Tower, "Sir Captain, Secretary Cromwell sends to beg you

[1] Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet. He died whilst proceeding to embark on an embassy in 1541. He was a famous Spanish scholar, as also was his unhappy son, the revolutionary leader, who was beheaded at the beginning of Mary's reign; and having regard to the friendly and flattering terms in which he is mentioned in the Chronicle, it would seem probable that the poet Wyatt, or his son, may have been the writer's informant.

to do all honour to Master Wyatt." So the captain put him into a chamber over the door, where we will leave him, to say how the Queen and the Duke her brother were arrested.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW THE QUEEN AND HER BROTHER THE DUKE WERE ARRESTED.

ON the 2nd of May the captain of the guard with a hundred halberdiers came to Greenwich in the King's great barge, and went to the Queen, and said to her, "My lady, the King has sent me for you;" and she, very much astonished, asked the captain where the King was. She was told he was at Westminster; and she at once got ready, and embarked with all her ladies, thinking she was to be taken to Westminster, but when she saw they stopped at the Tower, she asked whether the King was there. The captain of the Tower appeared, and the captain of the guard addressed him, saying, "I bring you here the Queen, whom the King orders you to keep prisoner, and very carefully guarded." Thereupon the captain took Anne by the arm, and she, as soon as she heard that she was a prisoner, exclaimed loudly in the hearing of many, "I entered with more ceremony the last time I came." They ordered two of her ladies to remain with her, and the rest to be taken to Westminster, and amongst them one very attractive, of whom we shall have to speak further on.

As soon as the King learnt that she was in the Tower, he ordered the Duke her brother to be arrested, and taken thither, the old woman having already been taken. The King then wished the Queen to be examined, and he sent Secretary Cromwell, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Chancellor,[1] who were expressly ordered by the King to treat her with no respect or consideration. They desired the Archbishop to be spokes-

[1] Audley.

man, and he said these words to her, "Madam, there is no one in the realm, after my lord the King, who is so distressed at your bad conduct as I am, for all these gentlemen well know I owe my dignity to your good-will;" and Anne, before he could say any more, interrupted him with, "My lord Bishop, I know what is your errand; waste no more time; I have never wronged the King, but I know well that he is tired of me, as he was before of the good lady Katharine." Then the Bishop continued, "Say no such thing, Madam, for your evil courses have been clearly seen; and if you desire to read the confession which Mark has made, it will be shown to you." Anne, in a great rage, replied, "Go to! It has all been done as I say, because the King has fallen in love, as I know, with Jane Seymour, and does not know how to get rid of me. Well, let him do as he likes, he will get nothing more out of me; and any confession that has been made is false."

With that, as they saw they should extract nothing from her, they determined to leave; but before doing so the Duke of Norfolk said to her, "Madam, if it be true that the Duke[1] your brother has shared your guilt, a great punishment indeed should be yours and his as well." To which she answered, "Duke, say no such thing; my brother is blameless; and if he has been in my chamber to speak with me, surely he might do so without suspicion, being my brother, and they cannot accuse him for that. I know that the King has had him arrested, so that there should be none left to take my part. You need not trouble to stop talking with me, for you will find out no more." So they went away; and when they told the King how she had answered, he said, "She has a stout heart, but she shall pay for it;" and he sent them to the Duke to see how he would answer. To explain why the Duke had been arrested, it should be told that the King was informed that he had been seen on several occasions going in and out of the Queen's room dressed only in his night-clothes. When the gentlemen went to him, he said, "I do not know why the King has had me arrested, for I never wronged him in word or deed. If my sister has done so, let her bear the

[1] The chronicler is in error in calling the Queen's brother a Duke. He was, of course, Viscount Rochford.

penalty." Then the Chancellor replied, "Duke, it was ground for suspicion that you should go so often to her chamber at night, and tell the ladies to leave you. It was a very bold thing to do, and you deserve great punishment." "But look you, Chancellor," answered the Duke, "even if I did go to speak with her sometimes when she was unwell, surely that is no proof that I was so wicked as to do so great a crime and treason to the King." Then the Duke of Norfolk said, "Hold thy peace, Duke, the King's will must be done after all." So they left him, and presently put old Margaret to the torture, who told the whole story of how she had arranged that Mark and Master Norris and Brereton should all have access to the Queen unknown to each other. She was asked about Master Wyatt, but she said she had never even seen him speak to the Queen privately, but always openly, whereupon Secretary Cromwell was glad, for he was very fond of Master Wyatt.

So the gentlemen ordered the old woman [1] to be burnt that night within the Tower, and they took her confession to the King; and the King ordered all the prisoners to be beheaded, and the Duke as well, so the next day the Duke, Master Norris, Brereton, and Mark were executed.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW THE DUKE, AND NORRIS, AND BRERETON, AND MARK WERE BEHEADED THE NEXT DAY.[2]

WE have told how the old woman was ordered to be burned in the great courtyard of the Tower, and they made the Queen see it from an iron-barred window. She

[1] Lady Wingfield; I can find no record, however, of her having been burnt in the Tower, although her dying confession, of which a part only now remains, has always been considered the strongest proof of Anne's guilt.

[2] Sir Henry Norris, Lord Rochford, William Brereton, Mark Smeaton, and Sir Francis Weston were beheaded on 17th May, 1536. The Chronicle makes no mention of Sir Francis Weston.

said, "Why do you grieve me so? I wish they would burn me with her." To which the keeper answered, "Madam, another death is reserved for you." "I do not care for all the harm they can do me now," she said, "for they can never deny I was a crowned Queen, although I was a poor woman."

The next day they brought out the Duke and the others, and it was a surprising sight to see the great crowd there was. There came with the culprits over five hundred halberdiers, and when the Duke ascended, a gentleman said to him, "My lord Duke if you have anything to say, you can say it." Then the Duke turned to the people and said in the hearing of many, "I beg you pray to God for me; for by the trial I have to pass through I am blameless, and never even knew that my sister was bad. Guiltless as I am, I pray God to have mercy upon my soul." Then he lay upon the ground with his head on the block, the headsman gave three strokes, and so died this poor Duke.

Then Master Norris mounted, and made a great long prayer; and then, turning to the people, he said, "I do not think any gentleman at Court owes more to the King than I do, and none have been more ungrateful and regardless of it than I have. I deserve the death they condemn me to, and worse still, and so I pray to God for mercy on my soul, and acknowledge the justice of my sentence." Then he cast himself on the ground, and was beheaded.

The next was Brereton, who said nothing but "I have offended God and the King; pray for me," and he was executed.

The last was Mark, and he cried in a loud voice that all could hear, "Oh, woe is me! Only four months ago I was a poor man, and my good fortune raised me to better things, and would have lifted me higher still, but for the devil's tempting, and my inability to resist the pride which has been my undoing. I thought treason would never come to light, but I confess now I erred, and do not deserve so honourable a death as that which the King has ordered me. I ask pardon of God and the King, for I have wronged him more than any other, and I beg you, gentlemen, to pray to God for me;" and then he threw himself down and was beheaded; but before he died he

said, "Gentlemen, I ask pardon of Master Percy, for he would have been killed if I had not been arrested, as I had set men on to murder him;" and fortunately Master Percy was there, and answered, "God pardon thee, Mark, as I pardon thee." [1]

The good Wyatt was witnessing all this from a window of the Tower, and all the people thought that he also was to be brought out and executed; but Wyatt that night wrote a letter to the King, and sent it to him by a cousin of his, which letter was as follows.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW MASTER WYATT WROTE A LETTER TO THE KING, AND HOW HE WAS PARDONED.

THE night before the Duke and the others were led out to execution, the good Wyatt was assured that he would be spared; so he got some paper and ink and wrote the following to the King: "Your Majesty knows that before marrying Queen Anne you said to me, Wyatt, I am going to marry Anne Boleyn, what do you think of it? I told your Majesty then that you had better not do so, and you asked me why; to which I replied that she was a bad woman, and your Majesty angrily ordered me to quit your presence for two years. Your Majesty did not deign on that occasion to ask my reasons for saying what I did, and since I could not then give them by word of mouth, I will do so now in writing. One day, whilst Mistress Anne's father and mother were at the Court eight miles from Greenwich, where, as all the world knows, they were stationed, I took horse and went thither, arriving when Anne was already in bed. I mounted to her chamber, and as soon as she saw me she said, 'Good God! Master

[1] Lingard positively asserts that Smeaton was hanged, and not beheaded; but quotes at length the letter of a Portuguese gentleman, then resident in London, to a friend in Lisbon, in which the account given of the affair agrees with the present Chronicle.

Wyatt, what are you doing here at this hour?' I answered her, 'Lady, a heart tormented as mine has been by yours for long past has urged me hither to ask for some consolation from one who has caused it so much pain.' I approached her and kissed her, and she remained quiet and silent, and even to still greater familiarities she made no objection, when suddenly I heard a great stamping over the bed in which she slept, and the lady at once rose, slipped on a skirt, and went out by a staircase which led up behind the bed; I waited for her more than an hour, but when she came down she would not allow me to approach her.

"I cannot but believe that I was treated in the same way as a gentleman once was in Italy, who was as madly in love with a lady as I was, and was, by his good luck, brought to the same point, when he heard a stamping overhead, and the lady rose and went out; but the gentleman in question was wiser than I, for he very soon followed the lady upstairs, and found her in the arms of a groom, and I have no doubt I should have seen the same thing if I had been wise enough to follow her. A week after she was quite at my service, and if your Majesty had deigned to hear me when you banished me, I would have told you then what I write you now." [1]

As soon as the King read this letter, he sent to the Tower to fetch Wyatt. He came into the King's presence and kissed his hand for his pardon, and the King said to him, "Wyatt, I am sorry I did not listen to thee when I was angry, but I was blinded by that bad woman." And thenceforth Master Wyatt was more beloved by the King than ever he had been. A few days afterwards he sent him as ambassador to the Emperor Charles V., where he

[1] Wyatt and Anne had been neighbours and friends from infancy; and to her, when she first attracted the King's notice, he had addressed his famous sonnet, "Forget not yet," as a farewell. The reference to Boccacio's story seems to stamp this letter as genuine, as it would hardly be introduced or even known by a person of the scant erudition of the writer of the Chronicle, whilst it is quite what might be expected of an admirer and imitator of Italian literature, as Wyatt was. The unnecessary confession, however, hardly shows the poet in a very heroic or chivalrous light.

served the King well, so there is no more to say about him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW ANNE WAS BEHEADED, AND WHAT TOOK PLACE FIVE DAYS AFTER THE EXECUTION OF THE DUKE AND THE OTHERS.[1]

THE King ordered the Queen to be beheaded. He had sent a week before to St. Omer for a headsman who could cut off the head with a sword instead of an axe, and nine days after they sent he arrived. The Queen was then told to confess, as she must die the next day, and she begged that she might be executed within the Tower, and that no foreigner should see her. So they erected the scaffold in the great courtyard of the Tower, and the next morning they brought her out. She would not confess, but showed a devilish spirit, and was as gay as if she was not going to die. When she arrived at the scaffold she was dressed in a night-robe of damask, with a red damask skirt, and a netted coif over her hair. This lady was very graceful, and had a long neck; and when she mounted the scaffold she saw on it many gentlemen, amongst them being the headsman, who was dressed like the rest, and not as executioner; and she looked around her on all sides to see the great number of people present, for although she was executed inside, there was a great crowd. They would not admit any foreigner, except one who had got in the night before, and who took good note of all that passed. And as the lady looked all round, she began to say these words, "Do not think, good people, that I am sorry to die, or that I have done anything to deserve this death. My fault has been my great pride, and the great crime I committed in getting the King to leave my mistress Queen Katherine for my sake, and I pray God to pardon me for it. I say to you all that everything they have accused me of is false,

[1] Anne was beheaded on the 19th of May, 1536.

and the principal reason I am to die is Jane Seymour, as I was the cause of the ill that befell my mistress." [1]

The gentlemen would not let her say any more, and she asked which was the headsman. She was told that he would come presently, but that in the meanwhile it would be better for her to confess the truth and not be so obstinate, for she could not hope for pardon. She answered them, "I know I shall have no pardon, but they shall know no more from me." So seeing that she would not confess, the headsman came and knelt before her, saying, "Madam, I crave your Majesty's pardon, for I am ordered to do this duty, and I beg you to kneel and say your prayers." So Anne knelt, but the poor lady only kept looking about her. The headsman, being still in front of her, said in French, "Madam, do not fear, I will wait till you tell me." Then she said, "You will have to take this coif off," and she pointed to it with her left hand. The sword was hidden under a heap of straw, and the man who was to give it to the headsman was told beforehand what to do; so, in order that she should not suspect, the headsman turned to the steps by which they had mounted, and called out, "Bring me the sword." The lady looked towards the steps to watch for the coming of the sword, still with her hand on her coif; and the headsman made a sign with his right hand for them to give him the sword, and then, without being noticed by the lady, he struck her head off on to the ground. And so ended this lady, who would never admit or confess the truth.

Her body was presently carried to the church within the Tower and buried, and a few days afterwards her father died of grief [2] for the loss of her and the Duke. God pardon them!

[1] Constantyne, who was present, gives in his memoirs a report of Anne's speech not materially different from the above; but the Portuguese gentleman, quoted by Lingard, furnishes a much longer and more elaborate version. Constantyne says that Anne was dressed in black damask.

[2] He survived her more than two years.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW THE KING MARRIED JANE SEYMOUR.

A VERY few days after the execution of Anne, the King ordered his Council to be summoned, and said to them, "My lords, you know that Elizabeth was acknowledged as Princess, and my daughter Mary was disinherited. If I were to die without male heir there would be great dissensions in my kingdom, and I have, therefore, decided to marry. I bear much good-will towards Jane Seymour, and I beg you will approve of her for my wife." They all answered with one accord, "Let your Majesty do as you desire. We all consider her a worthy maiden, and we hope in God that your union will be fruitful and happy."

No more was needed; and the next day he called the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the presence of all he married Jane Seymour, and caused great festivities to be held.

This good lady had been formerly a servant of Queen Katherine, and in her heart she always loved Madam Mary, her good daughter, so she begged of the King, as a boon, that he would send for Madam Mary to Court, as she wished to treat her in a way suitable to her rank. The King sent for her at once more than thirty horsemen, who brought her back with great state to the palace; and when the good Queen heard of her arrival, she came out to the great hall to receive her, and embraced her and kissed her, and took her by the hand, not allowing her to kneel, and led her to her chamber. When the King heard of it he went to the Queen's chamber, and the good daughter knelt before him, and he gave her his blessing with tears in his eyes, saying, "My daughter, she who did you so much harm, and prevented me from seeing you for so long, has paid the penalty."

The King had not seen her for more than three years. The good Queen then knelt, and said to the King, "Your Majesty knows how bad Queen Anne was, and it is not fit

that her daughter should be the Princess." So the King ordered it to be proclaimed that in future none should dare to call her Princess, but Madam Elizabeth.

The good Queen always had Madam Mary in her company, and when she left her chamber always led her by the hand. For this reason the Queen was much beloved by all, and the King showed great affection for his daughter Mary.

Shortly afterwards the Queen became pregnant, and great rejoicings were held; and the King was advised that as she had brothers who were gentlemen, one of them should be created Duke of Somerset, which was the title of the brother of Queen Anne. So he made the eldest brother Duke of Somerset, and to the other two grants of income were made, and of them we shall speak further on.

In due time, when the Queen was about to be delivered, they sent to London for processions to be made to pray God for a happy result, and after three days illness the most beautiful boy that ever was seen was born.[1] Very great rejoicings were held for his birth; but on the second day it was rumoured that the mother had died, which caused great sorrow. It was said that the mother had to be sacrificed for the child. I do not affirm this to be true, only that it was rumoured. . . . . The King sorrowed for this good lady more than he did for any other, and had her buried with great solemnity. The good lady was also deeply mourned by Madam Mary; and the King ordered that the ladies-in-waiting should remain with her, and, until he married again, they remained in attendance on her, and treated her as if she were Queen.

[1] Born at Hampton Court, 12th October, 1537.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW THE PRINCE WAS BAPTISED AND THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TAKEN TO HIM, AND WHO WERE HIS GODFATHERS.

THE day after good Queen Jane was buried in Westminster Abbey, the church was ordered to be adorned with hangings, and the Prince was baptised by the Bishop of Rochester, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prince's uncle, the Duke, being godfathers, and Madam Mary, his sister, godmother.

The number of people in the streets was wonderful, the infant being carried by the Duchess of Suffolk, and innumerable torches reaching from the palace to the church. The Duchess, with the child and all the ladies, went on foot, twenty heralds with wands clearing the way, and to recount the fine things worn by the ladies and gentlemen would be a never-ending task. When they arrived at the church the Bishop, attended by a great number of prelates, was ready, and on the entrance of the procession all sung the "Te deum laudamus," which moved all hearts to joy. So he was christened, and they called him by the name of Edward.

When they got back to the palace it was almost nightfall, but the illuminations were so many that it seemed like day. The King was waiting at the door of the palace and blessed the child, taking it in his arms and kissing it, and everyone heard the following words spoken by the King: "My son, I pray to God that I may see thee crowned King before I die," and tears came into his eyes as he said it. Then the Duchess took the child again, and took him up into the chamber, and a very gentle lady, the wife of a knight, then took him to rear, and brought him up very well. The King ordered the child to be brought up in the palace, and saw him every day, and ordered his daughter, Madam Mary, to take care of him. In a fortnight he was acknowledged Prince by all the kingdom, and all prayed to God to preserve him.

The good lady looked after her brother with great care, and the King visited them both every day. All the maids-of-honour were now with Madam Mary, and amongst them there was one maid called Katharine Howard, who was not more than fifteen, and had hardly been at Court a year, but who was more graceful and beautiful than any lady in the Court, or perhaps in the kingdom. The King had never noticed her, till one afternoon, when he went to see the Prince, whilst Madam Mary and all her ladies were there, and then he cast his eyes on her, and fell in love with her at once, and married her, as will be told.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW THE KING MARRIED KATHERINE HOWARD.[1]

WE have told you how the King went every day to see his son, and one day in the afternoon he entered the room when all the ladies were there and called this maid to him, who went and knelt before him, waiting to see what the King could want with her. The King held out his hand to her and raised her up, saying, "Katharine, from now henceforward I wish you never to do that again, but rather that all these ladies and my whole kingdom should bend the knee to you, for I wish to make you Queen." When the lady heard what the King said she hung her head and made a low reverence, but said nothing. So the King kissed her and went away, and called his Council together, and said, "Gentlemen, you know I am a widower, and I need company; I wish you to give me your advice." He addressed them in this way because he wanted to know

[1] The greatest blot upon the Chronicle is the inversion of the order of the King's fourth and fifth marriages. Katherine is here represented as his fourth wife, preceding Anne of Cleves, the opposite being the case. The intervention of Cromwell in the proceedings against Katharine told in a subsequent chapter is an aggravation of the error, as the Secretary had been beheaded in July, 1540, eighteen months previously.

their desires, for he had already quite determined to do what he did. The Duke of Norfolk was the first to speak, and said, "Your Majesty should try to find out whether there is any daughter of a foreign prince, and endeavour to win her."

Some were of the Duke's opinion, and some thought that the King might find a lady to his liking in his own country; so when they had had their say, the King continued, "Gentlemen, I have seen the lady I wish to take;" and they all held their peace to know whom he would mention. "You know Katharine Howard," he said; "she is the one I have chosen." Then they replied, "If your Majesty so wills it we shall be content; what pleases your Majesty pleases us." The King announced his desire to be married the next day, and sent for the Bishop of London to come and marry him.

So the next day they were married with great state, and very grand rejoicings were held.[1]

This lady had two brothers, gentlemen of very good birth, one being called Master Howard, and a knight, and the other George Howard, who was made a gentleman-in-waiting, and both of them were given good incomes. The King was very pleased with this lady, who, however, as soon as she became Queen, did not make so much account of Madam Mary as the good Queen Jane had done, but this was more because she was a mere child than from any lack of love for her. All the ladies paid as much court to Madam Mary as they did to the Queen, and the Queen, although she was so young, got angry with them, and told the King of it; so the King ordered his daughter to go and live in a separate establishment and to take the Prince with her, which she did, and during the Queen's life returned no more to Court. She and the Prince kept the establishment together with great state and many servants, as behoved them, and the good sister had the little Prince in her charge for over three years.

To return to Queen Katharine. As soon as she saw herself alone with her ladies she began to get extremely

[1] Little or no public rejoicings were held on this occasion according to the English Chronicles.

haughty, and the King had no wife who made him spend so much money in dresses and jewels as she did, who every day had some fresh caprice. She was the handsomest of his wives, and also the most giddy. The devil, who is never idle, put it into this Queen's heart to fall in love with a gentleman who, before the King's marriage with her, was very much in love with her, and who was well beloved by her, as will be told.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW A DOCTOR WAS BURNT AND WHY.

ALTHOUGH the King was head of the Church there were many who swore against their will as well as a large number who escaped from the oath, and amongst them a most learned man called Doctor Forest, who at the time when the oath was being administered in London to the prelates left the city, and went to a place fifty miles off, and as soon as the Commissioners arrived there went back to London again, so he got off without swearing.

Some days after this a gentleman came to Dr. Forest and said he wanted to confess. So the Doctor heard his confession, and in the course of it the gentleman said, "Father, my conscience troubles me since I took the oath to the King as head of the Church, and I now repent of having done so." The good Doctor, not thinking of the malice of the penitent, said, "My son, God only asks for repentance, and if you have that God will forgive you," and before the good man could say more the penitent asked him whether he had taken the oath, to which the good man answered, "No, indeed, I would rather burn than swear such a thing." Then the bad man arose and said, "I do not want to know any more," and went straight to the Archbishop of Canterbury and denounced him. So they sent for the Doctor, who appeared before the Archbishop, and asked what they wanted of him. So they told him they wished to know whether he had taken the oath to the King as

head of the Church or not? to which he answered, "God preserve me from ever swearing such a thing." Thereupon the Archbishop, and eight priests who were present, began to dispute the matter with him, but he silenced them all and they were unable to answer him.

So he was taken to the Tower; and the Archbishop sent for Bishop Latimer,[1] who was a great heretic, but very learned, and the next day they carried Dr. Forest before him, and the Bishop then said, "My lord Archbishop, I do not wish to argue with Dr. Forest except before the King's Council and in some public place, so that all should hear how I will overcome him," to which the Archbishop replied that he would propose it in the Council and see what their opinion was.

He went to the Council and told them what had passed; and Cromwell, before anyone else could speak, said, "I think the best way will be to erect two platforms in Smithfield, as that will hold a large number of people, and we will all be there and hear what passes, and have a gibbet put up and a great store of wood, and if Dr. Forest will not be converted, we will burn him alive as an example to others." So this was ordered to be done. Two platforms were put up, one with a pulpit and the other with a chair, and a stand was erected for the gentlemen of the Council from which they could go to the two platforms. Then a proclamation was cried all over London for people to go and hear Latimer's sermon, which was to begin at eight in the morning and last till eleven.

When the gentlemen had arrived and taken their seats in their respective places, good old Dr. Forest was brought —for he must have been about sixty-five; and they made him mount the platform and sit in the chair, whilst Latimer ascended the pulpit and preached for a long while, Dr. Forest in the meantime taking good note of what he said. When the Bishop had been preaching quite an hour he said these words: "Dr. Forest, above all, I am astonished that thou whom I hold for one of the most learned men in the realm, should be accused of being a papist, and I refuse to believe it until I hear it from thine own

[1] Latimer, Bishop of Worcester.

mouth." To which the good Doctor replied: "Thou hast known me for many years, Latimer, and I am still more astonished at thee, that for the pomps of the world thou hast endangered thine own soul. Dost thou not recollect what thou didst write me against the Emperor when he was against Rome and the Pope, and how thou with all thy voice didst denounce them all as heretics? Recollect how we, the doctors of the Church, considered the act and condemned it, and decided that those who did it should be excommunicated. What wert thou then, Latimer, a papist or a heretic?" To which Latimer replied, "I am no heretic, but rather was I then deceived and am now enlightened with the Holy Spirit, and, if thou wilt call upon thy better self, thou also wilt receive the light, for thou art now blind." "Oh, Latimer," said the good Doctor, "I think thou hast other things in thy heart! but since the King has made thee from a poor student into a bishop, thou art constrained to say this. Open thou thine eyes; take example from that holy Bishop of Rochester, and the blessed Thomas More, who renounced the goods of this world and chose rather to die than to lose their immortal souls." Latimer retorted, "Oh God! how great are snares of the Bishop of Rome, who has kept men in darkness for so many years! And look thou, Dr. Forest, that thou mayst see the snare and the falsity of his saints, they shall bring hither one of the idols of the Bishop of Rome."

At that instant a great uproar arose, and they brought forward a great wooden saint which eight men could hardly carry—so big indeed that it looked like a giant—and they hoisted it on to the platform where Dr. Forest was, and three men had as much as they could do to keep it upright. They had brought this saint from Wales, where it was kept in a church, and it is said that all those who stole or robbed anything were absolved by the priests if they offered to the idol a part of their booty. The saint was called in English Darbel Gadarn (Darvel Gathering), which means Darvel the Collector.[1]

[1] "A greate idol brought out of Wales, which they did prophesie should set a *forest* on fyre. . . . ."

"Upon the gallows he died on was set up in great letters these verses here following:

Then said Latimer, "Look, Dr. Forest, this is one of the idols of the Bishop of Rome, and for my own part I think the priests ought to have given the Bishop of Rome half of his profits." When the good Doctor heard this he laughed and said, "I am not surprised that what thou sayest should have happened, for the priests are so greedy that they well might invent that and much more, but do not think that the Pope sanctions any such thing."

In these arguments much time was passed, till at last Cromwell said, "My lord Bishop, I think you strive in vain with this stubborn one. It would be better to burn him." Then said Dr. Forest, "Gentlemen, if I were willing to sacrifice my soul it would not have been necessary to come to this pass." "Take him off at once," said Cromwell; and, as the three men on the platform were still supporting the wooden saint, Dr. Forest turned to them and said, "Brethren, I pray ye do not drop it on me, for my hour is not yet come." Then Bishop Latimer addressed Forest again, and said, "Brother Forest, I beseech thee to turn. The King will give thee a good living, for I know full well that if thou wishest thou art well able to give doctrine to great numbers." But Forest replied, "All the treasures of the world, Latimer, will not make me move from my will, but I much desire to speak with one of the gentlemen here."

Then the good Duke of Norfolk arose to go and speak with him, but Cromwell called out: "My lord Duke, take your seat again; if he wants to say anything, let him say

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David Darvell Gatheren,
As saith the Welshmen,
Fetched outlawes out of Hell;
Now is he come with speare and shield
In harness to burn in Smithfield,
For in Wales he maie not dwell;
And Forest the frier,
That obstinate lier,
That wilfully shall be dead
In his contumacie,
The gospel doth denie,
The King to be supreme head."

(Grafton Chronicle.)

it out so that we can all hear." So the Duke went back to his seat again. A mystery of God indeed is this that a common man should hold so much authority that one of the noblest dukes in the land should obey him.

When Dr. Forest saw they would not let him speak to anyone, he made the sign of the cross, and said, "Gentlemen, with this body of mine deal as you wish." So they brought him down, and took him to the gibbet, which was just near, and they tied him with a chain round his waist, and hung him up suspended by the middle. He begged them to let his hands be free, which they did. Then they began to set fire underneath him, and as it reached his feet he drew them up a little, but directly afterwards let them down again, and he began to burn. The holy man beat his breast with his right hand, and then raised both his hands to heaven and said many prayers in Latin, his last spoken words being "*Domine miserere mei*," and when the fire reached his breast he spoke no more and gave up his soul to God.

As soon as the fire was lighted they cast the wooden saint into it and it was burnt. A miracle happened, for the fire had hardly destroyed the body when at midday was seen a dove, as white as snow, over the head of the sainted dead, and remained there for a long time seen by many people. After dinner the body was taken down and buried in a hospital, and so ended this good Doctor.[1]

[1] This interesting account of the martyrdom of this venerable and learned priest is plainly that of an eye-witness; although more detailed than any other I have seen, it differs only slightly from that given by English chroniclers, who, however, swayed no doubt by religious bias, represent Forest as being less resigned at the moment of his death, and say that he clung to the ladder with both hands, and struggled to avoid the fire, "unrepentant to the last." He was formerly the confessor and close confidant of Queen Katharine, whose language he spoke well; and on the occasion of his first imprisonment in Newgate in 1535, mainly in order to isolate the unhappy lady, some pathetic letters passed between them, which are quoted by the Jesuit historian, Father Rivadaneyra. Forest was at that time condemed to death, but, according to Rivadaneyra, he appears to have escaped owing to the help of the ladies of the Queen's household.

He was finally sacrificed on the 22nd May, 1538, as we are told, "hung up by his armepitts all quicke on a new gallows made specially for him."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW THE QUEEN WAS ACCUSED OF ADULTERY WITH A GENTLEMAN NAMED CULPEPPER, AND HOW THEY WERE BOTH ARRESTED.

BEFORE the King's marriage with this Katharine Howard, one of his gentlemen, named Culpepper, was very much in love with her, and she looked favourably upon him. When this Culpepper saw the wedding he was much grieved and fell very ill, but did not dare to speak of the cause, and every time he went to the palace and saw the Queen he did nothing but sigh, and by his eyes let the Queen know what trouble he was suffering. This continued for some time, and the Queen sometimes noticed it, until the devil tempted her; and as Culpepper was a gentleman and young, and the King was old, she remembered the good-will she formerly bore to the young courtier, and let him know by signs that he might cheer up. So the gentleman, as soon as he saw that the Queen looked upon him pityingly, began to cheer up, and whenever the Queen could do so she showed him a smiling face.

The devil was so strong with both of them that Culpepper determined to write a letter to the Queen, and one day whilst he was dancing with her he was bold enough to slip it into her hand, and the Queen hid it, but as soon as she got into her chamber opened it and read it. I do not know what the letter said, but only that the Queen answered him in another letter, telling him to have patience, and she would find a way to comply with his wishes. The next day she handed him the letter whilst dancing with him, and Culpepper was overjoyed beyond measure.

This Culpepper was a man of great revenue, and consequently, although he spent large sums of money, it gave rise to no suspicion; and one day, when the King and most of the Court had gone to a house of his some fifteen miles from London, the Queen, who very much longed to be

alone with Culpepper, took aside a lady of whom she was very fond, and said to her, "Mary (for that was her name), I should like to tell you a secret, but I am afraid you will betray me;" and the lady answered like the good creature she was, "Whatever you tell me, Madam, shall be kept secret by me so long as it do not touch the honour of my lord the King." The Queen, seeing the answer the lady made her, did not tell her anything, but dissembled, saying, "I assure you it is nothing that touches the King, and I will tell you another day;" and thenceforward did not show her the same affection as formerly.

The devil being strong in her, however, she found out another lady, who was a relative of hers, and said to her, "Jane, I greatly desire to do well for you, and I promise you I will get the King to have you honourably married." She gave her some of her own beautiful dresses and some jewels, and choosing her time, she said to her, "Jane, pray keep my secret, and do for me what I ask you, and you shall see that I will do a great deal for you;" to which the lady answered, "Madam, tell me your orders, and I will keep your secret." "Well," said the Queen, "you must know that I have been in love with Culpepper for a long while, and I thought to marry him before I married the King, and I am grieving much for him. If you will help me I will make a great lady of you. You know the King is often away, and in three days I am going to Richmond, and the King has to go to Nonsuch. I want Culpepper to come there and speak to me one night, and you must help me." The lady, as soon as she heard this, knew the great danger that might result from it, and said, "Madam, you are indeed bound on a bad road, and I would not fail to tell about it for all the riches in the world;" and she went at once to the Duke of Somerset, the uncle of the Prince, and told him what had passed.

When the Duke heard of it he was much grieved, and said to Jane, "Take care what you are saying, because if it be not proved true you will die for it;" to which she replied, "My lord Duke, have Culpepper arrested, and you will soon see that it is true." The Duke thereupon went to the King, and told him what the lady had said, and it so shocked him that for an hour he could not speak. So

Culpepper was ordered to be arrested. The Queen, when she saw the lady was going to denounce her, did not know what to do, and would have liked to warn Culpepper, but had no time before the Duke sent for him and had him arrested, and the Queen as well, as will be told.[1]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW THE QUEEN AND CULPEPPER WERE ARRESTED.

THE King having ordered the Duke of Somerset to have Culpepper arrested, the latter was sent for, and ten or twelve men of the King's guard were kept waiting, so as soon as he came to the Duke he was taken and carried to the Tower. The Duke then took a barge and went to the Queen with forty halberdiers, and said to her, "Madam, you must come with me." So the sinner went with him, and he ordered her ladies to stay with the Duchess, his wife, at the palace until the King should give other orders. The Queen was taken to the Tower; and as soon as the King was informed of it, he ordered an inquiry to be instituted into the truth, and Secretary Cromwell,[2] the Duke, and the Duke of Norfolk, went to the Tower, and had Culpepper brought before them, and they asked him why he had been a traitor to the King. He answered that he had committed no treason, and had done nothing that he should be arrested. The Duke of Somerset said, "Culpepper, do not force us to put you to the torture, confess the truth at once;" and Culpepper, seeing that they were going to put him on the rack, said, "Gentlemen, do not seek to know more than that the King deprived me of the

[1] This Lady Jane is probably intended for Lady Rochford, the aunt of the poor child-Queen, who, however, does not usually figure in history so innocently as here represented. No other mention is made of Lady Rochford in this Chronicle, although she suffered death at the same time as the Queen.

[2] It was Cranmer, not Cromwell, who went with the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Hertford (not yet Duke of Somerset) to interrogate the Queen.

thing I loved best in the world, and, though you may hang me for it, I can assure you that she loves me as well as I love her, although up to this hour no wrong has ever passed between us. Before the King married her I thought to make her my wife, and when I saw her irremediably lost to me I was like to die, as you all know how ill I was. The Queen discerned my sorrow, and showed me favour, and when I saw it, tempted by the devil, dared one day whilst dancing to give her a letter, and received a reply from her in two days, telling me she would find a way to comply with my wish. I know nothing more, my lords, on my honour as a gentleman." The Duke said, "You have said quite enough, Culpepper, to lose your head."

They then went to the Queen, and found her nearly dead. Cromwell spoke first, and said, "What is this, Madam, of which they accuse you? We are surprised, indeed, that the example of Anne Boleyn was lost upon you, and that you too should let the devil overcome you so soon." The Queen, not knowing that Culpepper had said anything, replied, "My lord dukes and gentlemen, I do not know the reason of my arrest, and will take the sacrament that I have never known other man than the King my master." "Madam," said the Duke, "you need not deny what you wanted to do, for Culpepper has confessed the truth, and the lady to whom you unbosomed yourself has told all you had intended, and for this you deserve to die." Then she said, "If I deserve to die for that you had better kill me, and you shall know no more." So they took to the King Culpepper's confession, and what the Queen had said. The King would have liked to save the Queen and behead Culpepper, but all his Council said, "Your Majesty should know that she deserves to die, as she betrayed you in thought, and if she had had an opportunity would have betrayed you in deed. So the King ordered that they should both die."[1]

[1] The allegations against Culpepper were more serious than are here represented. It was alleged that he had been admitted into the Queen's chamber during the Royal progress, at Lincoln, in the previous August, 1541; but a gentleman named Diram, who was charged and executed at the same time as Culpepper, was accused of familiarity with the Queen before marriage.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE QUEEN AND CULPEPPER WERE BEHEADED.

AS the Council decided that the Queen deserved death, the King went twenty miles away, and the gentlemen sent to Calais for the headsman from there. The night before she died a priest went to her and confessed her, and she made her peace with God, and the next day in the morning they brought her out to the same place where Anne was beheaded, and they let anybody who liked come in and see.

When she mounted the scaffold she turned to the people, who were numerous, and said, "Brothers, by the journey upon which I am bound I have not wronged the King, but it is true that long before the King took me I loved Culpepper, and I wish to God I had done as he wished me, for at the time the King wanted to take me he urged me to say that I was pledged to him. If I had done as he advised me I should not die this death, nor would he. I would rather have him for a husband than be mistress of the world, but sin blinded me and greed of grandeur, and since mine is the fault mine also is the suffering, and my great sorrow is that Culpepper should have to die through me." Then she turned to the headsman and said, "Pray hasten with thy office." And he knelt before her and asked her pardon, and she said, "I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpepper. God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me." And then, falling on her knees, she said certain prayers, and the headsman performed his office, striking off her head when she was not expecting it. She was carried to the Tower Church, and buried near Queen Anne.

The next day they brought Culpepper outside the Tower, and when he got on to the scaffold he turned to the people, and only said he hoped they would pray to God for him, and nothing more. He was then beheaded, and his head

placed on London Bridge, and his body buried in Barking[1] (*el barquin*); and so ended these two lovers.[2]

CHAPTER XL.

HOW THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PREACHED THAT THERE WAS NO PURGATORY, AND THE REASON WHY HE PREACHED IT.

SECRETARY CROMWELL was always trying to find new ways for the King to get money, and, to carry out the scheme he had thought of, he went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and said to him, "My lord, I much wish you would preach some day to the people in such a way that they will be willing for the King to have the endowments for masses for the dead, for you know the Church has two-thirds of the kingdom." The Archbishop said, "I will go to London next Friday, and will preach in the cathedral in a manner that will very shortly bring about our purpose." When Friday came he went to St. Paul's, it being Lent, and mounted the pulpit and preached his sermon, saying, "Good people, great is the deception you have laboured under hitherto, and all caused by the Bishop of Rome, in order to get the money out of you, which he extracted every year for his bulls, making believe that those who bought them took a soul out of purgatory. I tell you it is all a snare, and I will make good that after the soul leaves the body it goes direct to paradise or to hell. This being so, what necessity is there for masses for the dead, or of priests to say them? The money extracted for such a purpose would be better bestowed upon the poor, and those who are learned may come to my house, and there in conference I will prove to them the truth of what I say."

[1] The Church of All Hallows Barking, Tower Street.

[2] The English chroniclers, Hollingshead, Grafton, and others, say that Culpepper and Diram were executed at *Tyburn*, February, 1542.

He said other great heresies, which I do not repeat, to avoid scandal; and when the sermon was ended nothing else was talked about in London, and as they are a very changeable people, they soon gave credit to this heresy; and in three days many learned men met in the Archbishop's house, where there were great disputes, and at last they all came to the conclusion that there was a place where souls were in repose. So they agreed to give the King, as head of the Church, all the endowments left by the dead for memorial masses.

But, although they agreed to do it, it was not possible to do it so quickly as they thought, and not indeed during the life of King Henry. Orders were given that all over the country they should preach that there was no purgatory, and Cromwell hastened it on so much, that in a short time all the kingdom agreed that the endowments should be given up; of which I shall speak again, and tell how Cromwell tried to marry the King out of England.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW CROMWELL STROVE TO MARRY THE KING WITH ANNE OF CLEVES.

AFTER the execution of Queen Katharine Howard Secretary Cromwell was for some time in correspondence with the Duke of Cleves, and as he knew he had a sister, a fair lady, he thought to make a match between her and the King, so he presently sent one of his gentlemen, named Philip Hoby, with letters to the Duke of Cleves, and orders to bring back a painting of the Duke's sister. In a short time Philip Hoby arrived there, and was received by the Duke with much distinction; and after reading the letters he brought, his errand was soon put into effect, and a good painter was obtained who produced a portrait of the lady. The Duke wrote back to the Secretary by Philip Hoby; and when Cromwell saw the portrait, and found the lady was pretty, he was very glad.

One day, when he noticed that the King was very

merry, he drew him apart, and said, "May it please your Majesty, I want to show you the portrait of a very pretty lady." To which the King replied, "I should like to see it." So it was brought, and as soon as the King saw it he asked who the lady was, and Cromwell replied, "May it please your Majesty, she is the sister of the Duke of Cleves, and is called Madam Anne of Cleves." Then the King said, "Yes, she seems by her dress as if she came from those parts." And the Secretary added, "If your Majesty were to marry again she would suit you." The King liked the idea, and said, "Come hither, Cromwell; how is it you have this portrait here?" And Cromwell said, "May it please your Majesty, I sent expressly for it, and if she had not been handsome I would not have shown it to your Majesty." "Well," said the King, "I will send thither, and if I see she will suit me I will ask for her."

Cromwell, when he heard what the King said, was delighted, and secretly dispatched a courier to the Duke to advise him of what was going on. As soon as the Duke read the Secretary's advices, he bethought him to send away a gentleman who was betrothed to his sister, so that her betrothal should not be known; and he gave this gentleman business of such a nature to do in Germany that he never returned, but died there of grief when he heard that his bride had gone to England, as we shall tell further on.

The King called one of his gentlemen to him, and sent him to Cleves, with very honourable company, to arrange the marriage. The gentleman was called Master Vaughan; and when he arrived at Cleves the Duke gave him a great feast, and they arranged the marriage; whereupon Vaughan advised the King of the agreement, and the King sent letters for the lady to come, and Vaughan to come with her. The Duke sent her with great splendour, and well accompanied, and the King sent many gentlemen to escort her over. So she passed by Brabant and Flanders to Calais by land, and there were there awaiting her many of the King's ships to escort her to Dover. The passage only lasted five hours, and in Dover all the principal ladies of the realm and many gentlemen were ready to receive the lady.

The King was advised of her coming, and she then started on the road to London, spending six days in the journey. On New Year's Day the King set out to receive her, as we will tell.

Cromwell's pleasure cannot be described at having arranged this match, although it turned out wrong for him, as will be told.

CHAPTER XLII.

HOW THIS LADY WAS RECEIVED, AND THE GREAT EXPENDITURE THAT CROMWELL CAUSED TO BE MADE.

VERY recently Cromwell had prevailed upon the King to grant to the foreigners in London free permission to exercise their customs, and that they should for a period of seven years pay no more than Englishmen, and, in order that this lady should have the more brilliant reception, he sent for the principal men of the various nations in London, and said to them, "Gentlemen, I wish you to show the love you bear to the King, and gratitude for the boon he has granted you, by going out and receiving the new Queen with due honour." The foreigners answered, "My lord, we will confer together, and will do what we can." So they went, and they all agreed that on the day of the reception they would go forth dressed in riding tunics of velvet, each man with a servant well appointed, and that they should all wear red caps with white feathers. They all arranged to adopt this garb, except the Germans, who were dressed differently.

Then Cromwell sent for the Mayor of London and all the Aldermen and the Trade Guilds, and caused them to sally forth as well; in short, there were doubtless over three thousand horses, and it was a pretty sight to see the devices and bravery that the citizens wore.

On New Year's Day, at eight o'clock, they left London for Greenwich, three miles off; and above Greenwich there was a field, more than three miles in extent, where Cromwell had them all placed in order, some on one side and

some on the other, like a lane, over three miles long; and Cromwell himself looked more like a post-runner than anything else, running up and down with his staff in his hand.[1]

The lady was late in arriving at Greenwich, for it was nearly four in the afternoon when she came. It was much noticed that the King came along with her, but showed in his face that he was disappointed. It was said that he had stayed with her at Rochester, and, it is believed, found her not to his liking.

[1] This scene was apparently witnessed by the writer, who is confirmed in many small particulars by other contemporary accounts. Hollingshead says: "On the morrow of the 3rd day of January (1540), being Saturdaie, in a fair plaine of Blakheath, more next the foot of Shooters Hill than the ascendant of the same, called Blackheath Hill, was pitched a pavilion of rich cloth of gold, and divers other tents and pavilions, in which were made fiers and perfumes for her, and such ladies as were appointed to receive her; and from the tents to the park gates of Greenwich all the bushes and firs were cut downe, and a large open way made for the shew of all persons. And the first next the park pale on the east side stood the merchants of the Steelyard, and on the west side stood the merchants of Genoa, Florence, and Venice, and the *Spaniards in cotes of velvet*. Then on both sides the merchants of the city of London, with the Aldermen and Councillors of the same city, to the number of a hundred and threescore, which were mingled with the Esquiers, then the 50 gentlemen pensioners. All there were apparalled in velvet and chaines of gold, truly accompted to the number of 1,200 and above, besides them that came with the King, which were 600, in velvet in gold chaines. Behind the gentlemen stood the serving-men in good order, well bossed and apparelled, that who so ever had well viewed them might have said that for tall comelie personages, and cleane of lim and bodie, were able to give the greatest prince in Christendom a mortall breakfast if he had been the King's enemie."

The present chronicler, who would appear to have stood in the line of Spanish merchants, describes only what he saw when he says that the new Queen did not come until nearly four, and that she arrived with the King. As a matter of fact she herself arrived at her tent at the foot of Shooter's Hill soon after noon, not, however, passing through the line. By the time the King, advertised of her coming, had ridden over from Greenwich to receive her (he had preceded her from Rochester on the previous day), and the formal procession was arranged, it was probably far on in the afternoon before the King and his bride proceeded in state between the double line of citizens to the palace at Greenwich, and were seen by those who, like the chronicler, had awaited them.

When they arrived at Greenwich, the ships and the town let off so much artillery, that it was fearful; and all the citizens and foreigners returned to the city, and the next morning the Archbishop said mass, and married the King.

This Madam of Cleves always paid great honour to Madam Mary; and it was noticed that from that day forward the King was not so gay as usual, and presently he did what will be told.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOW THE KING SENT A GENTLEMAN TO CLEVES, AND HOW HE LEARNT THAT THE LADY WAS ALREADY MARRIED.

AS the King was discontented with this marriage, he secretly called one of his gentlemen, named Vaughan, and said to him, "Vaughan, you will go to Cleves, and when you are there pretend you are on your way to Germany. I will supply you with plenty of money, and you will try to find out what you can there, and, particularly, whether this wife of mine had been married before; but do it so that nobody may know the object of your journey. Vaughan departed; and on his arrival at Cleves visited the Duke, who gave him very good cheer, and asked him whither he was going; to which Vaughan replied that he was on his way to Germany, but that he desired to come to Cleves and salute the Duke.

By the time he had been there three days he got very friendly with the Duke's knights and gentlemen, and invited a good many of them to a feast, where they got drunk, and one of them said, "Master Vaughan, how does the King get on with the sister of the Duke?" "Very well, master," said Vaughan; and then this gentleman retorted, "The Duke greatly wronged a knight who was married to her, and who not a month ago died of grief in Germany, when he learnt that the Duke had taken her

away from him to give to the King." When Vaughan heard this he dissembled for the time, but the next day he took the gentleman aside, and said to him, "Sir, pray tell me how it was the Duke took Mistress Anne away from her husband;" and the gentleman answered, "You know that at the time Secretary Cromwell spoke to the Duke about the marriage he sent the husband of the lady to Germany without anyone knowing anything about it, and when we learnt of the King's marriage we were astounded, but the Duke ordered us all expressly not to dare to write a word to the gentleman, her husband. There was no lack of people to let him know, however, after the lady was gone, and when he heard of it he was so grieved that he died." Then said Vaughan, "Sir, if you would like to go to England I will undertake to get you very good wages from the King, my master, and I wish that you would give me a letter for him, for he will be glad to hear all this." This gentleman was a relative of the one who had died, and answered, "Master Vaughan, whenever the King wishes to know about it, there are many with the Duke who are well aware of it, but I will write to the King on the subject willingly." Vaughan asked him what was the gentleman's name, and he told him, but as I do not know it, I do not put it here; and Vaughan then went off, pretending to go to Germany, but really returned to the King, and told him what had passed.

The King at once wrote to the gentleman, promising him great things, and begging him to advise him fully as to what had taken place; and the post soon arrived at Cleves, and the letter was delivered to the gentleman, who by return informed the King of everything that had happened, and assured him that if it were necessary he could have it confirmed by the signatures of many gentlemen.

When the King received this information he could not restrain himself from summoning the Queen, to whom he said, "Madam, I wish to know the truth about one thing, and I promise you on my honour that if you tell me I will deal with you in a way that will please you." Then he asked her to tell him how long she had been married to the gentleman, and whether he was still alive when she

married the King, to which she replied, "Please your Majesty, it is true I was espoused to him, but when the Duke spoke to me about marrying your Majesty, he told me my husband was dead, and I know nothing more about it."

Then the King sent the Duke a very angry letter, saying he was astonished that he should have given him somebody else's wife to marry, particularly as he knew he had left Queen Katharine because she had been married to his brother; and he told him, moreover, that henceforward Anne should be no wife of his. When the Duke heard that the King had found it out, he suspected Vaughan had come to inquire, and thought to excuse himself by saying it was not true; but as the gentleman wrote to the King what was going on, and the King sent a detailed account of everything, the Duke saw that he knew all about it, and he could find no excuse, so he wrote saying that his Majesty need not be surprised, as he (the Duke) was obliged to consider his sister's advancement, and informed him that the gentleman was dead, and the King might well remain married to her now."

When the King received this letter, he sent for Cromwell, and said to him, "Why hast thou led me into such a great sin as to cause the death of a gentleman? If thou didst know that Anne of Cleves was married, why didst thou make me marry her?" The Secretary knew what had happened, and God knows how grieved he was that the King should push the matter so far; and he determined to take a very bold course, and said, "Please your Majesty, I know nothing more than what the Duke wrote me, and your Majesty can see the letters." "Well," said the King, "let me see them." There was nothing in them that gave the King any cause for complaint against Cromwell, who stood his ground, and said, "Your Majesty might well keep her as her first husband is dead; and besides, if your Majesty leaves her, everybody will be saying what a many wives you have."

He flew into a rage at this, and angrily ordered him out of his presence, and Cromwell went away very crestfallen. The King then sent for the Dukes of Norfolk and Somerset, and said to them, "I am determined to get rid of Anne of

Cleves, and Cromwell shall not deceive me again." The Duke of Norfolk was always on bad terms with this secretary, and when he saw the King was angry with him he spoke to the Duke of Somerset, and said, "Duke, this is the time for us to get rid of common people from our midst; you see that the King has quarrelled with Cromwell, and asks our counsel. We will advise him to take affairs into his own hands, and not be ruled so much by Cromwell." This will be related presently; but here I will say that the King made up his mind to leave his wife, and the Dukes of Norfolk and Somerset told him he would be acting wisely, as she was already espoused when the King married her.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW THE KING LEFT HIS WIFE AND GAVE HER AN INCOME TO LIVE UPON.

THE King called together the lords of his Council and said to them, "What should I do with my wife, since the Duke her brother deceived me?" There was much difference of opinion amongst them, and at last they agreed that the King should make her an allowance to live upon; and the King said, "Certainly, for she told me the truth about what had passed, and I wish her to have seven thousand pounds a year to keep up an establishment. I am henceforward a widower." They all said that the King was right, and it was decided as he wished; but to all this the Secretary said not a single word, whereas always before he was the first to speak. The King said to the Queen, "Madam, henceforward you are free from me, and you can dispose of yourself as you please."

The lady took it pleasantly enough, and was not sorry. Her income was secured on the Cornish tin mines, and all the ladies of honour were attached to Madam Mary, although some of them went with Anne. The King gave her a very pretty house, nine miles from London, where

she went to live, and took with her all the servants she brought over with her.

When this lady had settled in her house, and was separated from the King, she made the best of it, and took her pleasure, going out hunting every day; and when the Duke, her brother, learnt that the King had divorced her, and sent for her to go back to Cleves, she refused, and decided to stay in England.

She very often came to the palace, and seemed as if she had never been Queen, not even the ladies-in-waiting paying her the usual respect which they formerly did. She was many times sought in marriage by some of the greatest lords of the land, but always refused to marry again, so as not to derogate the honour she had enjoyed of being Queen; and so we will leave her, to tell what happened afterwards.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW CROMWELL WAS ARRESTED, AND WHAT HE WAS ACCUSED OF.

WHEN the Dukes of Norfolk and Somerset saw the King was angry with Cromwell, they resolved to speak to the King together. The Duke of Somerset, being uncle of the Prince, spoke first, and said, "May it please your Majesty, all the nobles of the realm are surprised that your Majesty should give so much power to the Secretary, who, doubtless, received a large sum from the Duke of Cleves for bringing about your marriage as he did. Your Majesty might in future take counsel more often with those of your blood, and those who have at heart your Majesty's honour; and if it be true that the Secretary took the bribe, he is deserving of heavy punishment." Then the Duke of Norfolk spoke, and said, "Sir, your Majesty will act as you deign to decide; we are only your subjects; but it appears to us that Cromwell's intentions are not good. May it please your Majesty, none of us, however high we may be in the State, have so many

servants as he has, and I can prove that in all parts of the kingdom people are wearing his livery and calling themselves his servants, under shelter of which they are committing a thousand offences." Then the Marquis of Exeter, who was present at the conference, said, "Well, I know that he has arms in his house for more than seven thousand men, and we do not like the look of it. Saving your Majesty's presence, moreover, he pays us no respect, and we cannot help noticing that he has put into your Majesty's guard fully forty men who have been his servants, and in your Majesty's chamber there are five devoted servants of his, and many things have been seen and spoken about which convince me that, as things are going, he could do just as he liked, and carry it out successfully. Your Majesty surely should not allow him to take such a stand as would enable him to do anything serious." The King, as he was offended with Cromwell, and these lords spoke so affectionately, said, "My lords, I beeeech you to put up with it for the present, and I promise you I will find a way to take his power away from him."

These Dukes then communicated with the other lords of the Council, and a gentleman said to the Duke of Somerset, "May it please your lordship, I was dining with the Emperor's Ambassador a few days since, the Secretary Cromwell being present, and whilst speaking of kings and princes, he said in the hearing of everybody, 'I hope to be a king myself some day;' and added presently, 'I know the Emperor will go to Constantinople and will give me a kingdom.'" When the Duke heard this he went to the Duke of Norfolk and told him, and they went together to the King and informed him, and the King said, "My lord Dukes, I desire you to-morrow, as you come out of Parliament after dinner, to order the captain of the guard to secretly arrest him and take him to the Tower, and let it be done without anyone else knowing of it, and I will go and dine with the Bishop of Winchester. I may inform you that I greatly suspect him (Cromwell) of a design to raise the kingdom and murder me, for only a few days ago he had the effrontery to ask me for my daughter Mary for his wife;" to which the Dukes replied, "Great temerity indeed! and your Majesty should punish him for

it." "Do as I order now," said the King, "and afterwards we will see. If he deserves death he shall suffer it." Then he commanded that after they had arrested him they should go to his house and take charge of whatever they found there.

The lords were nothing loth. And the next day they all went to Parliament. The Duke of Norfolk, speaking privately to the captain of the guard, told him to secretly arrest the Secretary after dinner, as they were going into the Council, and to take him to the Tower. The captain wondered very much at this, but the Duke said to him, "You need not be surprised. The King orders it."

As usual, they all went to the Parliament at Westminster, and when they came out and were going to the palace to dinner, the wind blew off the Secretary's bonnet, and it fell on the ground. The custom of the country is, when a gentleman loses his bonnet, for all those who are with him to doff theirs, but on this occasion, when Cromwell's bonnet blew off, all the other gentlemen kept theirs on their heads, which being noticed by him, he said, "A high wind indeed must it have been to blow my bonnet off and keep all yours on." They pretended not to hear what he said, and Cromwell took it for a bad omen. They went to the palace and dined, and all the while they were dining the gentlemen did not converse with the Secretary, as they were wont to do, and as soon as they had finished all the gentlemen went to the Council-chamber. It was the Secretary's habit always after dinner to go close up to a window to hear the petitioners; and when the gentlemen had gone to the Council-chamber, the Secretary remained at his window as usual for about an hour, and then joined the other gentlemen; and finding them all seated, he said, "You were in a great hurry, gentlemen, to get seated." The chair where he was in the habit of sitting was vacant, and the gentlemen made no answer to his remark; but just as he was going to sit down the Duke of Norfolk said, "Cromwell, do not sit there; that is no place for thee. Traitors do not sit amongst gentlemen." He answered, "I am not a traitor;" and with that the captain of the guard came in and took him by the arm, and said, "I arrest you." "What for?" said he. "That you will learn

elsewhere," answered the captain. He then asked to see the King, as he wished to speak with him; and he was told that it was not the time now, and was reminded that it was he who passed the law. God's judgment! for he was the first to enact that the King should speak to no one who was accused of treason.

Then the Duke of Norfolk rose and said, "Stop, captain; traitors must not wear the Garter," and he took it off of him; and then six halberdiers took him by a back door to a boat which the captain had waiting, and he was carried to the Tower; and the Council sent a gentleman, who was said to be Knyvett, to go to his (Cromwell's) house, with fifty halberdiers, and take an inventory of everything they might find, and hold it for the King.[1]

When this gentleman went to Cromwell's house, there were more than three hundred servants waiting at Westminster for their master to come out from the Council, and as they saw he was late, and Knyvett was already in the house, they were told to go away, for their master was lodged in the Tower. The poor servants, when they heard this, went home to the house, and when they arrived there, and found the King's halberdiers at the door, their grief may well be imagined.

The King was very kind to them, for he not only ordered them to be given what belonged to them, but commanded the gentlemen to choose servants from amongst them; and he himself took many of them into his service to save them from want.

It soon became known that the Secretary was a prisoner, and from that hour nobody dared to wear his livery or call himself his servant. Formerly there had been over fifteen hundred in the country wearing his livery, and a man thought himself fortunate if he could call himself a servant of Cromwell.

The King sent the principal men of his Council to the Tower to examine the prisoner, and the Duke of Suffolk was the first to speak, saying, "Cromwell, thou mayst well blame thyself and thy pride for bringing thee to this pass. Say, Cromwell, was it not enough for thee, a blacksmith's

[1] July 9th, 1540.

son, to have risen to lord it over the whole realm, and to have all of us to do thy bidding, but that the devil must needs put it into thy head and furnish thee with such impudence as to presume to ask the King for the hand of his daughter, who for her goodness deserves the greatest prince in the world? High, indeed, didst thou aspire, and nothing else can be believed but thou didst aim at usurpation of the realm, and to make thyself king, for so didst thou say one day at the Ambassador's. Oh, ignorant ingrate, dost thou not know that if the Emperor won kingdoms he has vassals far more worthy than thou; and besides, what service hast thou rendered to the Emperor that he should make a king of thee? By my faith! it is easier to believe, as we have said, that, if thou couldst have got Madam Mary, thou couldst easily have dispatched the King, for which purpose thou hadst surrounded him with thy creatures, the better to ensure thy fell design; but, since it is all known now, it is no use for thee to try excuses, and it will be better for thee to tell the truth at once, and thank God that the King has commanded that thou shalt not be put to torture, for, if he had not so ordered, such a torture should be given to thee as for many a long day has been given to no one." Then all the gentlemen began to talk, and everyone said to him what he liked—very abusive words—to all of which Cromwell answered as follows.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HOW CROMWELL ANSWERED, AND IT WAS KNOWN THAT HE HAD WANTED TO KILL THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

CROMWELL, when he heard the abuse they showered upon him, seeing he could not escape, spoke as follows: "Duke, if I had carried into effect what I intended once, you would not be ill-treating me now." And, that you should know what he meant by this, I will tell you that once Cromwell had arrested a gentleman, a relative of the Duke of Norfolk, accused of high treason, and when he was

a prisoner in the Tower, Cromwell went to him, and said, "Master Dartnall," for that was his name, "if thou wilt say that the Duke ordered thee to do what thou art accused of doing, I will promise to save thy life, and give thee a great revenue."

Dartnall was accused of attempting to give poison to the Prince, and it was said, that as Cromwell wished to injure the Duke of Norfolk, that was the reason he had Dartnall arrested, hoping, by threats, to get him to say that the Duke had prompted him; but this gentleman would never say it, but answered Cromwell in this fashion: "Oh! Secretary, I should be the blackest traitor in the world, and there were never traitors in my lineage! Cease thy efforts, then, for I would rather die, and I hope to God that it may never be in thy power to harm him, but I hope to see the day when God may punish thee."

When they took Cromwell this Dartnall was still in the Tower, and as he was a relative of the Duke, they had not yet put him to torture to make him confess the crime of which they accused him, but the Duke had asked the King to keep him imprisoned, so that in time they would be able to discover the truth. So now the Duke had Dartnall brought there, and before them all he told what we have just related; and, turning to Cromwell, he said, "Now I shall be revenged on thee for keeping me here all this time, for God has heard my prayer." The gentlemen said, even if he had nothing more than this he deserved death; and then Cromwell cried, "Do not take the trouble, my lords, to find out any more. It is my own fault for not revenging myself upon some of you. Let the King do as he likes with me, for I deserve to die; my only sorrow is that I did not see the death of some of you first." The gentlemen ordered Dartnall to be released, and then went to the King and told him what had passed, and the King commanded that Cromwell should immediately be beheaded. We shall speak of him presently, and will now go on to tell what happened afterwards.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HOW THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WAS WARNED THAT HE WAS TO BE ARRESTED, AND HOW HE WENT AT ONCE TO THE KING, AND WAS PARDONED.

AS soon as Cromwell was arrested, it was rumoured that the Archbishop of Canterbury was to be sent to the Tower; and a gentleman who was much attached to him went and said to him, "My lord Archbishop, how is it you are not providing for your safety? if you do not promptly find a remedy the King will send you to the Tower."

The Archbishop at once asked for his boat, and went straight to the palace and entered the King's chamber, and knelt before the King, who asked him, "What do you come for, Bishop?" to which the Bishop replied, "Sir, I come to ask your Majesty's pardon, if in anything I have offended you." "Bishop," said the King, "they complain to me here that you have published a book in which there is much heresy, and if this be so, I shall be very sorry." The Bishop answered, "Sir, it is true; and thank God Secretary Cromwell is alive, who ordered, in your Majesty's name, to have it preached in all the parishes, which God knows I did against my will." I will not say here what the heresy was which was ordered to be preached, in order to avoid scandal. Then said the King, "You can go home, Bishop; I can well believe it is some of Cromwell's work, and you shall not be punished."

This Bishop always tried to please the King, and the next day he and the Duke were ordered to go and tell Cromwell, in the Tower, that he had to die the day after.

So they went; and the Bishop, in order that the Duke might know that he had not been to blame, said to Cromwell, "I beg you to tell me how many days ago is it since you sent to tell me to have such-and-such a thing preached and published in books?" Cromwell answered, "My lord Bishop, it may be about two months, and it is quite true that I ordered it." "Oh, Cromwell," said the

Duke, "I am sure it is God's will that you should live no longer. It seems you learnt well from the Cardinal. And we have now to tell you that to-morrow you lose your head." Then said Cromwell, "Do all the evil thou canst; but I tell thee, a day will come when you will hold as good that which I ordered to be preached." "That day thou wilt not live to see," said the Duke. It seemed that Cromwell was a prophet, for the heresies got very much worse afterwards, and I pray to our Lord that He may find a remedy, so that so many souls may not perish.

After the Bishop and the Duke had gone, Cromwell remained very pensive all that night. When they got to the King they told him all that Cromwell had said, and from that hour forward the King always had more affection for that bishop. Orders were given that all these books should be burnt, and if any were found in possession of any one the person should be punished. Many were burnt, but not all, as it turned out, for they were not so eager to burn them as they afterwards were to reprint them, although not in the King's lifetime, but under the rule of the Protector.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HOW CROMWELL WAS BEHEADED, AND WHAT HE SAID ON THE SCAFFOLD.[1]

THE day after the Duke told Cromwell he had to die, the Sheriffs of London were ordered to go to the Tower and bring him out for execution. They went, and he was brought forth with a thousand halberdiers, as a revolt was feared; and if all those who formerly wore his livery and called themselves his servants had been there, they might easily have raised the city, so beloved was he by the common people.

When he was at the scaffold, and had mounted it, he turned to the people, and said, "Good people" (*gut pipel*),

[1] July 20th, 1540.

"I beseech you pray to God for me." Then seeing a great many courtiers there, he said to them, "Gentlemen, you should all take warning from me, who was, as you know, from a poor man made by the King into a great gentleman, and I, not contented with that, nor with having the kingdom at my orders, presumed to a still higher state, and my pride has brought its punishment. I confess I am justly condemned, and I urge you, gentlemen, study to preserve the good you possess, and never let greed or pride prevail in you. Serve your King, who is one of the best in the world, and one who knows best how to reward his vassals."

Amongst all these gentlemen he noticed Master Wyatt, the gentleman who had been imprisoned for the affair of Queen Anne; and he called him, and said, "Oh, gentle Wyatt, good-bye, and pray to God for me." There was always great friendship between these two, and Wyatt could not answer him for tears.

All these gentlemen marvelled greatly to see that Master Wyatt was in such grief, and Cromwell, who was a very clever man, noticing it, said out loud, "Oh, Wyatt, do not weep, for if I were no more guilty than thou wert when they took thee, I should not be in this pass." Everybody was very fond of Wyatt, so they pretended not to notice; but if it had been anyone else they might have arrested him, to see whether he knew of any other treason which Cromwell might have plotted.

When these words were ended, he turned round to the scaffold, and seeing the headsman ready, he said, "Pray, if possible, cut off the head with one blow, so that I may not suffer much." Then the headsman asked his pardon, and Cromwell knelt, and laid his head on the block, and the headsman succeeded in striking off the head with a single stroke of the axe. And so ended this Cromwell, who had better never have been born, for he was the inventor of all the bad sects which they have now.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOW THE KING MADE MASTER WRIOTHESLEY, FORMERLY CROMWELL'S SECRETARY, HIS SECRETARY.

AS soon as the King ordered Cromwell to be beheaded, he called Master Wriothesley, who was Cromwell's secretary, and said, "Come hither, Wriothesley, I know you are versed in all my secrets, and Cromwell always spoke well of you, so I will make you my secretary."

It is suspected that this Wriothesley divulged to the King what had passed between the Duke of Cleves and Cromwell, but it was never known for certain. He was one of the wisest men in the kingdom, and the King was very fond of him, so that very shortly he obtained considerable power; but being clever, he resolved to keep friendly with the lords; and everybody had a thousand good things to say of him. This being so, when the Chancellor died shortly after, all the gentlemen advised the King to give the office to Wriothesley, and the King entrusted him with the Great Seal. He succeeded so well in the office that everyone was full of his praises, and he advised the King in everything. If Cromwell had kept the lords as well pleased as this one, he would never have come to the end he did.

The King then made his secretary Paget, who was Clerk of the Signet, as will be told. When the King took a fancy to anyone he carried it to extremes, and he made this Wriothesley Earl of Southampton, and continued him in his office as Chancellor until he (the King) died, which will be related in its proper place.

CHAPTER L.

HOW THE KING MADE PAGET HIS SECRETARY.

WHEN Wriothesley was made Chancellor, the King summoned Paget, who was Clerk of the Signet, and said, "I wish you to be my secretary." This Paget was a man of low rank, who had been a priest and chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester; but it was said that he had never celebrated mass; and being a good writer and Latin scholar, the Bishop got him the post of the Signet, so he determined to abandon the Church, and even married a lady.

This Paget was a great heretic, and one day he said to the King, "Sir, I marvel much at the abuse that exists in the kingdom, in the idolatrous worship of saints of stone and wood, and your Majesty ought to order them to be abolished." The King answered, "Well, Paget, but the saints do no harm in the churches." "It is true, Sir, that they adorn the church," said Paget, "but the poor people are so simple, that they have more faith in putting up a little wax candle than in giving alms to the poor in the streets;" to which the King answered, "Paget, you cannot judge people's consciences." When Paget found the King answer in this way, he was silent on that occasion, but went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and said to him, "My lord Bishop, you ought to have all the services of the church said in English, so that the people may understand it." The Bishop liked the idea, but would do nothing without consulting the King, to whom he told the proposal, and the King said, "Bishop, this seems a good suggestion, better than what Paget advised." The Bishop answered, "Sir, Paget it was who asked me to propose it to your Majesty," in which the Bishop showed great consideration for Paget. The Bishop ordered that the litanies and matins should be translated at once, and that from May-day all services should be said in English; vespers, hours

and all. When the new litanies were chanted to the people, they liked them very much.

Then Paget asked the Bishop to order preaching against the placing of candles before the saints, and "all such idolatry," as he said. This was preached by Paget's advice; and every day they thought of some fresh heresy, but they had no prevalence whilst the King lived. If the King had given obedience to the Pope, no other fault could be found with him, so far as regards heresy. During his life they contrived to take away the holy water and the blessed bread, but he would never consent to the mass being said in English, as it is now. In fact, there is no mass nor good thing of any sort, as will be told presently.

CHAPTER LI.

HOW THE KING MARRIED QUEEN KATHARINE, AND HOW HE ASKED ADVICE ABOUT HER.[1]

SOON after the King left Madam of Cleves, he resolved to marry again, and called the nobles of his Council, and said to them, "Gentlemen, I desire company, but I have had more than enough of taking young wives, and I am now resolved to marry a widow whom you, gentlemen, know—the wife that was of Lord Latimer." This lady had been a widow six months, and came very often to see Madam Mary, for whom she had a great affection, and because Queen Katherine had formerly married her to one of the gentlemen of the chamber. She had had two husbands before she married the King. All the lords said that his Majesty had chosen well, and they knew of no more honourable widow in the realm.

Then the King sent for her, and said, "Lady Latimer, I wish you to be my wife;" and the lady knelt, and answered, "Your Majesty is my master, I have but to obey you." So he ordered the wedding to take place in four days, and

[1] July, 1543, three years after his divorce from Anne of Cleves.

caused to be made for this wife all new and very rich dresses; and on the day fixed, the Bishop of London said mass and married them, but no feastings were held as for the other wives.

The King ordered Anne of Cleves to come to the wedding, and she never showed the slightest annoyance at the King's leaving her, or at his marrying this lady; on the contrary, she seemed very much pleased, unlike the sainted Queen Katharine, who retired to a castle and died. It is said that this Madam of Cleves exclaimed, "A fine burthen Madam Katharine has taken on herself!"

She said this because the King was so stout that such a man has never been seen. Three of the biggest men that could be found could get inside his doublet. This lady, Queen Katharine, was quieter than any of the young wives the King had had, and as she knew more of the world, she always got on pleasantly with the King, and had no caprices, and paid much honour to Madam Mary and the wives of the nobles, but she kept her ladies very strictly. She was said to be a woman of thirty-six. The King was very satisfied with her; where we will leave her, and tell what befell after the King married her.

CHAPTER LII.

HOW THE KING COLLECTED A GREAT ARMY, AND SENT IT TO NORMANDY, AND AFTERWARDS WENT OVER HIMSELF WITH MANY FOLLOWERS.

SHORTLY after the marriage of the King with Queen Katharine, Don Fernando de Gonzaga, ambassador from the Emperor to the King, arrived in England. He only stayed ten days, and the King at once set about collecting men for foot and horse, and as they were got together they were sent over at once to Calais, so that in a short time fifteen thousand men were sent, and the Duke of Norfolk was put in command, accompanied by his son, the Earl of Surrey. When they arrived together at Calais

they left with good discipline on the road to Boulogne, and as they went they burnt and devastated all the land.

The King of France had a large number of soldiers at Boulogne, but not enough to resist the hosts of the King of England; so the men at Boulogne had to shut themselves up, and fortify themselves in the town, thinking that this army was going to besiege them. But they all passed near Boulogne, and went to beleaguer another town further on, called Montreuil. The King then got together another army, and sent the Duke of Suffolk as commander, with ten thousand men; and they went over to Calais, and the King sent them thence to surround Boulogne. The King himself then got ready to go over with a large number of very splendid men; and in the meanwhile there happened what will be here related.

CHAPTER LIII.

HOW THE DUKE OF NAGERA PASSED OVER TO THE REALM OF ENGLAND.

DURING the time that the King was sending these people, the Duke of Nagera, having licence from the Emperor, and not being able to pass by France owing to the war, decided to go by way of England, and took with him some very useful folk. He arrived at Calais, and embarked all his paraphernalia, his people, horses, and baggage-mules; and just as he himself was about to embark in the boat, some men came and demanded threepence per head for his followers. For be it known that the custom there is that no foreigner shall embark in Calais without paying this tribute of threepence per head. The Duke was so much annoyed to see that they wanted to make him pay this tribute, that he swore that if his people were not already shipped with his belongings, he would return. But he was obliged to pay the threepence.

Well, having crossed over to England, and arrived in London, he sent a gentleman of his to take a lodging for

him in London, and he went to lodge in the house of a Spaniard who was settled there. And as soon as he arrived he thought to go and kiss the King's hand, and set out at once for Plymouth. When, however, the King heard of his coming to London, he sent directly to bid him welcome to his realm. And there went to see him a brother of the Queen, and the Chancellor and Secretary Paget, and Master Knyvett, and they told him they were sent by the King to say that as he was indisposed he wished to be excused from receiving him then, but that he would send when he wished to speak with him, and in the meantime that the Duke should take his ease. And every day he sent him presents, and the lords came to visit him.

And when the Duke found that the King did not wish to speak with him so soon, he showed great anger, thinking that the King was holding him in small account; but he was told presently not to distress himself, as the King acted in this way rather the more greatly to honour him. He was told that as soon as the King knew that a lord of high rank was coming to his Court, he was wont thus to defer his reception, that he might gather his nobles, and show his state.

And so passed ten days before he (the Duke) went to speak with the King, and during that time all the lords of the realm came to the Court, and it was said that the King took counsel with them as to whether he should get the Duke to stay and help him in the war. He was told, however, that very shortly there would pass that way the Duke of Alburquerque, who was a man held to be more versed in war than he of Nagera; so the King proposed to get him to stay when he should come.

Well, at the end of ten days, the King sent to say that a great many of his knights had come, and the Duke was advised that he should pay homage to the King. When he arrived at the palace, in the great courtyard and hall there were so many gentlemen with so many golden chains that it was quite a sight to see. And on going up to the first chamber there were all the King's halberdiers, and in the next chamber there were an infinite number more halberdiers, very finely tricked out, and with so many

chains of gold that the Duke marvelled. And in the next presence-chamber there were all the dukes and earls and marquises and archbishops and bishops. Presently there came out the Archbishop of Canterbury, and after him two bishops, and then the Duke of Somerset and the other lords, each one according to his rank. And they presently took the Duke of Nagera between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Somerset, and they were talking to him such a long time that the Duke got tired. And after a time Secretary Paget came out, and said that the King begged the Duke would not go away.

Presently he went in to see the King, who was sitting on the throne in full state, and had caused a chair to be placed as near to him as he could; and as the Duke entered, the King rose and embraced him, and would not allow him to kiss his hand, and made him sit on the chair; and they were talking together for a long while. When the time came for the Duke to depart, certain gentlemen who were with him kissed the King's hand.

And so he took leave of the King, and the Duke came away very much pleased to see the way they treated him; and, in short, he departed presently, freighting three vessels to go to Plymouth to take him across. He awaited the arrival of these three vessels at Plymouth for some days; and one day all the people of the town of Plymouth made a riot, and it was a miracle that the Duke's folks were not all killed. The Duke was obliged to send word to the King of the bad treatment they gave him, and the King directly sent a gentleman who punished them greatly. During this time the Duke of Alburquerque arrived in London. He also was passing on his way to Spain; and of this we shall speak further on, and also what happened before the King went over to Calais.

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW THE DUKE OF ALBURQUERQUE CAME TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

BEFORE the Duke of Nagera departed from Plymouth, the Duke of Alburquerque came to the city of London, and went to lodge at the same place as the Duke of Nagera had lodged at, and the same thing passed with him as with the Duke of Nagera, for the King kept him ten days before he saw him.

The Duke of Alburquerque brought to London very many followers and much state, for the Duke of Nagera had sent many of his people from Flanders (to Spain) by sea. Well, as the Duke had to wait ten days before he was sent for, it is believed that during that time the King sent a post to the Emperor to beg of him to write to the Duke that he should stay with him (the King) in that war. And, to be brief, he was received as the Duke of Nagera had been, and after he had been talking a long time with the King, Don Gabriel, the son of the Duke, and other gentlemen, kissed the King's hand; and when the Duke was taking leave of the King, the King said, "My lord Duke, I will not say farewell, because I wish to speak with you again."

And so he went back to his lodging, and at once ordered provision to be made for his departure, and engaged three sloops which were there, bound for Lisbon, to put him on shore in Spain, for which he promised them fifty ducats.

And the day after he had been with the King, Secretary Paget came to speak with him; but at the time it was not known what it was about, only as he did not hurry his departure, his people suspected what afterwards happened. To dissemble with them he ordered a stock of victuals to be got ready, and also had boxes for the horses put up on-board the sloops, and so things went on from day to day. And at the end of six days the King sent again for him,

and when he came back he declared to his people that the King had begged him to stay and go over with him to Boulogne. When his people heard this it grieved them very much, but as they knew him they only ventured to grumble amongst themselves. And very soon afterwards a post came from the Emperor bringing a letter for the Duke, in which the Emperor told him to stay with the King; and the letter said: "Dear Uncle: I have received letters from the King, my uncle, in which he asks me to write to you, telling you to stay with him for this war. I say what you do for him you do for me." When the Duke saw that he had to stay he discharged the sloops, and so lost what he had done in them, and gave them two hundred ducats. And, to be brief, the Duke went every day to the Council with the lords touching the war, and the King sent him a thousand pounds sterling to buy liveries for his servants. Sooth to say, the King waited until the month of June before he sent the forces we have already mentioned, for the Duke arrived in London in Lent, and the King did not set out for Calais until the 8th of July, and during that time the Duke was able to send to Spain for horses.

On the same day that the King went over to Calais a ship arrived bringing twenty-two jennets, the best to be found in all Spain, and there came many Spanish gentlemen to serve under him, so that the Duke had, with gentlemen and servants, fully one hundred and fifty persons, very gallant folk, for truly it was a sight to see the brave show he made, and the smart liveries he had. To more than fifty gentlemen he gave scarlet coats with mantles trimmed with gold, and to all the other people very fine red cloth with stripes of yellow velvet.

And as soon as the King arrived in Calais he sent him another thousand pounds.[1]

[1] "This year allso the King's Majestie tooke his journey into France in the moneth of July, and landed at Calais the 14th day same moneth at four o'clock in the afternoon, where he was honourably received of the staplers. This year, 1544, 13th September, the towne of Bulleine was given up to the King's Majestie, and the 14th day the Frenchmen departed out of the towne with as much goodes as they might carye, both men and women, besyde that the waggons carryed; and the King's Majestie entered the

And so the King very soon set forth for Boulogne, where the Duke of Suffolk was already besieging the town. The King took with him over five thousand horses, which were a pleasure to behold.

Touching this war I do not wish to dilate much, but the King was at Boulogne fully six weeks, and such was the battery he gave it that day and night it never stopped, whilst the Duke of Norfolk was doing the same against Montreuil.

Well, to return to the Duke of Alburquerque; it is the truth that the King commanded expressly that everything that the Duke ordered should be done, and, although he was not the general, nor wanted to be, he took great pains, for every morning he was the first to be at the battery, and at night as well. On many nights the King came to the Duke's tent with a gentleman called Master Knyvett, and a lacquey. He always came at nightfall, and the Duke presently went out with another lacquey and an interpreter, and they went to walk towards the shore, where there was a tower called "The Old Man,"[1] which was the first place the English took, and afterwards the lower town of Boulogne. And one day as the Duke was walking with the King, the Duke said, "Know your Majesty, that even when you have taken Boulogne, if the French have any wit they will make a fortress over there." The King thought that if they did it would be the better for him, but it turned out just the reverse, as will be told further on.

The Duke said many other things that turned out true; and if the King had consented to an assault being made on the town, he would have taken it twenty days sooner than it surrendered, but he would never allow it, and he said he would rather waste ten thousand pounds of powder

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said towne the 18th September with greate tryumphe, and the 20th day there was a solempne generall procession was kept, with *Te Deum* songe for the victory of the King's Majestie, and many fyers made in the city, and so after in every part of the realme. The last day of September the King's Majestie landed at Dover at midnight." (Wriothesley's Chronicle.)

[1] This tower was called La Tour d'Ordre by the French. It was an ancient Roman tower.

than lose a single one of the Spaniards he had. But the Spaniards blushed to see the breach that had been made, and that the King would not give them leave to take it by assault.

The Spaniards the King had may have amounted to four hundred and fifty, with those who were with the Duke, all very good folk. The captains were Juan de Haro, with a company of a hundred Spaniards, Mora with another company of eighty Spaniards, Salablanca with eighty more Spaniards.

Well, during the time the King was there, he ordered three thousand ducats more to be paid to the Duke, and until they went to London he gave him no more. I believe that when he (the Duke) went away he had four hundred ducats more given to him, so that what the King gave him altogether at different times was one thousand five hundred ducats (*sic*), and he lost more than thirty thousand, as will be told.[1]

[1] The English historians of this war are unanimously silent on the Duke of Alburquerque's share in it, and the Spanish historians are not much more communicative. Sepulveda makes no mention of his presence, and Sandoval, usually so explicit, hardly refers to him. Du Bellay, who was present as negotiator of a peace with Henry in 1544, makes no reference to the Duke of Alburquerque at Boulogne; but in the Rymer Papers there is an account written on the spot for Henry of the order of his departure from Calais, in which Alburquerque is spoken of as immediately following the Garter King-at-Arms, and preceding the Earl of Rutland and the King; and, curiously enough, mention is made of the hundred jennets referred to in this chapter. The account says: "And when his Majesty went out of the gates there joined him the company of the Duke of Alberquerk, to the number of about a hundred horse, of which six were barded with cloths of crimson and gold." (Rymer, vol. xv., p. 54.) The uniform mentioned by the chronicler as being given to the Duke's men-at-arms seems to have been identical with that worn by all the King's, or centre division, of the army before Boulogne, red cloth with yellow stripes. (D. Boteri, Relatio di Regno Angliæ.)

CHAPTER LV.

HOW THE KING LEFT BOULOGNE AND CROSSED OVER TO DOVER, AND MADE THE DUKE GO WITH HIM.

THOSE who were in Boulogne, seeing they could hold out no longer, and expecting that an assault would be made, determined to capitulate, but if they had known of the peace concluded by the King of France and the Emperor, they would not have surrendered, which would have been better for the King of England, for Boulogne was the ruin of the realm.

But to return to the matter. And things being in the condition I have said, Monsieur d'Arras arrived from the King of France to the King of England, and brought news of how the Emperor wanted to make peace with the King of France. Boulogne had surrendered the previous night on the following terms. They went out with all their baggage, and the King gave them a hundred more waggons for their goods. They marched out with all their banners flying, and it was never thought so many people were inside, as many had died. And so they went away.[1]

Well, as soon as the King heard that the Emperor wished to make peace, he answered Monsieur d'Arras that if the Emperor wanted to make peace he might do it, but that he (the King) would make it when he thought fit. So Monsieur d'Arras went away, and the day after the surrender of Boulogne the King sent six thousand of his men to help those who were before Montreuil.

As Monsieur d'Arras went post he arrived very soon where the Emperor was; and in what way peace was made was not known, but only that the King of France turned with the whole of his forces to relieve Montreuil. As soon as the English heard of this they abandoned the siege and went to Boulogne. The King, seeing the turn things had

[1] 14th September, 1544. Vervin the governor was beheaded for his cowardice. (Wriothesley.)

taken, determined secretly to go over to Dover, and sent Master Knyvett (Quenebet) to summon the Duke of Alburquerque to go over with him. And as he said the King wanted to embark at once, the Duke said: "Tell his Majesty to go over, and I will cross to-morrow after I have seen to my people." And Knyvett answered, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, Duke, I dare not appear before the King unless your lordship will go with me." So the Duke, seeing there was no other remedy for it, called his son Don Gabriel to go with him, and with his chamberlain and a page went to the King.

The King was waiting for him at Lower Boulogne, and they embarked at once, and in about six hours they came to Dover, where the Duke stayed to await his people, all of whom he had ordered his steward to send over.

As soon as it was known that the King had gone over, all the gentlemen were in a hurry to cross over too, so that freight could not be found for half the people; and the Duke's folks, finding no means of crossing, decided to go to Calais with the horses to take passage thence, only embarking in Boulogne the pack-mules and baggage that they could not take to Calais. And when they arrived at Calais they found no passage there; so they had to send to Dunkirk for two barges, and embarked the horses and a great number of chests which the Duke had left at Calais, with all the rest of his money and jewels, which were in charge of a gentleman named Master Palmer.[1] All the gentlemen went away very sadly, for they would much rather have stayed there (in Calais) until the Duke came for them. It seemed almost as if they guessed what was going to happen, for when they had left Calais, and were three leagues out at sea, they came across a ship of the French navy, which took from them everything they had, and left them nothing at all. The Duke and his people must surely have lost there more than three thousand ducats in value, for one suit of gold armour was worth a thousand ducats. The Frenchmen put the Spaniards in one of the barges,

[1] The Marquis de Molins calls this gentleman (I know not by what authority) Sir Henry Palmer, Bailiff of Guisnes. I presume him to have been rather Sir Thomas Palmer, who was at the time Knight Porter of Calais.

and so they arrived at Dover; and the other barge, with the horses and the rest, the Frenchmen took with them, but let the barge go when they got to France.

Well, when the Duke saw his people had been robbed, he, like a magnanimous man as he was, dissembled, and presently went to London, where he was for two months; but it seemed that they did not show him so much goodwill as they did before, as they made him feel, for the King gave him no recompense for the goods he had lost: so he went away sufficiently discontented.

Many other things happened which I do not refer to, so as to avoid being prolix; but certainly the King very badly repaid the Duke for the many and good services he rendered him. It well may be said that if it had not been for his hard work and good counsel the King would never have taken Boulogne; and the King of France made him understand it very clearly, for he would never return anything of that which he had taken from him; indeed, he said that it was not the King of England who had taken Boulogne, but the Duke of Alburquerque.

When the Duke passed through France it was necessary to ask for a safe-conduct, and the French well said that he had taken Boulogne away from them. What happened to him in France I do not know, but I am sure that up to the present day my lord Duke has received no recompense for the heavy losses he suffered, nor has he recovered anything from the French.

CHAPTER LVI.

HOW, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF FRANCE'S ARMY AT MONTREUIL, THE ENGLISH HAD DEPARTED, AND HOW THE FRENCH MADE A NIGHT ATTACK.[1]

AS soon as the King went over to England, he sent for the forces before Montreuil, and left Boulogne well guarded. When the French came to Montreuil, the Eng-

[1] January, 1545.

lish were already in Boulogne, where Lord Grey remained as captain, and with him were the Spanish captains and some good selected troops; all the rest going back to England. When the French saw that the English had retired, they resolved to come to close quarters with them, and began planning schemes with that object. They soon organized a surprise of some three thousand foot soldiers, who marched on Boulogne one night with such boldness that they caught the English quite unawares, and killed many of them who were in the lower town of Boulogne; and before the English could turn or rally, the French had made themselves masters of nearly all Basse Boulogne, where there were two Spanish banners. The Spanish captains were Captain Salablanca and Captain Juan de Haro, who mustered all their men and formed up in the upper town of Boulogne, and many English with them. The great hurly-burly was heard in the upper town, and the Commander asked what it was all about, and was told it was a great army of Frenchmen had made a night attack and had done great damage.

The Commander began to encourage the men, saying: "How is this, are you so frightened as that? Go back, go back. I will come and help you, and not a single Frenchman shall remain."

He sallied forth with some five hundred men in very good order, and fell on the Frenchmen so stoutly that they were put to flight. The English were also helped by the rain, as the French could not fire off their arquebusses, whilst the English with their arrows killed a great many. Such was their aim and the rapidity of their pursuit, that not a hundred of the three thousand Frenchmen escaped, and the English returned into Boulogne victorious, and with many prisoners; but the Spaniards brought many more prisoners than the English, for even after they had taken their prisoners the English killed them. As the English were novices, and had never been in any war before, they were quite regardless, and killed the prisoners whom the Spaniards could not protect.

Truly they (the Spaniards) suffered great wrong in this taking of their prisoners away from them, and to such an extent did they feel it that they mutinied, and the General

had as much as he could do to pacify them. The Spanish captains said to the General, "How now! do you think we are in the King's service for the four ducats a month we earn? Not so, my lord; on the contrary, we serve with the hope of taking prisoners and getting their ransom." And Salablanca said, "My lord, they have killed a gentleman of mine for whom I should have got at least five or six thousand crowns ransom."

The General saw the justice of the Spaniards' complaints, and begged them to be satisfied, and said he was willing to reward them for the good services they had rendered. He gave them three months' pay each, and they were satisfied; and to each captain he gave, besides his pay, one hundred crowns. He also ordered proclamation to be cried that on pain of death no one should dare to molest any prisoners held by the Spaniards, or whom in future they might take.

The Spaniards got a good ransom for those that were left, and in the end the French gained nothing by the attack. It may truly be said that the French never did gain anything from the English either by land or sea. I do not know what time may bring, but such has always been the case until now, and I should advise the French always to keep friendly with them, although it is doubtful if they will, for the French and English have been on ill terms for many years past, and the best word an Englishman can find to say of a Frenchman is "French dog."

CHAPTER LVII.

HOW THE KING OF FRANCE FORMED A GREAT SEA FORCE, AND THE INTENTION WITH WHICH HE FORMED IT.

THE King of France, seeing that the night attack had not succeeded, fitted out three hundred sail in the spring. He could not do this so secretly but that the King of England was informed of it long before it was finished, and it was soon rumoured that this force was to be used against the Isle of Wight. The King of England, in the meanwhile, was not asleep, but fitted out all his ships, and

sent them to the Isle of Wight, very well armed, about sixty sail in all.

When the French fleet was ready it sailed with the first fine weather for the Isle of Wight, and there were really, without the galleys, three hundred vessels, large and small. The English, as I have said, had about sixty, but you may truly believe that each one of them was worth five of the others. The intention of the French was, as was afterwards seen, to land on the Isle of Wight and build a fortress if they could, and so greatly injure the English. If they had been able to carry this out it certainly would have been a great blow to the kingdom; but it would seem that they had already made up their mind that if they could not effect it they would do what they afterwards did in Boulogne, as will be told.

The fleet arrived within sight of the Isle of Wight, the galleys going first, and the English placed themselves in line of battle; and you should have seen the Frenchmen, one after the other, like a procession, the galleys always in front. The English fleet, all on the other side, anchored in a line, a pleasure to see. The English had also some pinnaces built like galleys, which went from place to place; and the King of England, who was close to the island with four thousand men, sent an order by one of these pinnaces for the English to remain quiet, and let all the French fleet enter. The French, on the other side of the port, began to run in; and seeing that the English did not attack them, they entered without fear, and drew up in order, but as evening was drawing in they all remained still; the French, however, put some men on shore on the island, but it is supposed more to reconnoitre the place where they might build, than to rob some cottages that were there. The galleys every now and then fired upon the English ships, but did them no harm, as they were rather far off; and the English no doubt would have liked to come to close quarters with them, but for the King's order. Thus they were all night, each side on the look out, watching and distrusting the enemy.

At daybreak the French began to set sail and run out of the harbour, and as soon as the English perceived this, they hoisted their own canvas to follow them. At this

juncture, by bad management and great carelessness of the people, the principal and best ship of the English fleet was lost before the eyes of everybody, and all quite helpless to prevent it; and with it perished a very great many men, and the captain, who was called Peter Carew, one of the handsomest and one of the bravest men that could be found. It is said that sail was being set carelessly, and the portholes on one side, where they took in large pieces of artillery, were left open.

It is said that they carelessly put down the helm too sharply, and she heeled over so much that the water came in, and she could not right herself, so she sank.[1]

The French want to say that they sank her with their artillery, but it is not true. It was a great loss, such a fine ship, and so many men drowned.

The French set sail and ran back to Boulogne, which was their intention, and nothing else; and when they arrived opposite the shore on the other side of the entrance to the harbour, they sent so many boats ashore,

[1] "June, 1545. A greate army of Frenchmen came nere to the Haven of Boulogne and skirmished with the English, to the no great gain of the Frenchmen; but this army was accompted to the number of 20,000. There encamped, began again to build a fort, which before they departed they accomplished the same.

"The Admiral of France, a man of great experience, hauled up his sails, and with his whole navy came to the poynt of the Isle of Wight, called St. Helen's Point, and there in good order cast their ankers, and sent 16 of his gallies daily to the very haven of Portsmouth. The English navie lying in the Haven made them prest, and set out towards them, and stil the one shot at the other. But one day above all other, the whole navie of the Englishmen made out and proposed to set on the Frenchmen; but in their setting forward a goodly shippe of England, called the Marye Rose, was by too much folly drowned in the middes of the Haven, for she was laden with too much ordnance and the ports left open, which were very low, and the great ordnaunce embreeched, so that when the ship should turne the water entered, and sodainly she sanke. In her was Sir George Carew, the Captain of the sayde shippe, and foure hundred men and much ordinaunce . . . . When they (the French) had searched the coast, and saw men everywhere ready to receive them, they turned sterne and returned home again without any act worthie to be written, done, or enterprised, saving that in this meane time the new fort against Bulleyne was finished and furnished." (Grafton Chronicle.)

Other chronicles of the time call the ship the "Rose Caline."

and were so cunning, that in a fortnight, and without the English being able to prevent it, they built a fort that was afterwards the cause of the English letting Boulogne slip through their fingers.[1]

Truly, if the King would have believed what the Duke of Alburquerque told him, they would not have given up Boulogne as they did subsequently, for one day the Duke was walking with the King near the "Old Man," as the English called it, six days before Boulogne surrendered to the King, and he said to him, "Look, your Majesty, if the French are men of wit, when your Majesty has taken Boulogne, they will make a fort over on that side which might do you much damage." When the King heard this he burst out laughing, and said, "Let them do it; so much the better for me." It would truly have been much better if, after taking the town, the King had ordered the fort to be built, rather than let the French do it. He had better have taken the advice of the Duke of Alburquerque, who, forsooth, was a man of more experience in war than the King. If he had done so, things would not have happened as they did.

CHAPTER LVIII.

HOW THE KING SENT MANY MEN TO SCOTLAND, AND AMONGST THEM MORE THAN EIGHT HUNDRED SPANIARDS.

IN the same year that they built the fort in Boulogne, the King of England gathered many troops together and invaded Scotland, the Earl of Warwick being sent as Commander-in-Chief. During the time that these troops were being collected, a great many Spanish soldiers came to England; and it chanced that at at that time there were

[1] "July, 1545. This moneth the Frenchmen began to bylde over against Basse Bulleine a blockhouse lyke ye Olde man, with certaine bulwarkes, and trenched yt aboute, which shott into Bulleyne, Basse Bulleyne, and ye Olde man, but did little hurt." (Wriothesley.)

going to Spain in certain ships more than a thousand Spaniards, and the weather being unfavourable, they were detained some days in the Downs, and they, being tired of the sea, sent to the King to know whether he would take them into his service.

The King, as soon as he heard of it, sent a gentleman there, but when he arrived the ships had already gone. Chance willed, however, that they should put into Plymouth, whither the King, directly he knew of it, sent a gentleman, who prevailed upon over seven hundred of them to land, and the King at once ordered them to proceed to Scotland. During this time there came to London Captain Gamboa, with other captains, and many soldiers, and as the King was told that he was a good captain, the King was very glad of his arrival, and sent for him. And when he arrived in the King's presence he kissed his hand, and the other captains as well; and the King said to him, "Gamboa, you are welcome; it is my will that you should ask me for the place you would wish for in my service." Here Gamboa showed that he was a warrior indeed, for he said, "Know, your Majesty, that I have served the Emperor eleven years as captain, and I have to beg of your Majesty to make me camp-marshal[1] of all the Spaniards who are, or may be in your Majesty's service." The King at once granted this, and thenceforward there was no lack of envy and malice amongst the Spaniards, as I will relate.

When he was made camp-marshal the King at once ordered him to get ready to go to Scotland, and he started within a week. When he arrived in Scotland he made his captains, and found himself at the head of about eight hundred Spaniards, all very good folk, between whom and the Scotch there were many skirmishes, and of whom the Scotch were very frightened when they got to know them.

Truly in this campaign the English did doughty deeds, and all gained much honour.

When the winter approached the Commander-in-Chief garrisoned his borders very well, and ordered the Camp-

[1] *Maestre de Campo*, equal to a Colonel of foot.

Marshal Gamboa to distribute his force, which was done, the Camp-Marshal and the captains going to London with the General, where they were very well received by the King.

It is right that you should know that before Gamboa came into the King's service there were four captains, each with one hundred Spaniards. They were Captain Juan de Haro, Captain Alexandre, Captain Mora, and Captain Salablanca, and as soon as they knew that the King had made Gamboa camp-marshal they were jealous of him, as will be told.

When the Camp-Marshal and the captains went before the King, he said to them, "Gentlemen, it is my will that all the Spaniards who are in the North should at once come to Calais." So the Camp-Marshal arranged that they should come immediately, and the General sent the ships which were in Scotland to give them the necessary passage, and in a very short time they arrived at Calais. The King then ordered the Camp-Marshal to send the Spaniards, with more than five thousand Englishmen, to St. Jean de Rus,[1] and stay there whilst a fort was being built for the King; and so they were there encamped until the fort was finished, and the King of France's galleys came every day and fired upon where the fort was being built. But they profited little by it, for the fort was finished nevertheless.[2] I have stated the Spanish captains who were in the King's service, and it may well be supposed that there was no want of people to tell the camp-marshal the ill-will they bore him; and he on his part, when he knew of it, was determined to take their companies away from them; and Captain Mora very soon indignantly went over to the French side with his troops, and Juan de Haro would have done the same if they had not caught him. Captain Alexandre was at Sandwich, and Captain Salablanca at Brentwood, and remained there until the King ordered them to be dismissed; for when the fort of St. Jean de Rus was finished, the King ordered Gamboa to pay and dismiss all the Spaniards, and sent to say that he and six other captains could come to the Court.

[1] Between Calais and Boulogne. [2] Early 1546.

So that Gamboa, with soft words, said to all the troops, "Gentlemen, you see we are all dismissed; let us go to Flanders, and I will go with you." In this way, to be brief, they went, and he with them, until they found themselves at St. Omer; and directly he had got them in the Emperor's dominions, he and the captains left them and posted back to England, and when they arrived in London the King at once began showing them favours, and called the Camp-Marshal to him, and said, "Gamboa, I wish you to remain in my service, and, in order that you should not be alone, choose six captains to remain with you, and I will give you a thousand ducats a year for life, and a hundred pounds in perpetuity."

I forgot to say how Captain Mora sent a challenge from France to Gamboa and how Captain Julian took it up, as will be told in another chapter.

So that this fight took place before the King bestowed the rewards. Captain Juan de Haro also mutinied, and the Deputy of Calais was informed that he was going over to the French with his people, so he sent three hundred Englishmen after him, he being then a league from Calais, and as he would not come back on the order of the Deputy, the English killed him and twenty of his men.

Oh! Juan de Haro! how misguided of you to want to desert; for truly you would have been well recompensed by the King for the good services you had rendered. God forgive him, for he erred through bad counsel, and no doubt thought that as he had been the first in the service of the King he should have been made camp-marshal, as, indeed, it was said the Deputy had promised him. But his fate decreed otherwise, and so he ended disastrously.

Well, to return to the grants that the King made. I have already said he gave Gamboa a thousand ducats for life, and a hundred pounds in perpetuity. To Julian he gave six hundred ducats, to Cristobal Diez four hundred ducats, to Pero Negro four hundred ducats, to Villa Sirga four hundred ducats, and to Noguera he gave three hundred ducats, as the King was told that he was devoted to Gamboa body and soul.

Captain Salablanca would also have been given his maintenance, only that he was unlucky enough to kill a Spaniard

at the very moment when the King was giving these rewards, and it was as much as he could do to get his pardon; but he got two hundred ducats notwithstanding. He gave Captain Alexandre two hundred ducats, and he would have got his maintenance, only the King was told that he was very arrogant, and that at Sandwich he had killed two of his soldiers in his passion. The King gave also to other captains two hundred ducats each. Oh! good King! how liberal thou wert to everyone, and particularly to Spaniards!

CHAPTER LIX.

HOW CAPTAIN JULIAN WENT TO FRANCE AND FOUGHT WITH CAPTAIN MORA.[1]

IT has already been told how Captain Mora sent a challenge from France to Captain Gamboa, and how Captain Julian took up the challenge for Gamboa; and it so happened that all these gentlemen were at that time in Calais,

[1] In June, 1546, peace was made between the French and English, but the feeling of irritation between the mercenaries who were first in the service and the new men with Gamboa at their head still continued. Mora and his troop had gone over bodily to the French, and we may well suppose that at meeting his countrymen after the peace there would be no very cordial greeting. The Chronicle makes this jealousy the cause of the challenge from Mora to Sir Peter Gamboa, and this is doubtless the real reason; but both Wriothesley and Hollingshead, who give particulars of the fight, attribute it to Captain Julian calling Mora a traitor for his desertion.

The English chroniclers also speak of Knyvett's part in the duel, but from some delay he is said not to have arrived on the ground in time for the fight, so that the "gentleman" who is mentioned as Julian's second cannot have been Sir Henry Knyvett. He had been knighted by the King on his return from Boulogne. The fight turned out an unfortunate one for Knyvett, for he fell from his horse on his journey (this, perhaps, was the reason of his non-arrival at Montreuil in time for the fight). We are told that "incontinently afterwards Sir Henry Knyvett sickened and died at Corbeuil, and was buried at the church of St. Powles in Paris."

and there was also there a gentleman called Sir Harry Knyvett (Arequenebet), who offered himself as Julian's second. As soon as Mora heard that his challenge had been accepted, he went to the King of France to beseech him to grant him lists, which the King did, and gave safe conduct for whoever should wish to go and see the combat, and so he caused it to be proclaimed in his Court.

Well, the time for the combat having arrived, or rather, I should say, approaching, Julian made ready to go, and there went with him the Camp-Marshal, Captain Cristobal Diez, Captain Pero Negro, and divers other Spanish knights and gentlemen.

Sir Harry Knyvett had gone to London to make the necessary proposals, and the King, Henry VIII., when he heard that this combat was to take place, sent a thousand broad angels to Julian, to put himself in order withal. Oh! what a good King! how highly he esteemed honour, and desired his subjects to win honour!

Well, when they arrived in France, and the day being come, the seconds and umpires saw that each one had equal arms. They were to fight on horseback, and each had a sword, and both rapiers and daggers, and their armour was open at the back, with great holes, big enough for two fists to go in on both pieces. This scheme was invented by the French, because Mora had one of the best and quickest horses in France, and as they did not fight with the lance, Mora thought with the quickness of his horse he could wound Julian in the back with his rapier, and so vanquish him.

When the umpires had seen that the arms were equal, they gave the signal for the trumpets to sound, and they at once closed with one another, and at the first blows with the swords Julian's sword fell from his hands, and he seized his rapier. Mora was not backward, and threw away his sword for his rapier; and as he had such an active horse, he went circling round Julian so as to wound him in the back; but Julian was no sluggard, and when Mora saw he could not do it, he decided to kill Julian's horse, which he did with a thrust in the chest, and a few moments afterwards it fell to the ground. At that moment, Julian thinking to do the same for Mora, attacked him

with that object; but Mora was too quick with his horse for Julian to wound it, and the rapier fell from Julian's hand almost at the moment that his horse dropped under him, and as he felt his horse was going to fall, he leapt very quickly off his back, and Mora had not time to ride him down, thanks to the horse, which was on the ground; and Julian, to escape being ridden down, and finding himself with only his dagger, was forced to shield himself behind the horse, whilst Mora went round and round, and Julian dodged behind the horse. This went on for more than three hours, and at last Mora cried out, "Surrender, Julian; I do not want to kill thee!" but Julian did not answer a word. There was hardly an hour of daylight left, and Julian would be vanquished at sunset. And as he saw that Mora was strutting about waiting for the sun to go down, Julian kept wide awake, and, watching his opportunity, dropped on one knee behind his fallen horse, and with his dagger cut the straps of his spurs and threw them away. Seeing his rapier not far from him, he rushed to regain it, and succeeded before Mora could ride him down.

The gentleman who was acting as Julian's second, seeing how things were going, was very downcast, and wished he never had come, and said to the Spanish captains, "Gentlemen, our man is losing." Then said Captain Cristobal Diez, "What, Sir! the day is not done yet, and I still hope to God that Julian will come off the victor." The gentleman replied, "Do you not see, Sir, that Mora is only flourishing about and waiting for sunset." As they were chatting thus, they saw how Julian had snatched up his rapier again, and how Mora had attacked him. Julian had just time to deal a thrust at Mora's horse, which, feeling itself wounded began to prance, and its rider, fearing that with its wound it would fall, and he underneath it, determined to get a short distance away and dismount. Julian, however, being on foot, and light without his spurs, went running after him, and when he was trying to alight, embraced him in such a manner as to bring him to the ground, and with his dagger cut the ties of his helmet. And Mora thereupon surrendered at once; and Julian took his arm, and with the sword of his enemy in his hand, he

took him three times round the field, so that all might see how he had surrendered.[1]

No one ever saw such rejoicings as the Spaniards made, as well as the gentleman who was Julian's second, and who had until then been so dismayed. But the joy was not so great as was the sorrow of the French King and all his Court when they saw their man from nearly victor turned to vanquished. And the King presently sent many knights to bring Julian from the field with great triumph; and the King cast a golden chain about his neck, which weighed more than seven hundred crowns, and the Dauphin gave him a tunic stamped with gold that was worth more than the King's chain; and other gentlemen gave him many more presents.

It may well be believed that if they gave all this to Julian, they would have given very much more to Mora if he had conquered; but he, much belittled, presently left France, and went, as it is believed, to Hungary.

And, at the end of a few days, Julian and all the others took leave of the King and returned to England, where they were very well received by the King and the lords. The King asked them what they thought of the King of France's Court; and at once a captain, who was called Don Alonso, answered and said, "Know, your Majesty, that it is one of the best courts that any king has." He said this without much deference; and the King, when he heard him, looked at Don Alonso as if to say, "Who is this that speaks so boldly?" and then, turning to Gamboa, he told him that

[1] "July, 1546. A camp was foughten in France between two strangers that were in the King's service at Boulogne, the one going from the King's camp to Montreuil. After the peace, Julian, an Italian, which was the King's servant still at Boulogne, met the other that was at Montreuil, and called him traitor because he went from the King's service, whereupon he cast his glove to wage him battel before the French King in the lists. The King's Majesty sent Sir Henry Knyvett to see the battel for the King's champion, which said champion was in the field with his enemy before Knyvett came to the French King; but that day Julian, the King's servant, gate the victory, to the great joy of the King's Majesty, and the King's Majesty gave him a perpetual living during his life." (Wriothesley's Chronicle.)

Hollingshead gives a similar account, but gives the names of the combatants as Julian Romeroa and Morow, two Spaniards.

they were welcome; and the King then retired to his chamber, and, when he was there, he asked who was that Spaniard who praised the Court of the King of France so much, and he was told that he was one of his own captains. The King then ordered the grants I have mentioned to Gamboa and others; and this Don Alonso would also have had his share if he had not been so rash. So Gamboa and the others remained in the King's service.

CHAPTER LX.

HOW LORD MONTAGUE, BROTHER OF CARDINAL POLE, WHO IS IN ROME, WAS BEHEADED.

I FORGOT to tell of the death of Lord Montague, which I ought to have put earlier in this book, because it happened long before the events last related. As it is a thing it would be wrong to ignore, I have made up my mind to put it here, with some other things that have happened. You know that Secretary Cromwell always tried to injure all the lords who were of the blood-royal because he thought they disliked him; and in that he was not mistaken, for, amongst others, this Lord Montague disliked Cromwell very much, as he saw what little respect he paid to the lords.

So one day Cromwell fancied that, as this Lord Montague had a brother a Cardinal in Rome, he must be in correspondence with him, and, as the King was not friendly with the Cardinal, he thought to seek the death of the Cardinal's brother. So he went to the King, and said, "May it please your Majesty, I suspect Lord Montague of corresponding with his brother, the Cardinal, and if your Majesty will give me leave I will find out;" upon which the King gave him permission. Cromwell then caused a brother of Lord Montague, named Sir Giles Pole[1] (Sergil Espul), to be arrested, and when he was a prisoner he said

[1] Sir Geoffrey Pole was his name.

to him, "Sir Giles, if you do not tell the truth I will have you tortured, but if you tell the truth I promise you to get the King to give you an ample revenue to live upon." The gentleman asked Cromwell what he wanted him to say, to which the Secretary replied, "What I want to know is what the Cardinal, your brother, has written to Lord Montague and to you, for I know you have received letters from him a week ago, and if you tell the truth no harm shall come to you."

This good gentleman, not thinking that what he was saying would injure his brother, said, "Truly, that which my brother the Cardinal has written was of no harm to anyone, but, as our brother, and a person who loves us well, he says that we have done very wrong in taking the oath to the King as head of the Church, and that it had been better to have lost our goods than our souls, and I think that my lord my brother has written to Rome for pardon."

As soon as Cromwell heard this he went straight to the King, and said, "Please your Majesty, my lord is endeavouring to get the Pope's pardon for having taken the oath to you as head of the Church, and if this be not punished everybody else will do the same."

The King immediately ordered Lord Montague's arrest, and he was taken to the Tower, and within a week he was brought before the Council at Westminster, and Cromwell said to him, "My lord, the King marvels much that you should seek the Pope's pardon; for it shows that the oath you took was false and with reservation, and it is suspected that you wish to do some act of treason, as you sought to unsay your oath of allegiance; besides which, it does not look well for you to be in correspondence with the Cardinal, whom you know to be a traitor to the King." The accused answered, "The Cardinal is no traitor, nor are there any such in his lineage, and if he is in Rome he is out of your hands, and you can do him no harm." Then said Cromwell, "Well, but why are you seeking pardon, unless your oath was false?" "I am not seeking pardon," answered Lord Montague, not knowing what his brother had said. Then Cromwell had Sir Giles Pole brought from the Tower, and said to him, "Here, in presence of your brother and

the King's Council, repeat what you told me in the Tower." As this gentleman had confessed, he said, "It is true that the Cardinal, my brother, wrote, upbraiding us for the sin we had committed, and my brother sent asking pardon."

Then all the lords agreed that Lord Montague deserved to die, as he had disobeyed the orders of the King. So he was condemned without any further evidence, and in three days he was taken out to execution.[1]

As soon as this gentleman (Sir Giles Pole) knew that they had condemned his brother to death through him, and whilst he was still in the Tower, he suddenly rushed upon a young fellow who had a dagger, and tried to take it from him and kill himself with it, but the young man was the stronger, and prevented him, and thenceforward they kept him very well watched in the Tower, to prevent him from committing suicide.

After Lord Montague was beheaded Cromwell went one day to the Tower, and spoke to the brother, saying, "You see that the King thought fit to punish your brother, and, but for me, you would have shared the same fate. On my intercession the King has consented to give you and your heirs an income of one thousand pounds a year from your brother's estate." The gentleman, seeing that his best course was to dissemble, and that there was no help for it, pretended to be very pleased with the revenue the King had granted to him, and Cromwell had him liberated. He went about for two years like one terror-stricken, and, as he lived four miles from Chichester, he saw one day in Chichester a Flemish ship, into which he resolved to get, and with her he passed over to Flanders, leaving his wife and children. Thence he found his way to Rome, and throwing himself at the feet of his brother, the Cardinal, he said, "My lord, I do not deserve to call myself your brother, for I have been the cause of our brother's death." The Cardinal, seeing he had sinned through ignorance, pardoned him, and brought him to the feet of the Pope,

[1] Henry Pole, Lord Montague, together with Henry Courtney, Marquis of Exeter, and Sir Edward Nevill, brother of Lord Abergavenny, were sent to the Tower on a charge of treason on the accusation of Sir Geoffrey Pole, and all three were executed on Tower Hill on 9th January, 1539.

and procured forgiveness and absolution for his sin. Then the Cardinal sent him to Flanders with letters to the Bishop of Liège, who has him with him to this day, treating him with all honour, and allowing him a ducat a day, and food for himself, two attendants, and a horse.

These brothers were the nearest heirs to the crown, and descended from the White Rose.[1] When the King knew that the brother of the Cardinal had gone, he took away all his revenue, and to this very day his wife and children have nothing more than her own patrimony, upon which she lives. If the King could get hold of either the Cardinal or this gentleman he would serve them the same as their brother, but they will take care of themselves.

CHAPTER LXI.

HOW THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK WAS THE CAUSE OF HIS SON DYING OF GRIEF.

THE Duke of Suffolk was a man of low birth, but as he was an extremely handsome man, very brave, and one of the best jousters in the kingdom, the King took a fancy to him, and he gradually raised him to the dukedom of Suffolk. As it is worth noting, I will here relate a part of his life.

As the King was very fond of this Duke, and held him in high favour, and the King of France happened to die, who was married to a sister of King Henry, the King sent the Duke to bring the widow back to England. The Duke got ready, and went to France with great splendour and a large number of followers, and whilst there spent a great deal of money, and jousted with the French nobles, not one of whom could tilt so well as he. The Queen was very proud to see the Duke bear himself so bravely, and a fort-

[1] House of York. They were sons of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, daughter of the murdered Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV.

night after his arrival in France she was ready for the journey, and they soon arrived in London.

The King gave a great reception to his sister the Queen, and every day the Duke held his head higher, and became a closer attendant upon the Queen, so that the King resolved to bestow her upon him in marriage. The Queen was in love with the Duke, and accepted him willingly; so they were married.

This Duke undoubtedly had another wife, whom he left, so that it should not be said that he had two wives. He gave out that his wife was a shameless woman, and was unfaithful to him; but the witnesses were perjured. He left her, however, and married the Queen.

The Duke had had two daughters and a son by his wife. The son was very much like him, and his father was fond of him. By the Queen he had no children. When the King left the blessed Queen Katharine, this Queen-dowager, wife of the Duke, was so much attached to her, that the sorrow caused by the sight of her brother leaving his wife brought on an illness from which she died.

During this time the Duke tried to get his son married to the daughter of Lady Willoughby,[1] who was a Spaniard, who had gone to England with the blessed Queen, and afterwards married a gentleman named Lord Willoughby, who had over fifteen thousand ducats a year. They had the daughter of whom I speak, and to whom the Duke succeeded in marrying his son, He was a lad of sixteen, and she was fifteen; and in the meanwhile, as I say, the Queen-dowager died of grief; and the Duke, who went every day to Lady Willoughby's, fell in love with the wife of his son, and determined to take her away from him, and have her for himself, which he did; and the son, when he saw it, was so sorry that he died, and the old man married the girl.[2]

[1] Lady Willoughby d'Eresby was the faithful friend and constant companion of her countrywoman, Queen Katharine; she was Doña Maria de Sarmiento, daughter of the Count de Salinas.

[2] Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, married first, Margaret Neville, daughter of Marquis of Montague, and widow of Sir John Mortimer, whom he divorced to marry Anne Browne, daughter of Sir Anthony Browne. He accused and repudiated this lady, by whom he had three children, in order, as told in the Chronicle, to

The Duke, so long as the Queen lived, had thirty thousand ducats income in France, but he lost it on her death; but he got the fifteen thousand ducats of Lady Willoughby, who died within six months of his marriage with her daughter. The Duke had a son by this wife, who turned out a very handsome boy. The Duchess had been married to the Duke six years when her husband died, during the time the French fleet was attacking the Isle of Wight. He caught a distemper, and died in three days. Whilst her husband lived this Duchess was a very good Christian, but after he died she became one of the greatest heretics in the kingdom. For, very long before the masses were done away with, she always had two masses a day said in her house; but she was the first to discontinue them, and would never have them said again. She had a chaplain, who came three times a week to preach a sermon, which all the household heard. This chaplain was a dreadful heretic, and I refrain from repeating the heresies he preached, in order to avoid scandal, for everybody knows that now-a-days that country is given over to every sort of heresy. But to return to the Duchess. During the time she was a good Christian, the blessed Princess, Madam Mary, was very fond of her; but when she learnt that the Duchess had discontinued the masses, she would never consent to see her or speak to her again.

As we have said, the Duke had two daughters, who were sisters of the son that died; but he never would recognize them as his daughters, and as they grew up, and became handsome young women, and were without help from their father, they took to evil courses, and became common women, the father, however, taking no notice of it.

A great pity, indeed, that through the fault of their father they should have ruined their lives. The mother was alive, but could not help them; and the heavy burden must rest on the conscience of their father. May God have pardoned him!

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ally his "cloth of frieze" with the "cloth of gold" of the widowed Queen of France, by whom he had two daughters and a son, the latter of whom was made Earl of Lincoln, and died young. By his last wife, the betrothed of his son, he had two sons.

CHAPTER LXII.

HOW THE EARL OF ROCHFORD[1] WAS IN LOVE WITH THE DAUGHTER OF LORD COBHAM, AND ACCUSED HIS WIFE OF INFIDELITY, AND LEFT HER, AND THEN MARRIED THE COBHAM.

THIS Earl of Rochford was brother of Queen Katharine, the last wife of the King; and at that time there came to Court a daughter of Lord Cobham, the prettiest girl in all the realm. The Earl was a very handsome man, and one of the daintiest of the courtiers, and was married to a lovely wife; but as soon as the Cobham came to Court he became her servant, and no one ever saw such costly and foolish things as he did for her sake.

One day he resolved to leave his wife, and shamelessly accused her of adultery. The good woman defended herself stoutly, and what did this Earl do but bribe two of his servants to swear that they had seen familiarities between her and a groom of the Earl's, who had left his service a month before to go to his home in Wales—a very good-looking man; and as soon as he arrived at his home, he died of fever. When the Earl learnt this, he thought of the wicked plan, and, as I say, gave these servants large sums of money to swear that they had seen certain things; and, indeed, he carried the matter so far as to demand the penalty of the law upon her: for it had been enacted in Parliament a year before, that if the wife of any gentleman of rank was convicted of adultery, she should die for it. So the Earl prosecuted her, and she would certainly have been executed, if he had not gone to her, and said, "Look, my lady, confess the truth, and I will forgive you, and give you all the income you brought with you."

It was never known for certain whether the Countess

[1] Sir William Parr, Earl of Essex, afterwards Marquis of Northampton. He was not Lord Rochford.

was guilty, and she was only suspected because her husband accused her; but the poor lady would never confess that she had been unfaithful, and she was sentenced to be beheaded. The devil must have been indeed strong in the Earl to bring him to do such a thing. The Earl, being brother to Queen Katharine, the good Queen threw herself at the feet of the King, and would not rise until he had promised her a boon, which was the life of the Countess. When the King heard what it was, he said, "But, Madam, you know that the law enacts that any woman of rank who so forgets herself shall die, if her husband does not pardon her." To which the Queen answered, "Your Majesty is above the law, and I will try to get my brother to pardon her." And the King said, "Well, if your brother is content, I will pardon her." Then the good lady sent for her brother, and said, "Brother, what are you going to do; will you be cruel, and have your wife killed on the words of the perjured witnesses who have sworn against her? I can promise you, brother, that it shall not be as you expect, for I will have the witnesses put to the torture, and then by God's help we shall know the truth."

When the Earl heard this he said, "Madam, I know nothing more than the evidence given. I am dishonoured, and she must undergo the law's punishment for my honour's sake."

The Queen at once sent to arrest the witnesses, but the Earl had sent them off the night before to their home in Cornwall, and they could not be found, so they were suspected of perjury; upon which the Queen said to the Earl, "Brother, there is strong appearance of false witness in this complaint against the Countess, and you must pardon her." "My lady Queen," answered the Earl, "I can do no more than the law does." And the Queen said, "Look you, brother, the King is the law, and he has granted me the favour of the Countess's life."

"I can do nothing against the King's orders," said the Earl, "and if you insist on my pardoning her I shall be content with a divorce, and a confession from her that she wronged me."

"You know," said the Queen, "that the Countess will

never confess such a thing, and you have no right to ask her; but I will try to get you unmarried."

So the Countess was brought before the Queen, and publicly the couple renounced each other. Great blindness of the Earl, indeed! for the sake of another to quit his lawful wife, who, after she left him, was never known to do anything wrong. The Earl then ruffled as usual, and paid so much attention to the lady, that at last he asked for her from her father, Lord Cobham, and married her, and so had his way. God grant that he fulfilled his heavenly duties better than his earthly ones.

CHAPTER LXIII.

HOW CAPTAIN GAMBOA TRIED TO UNDO CAPTAIN JULIAN.

ALL the Spanish captains being in the King's service, Julian wanted to show off very much more than his means or his earnings would warrant, and borrowed money every day, to such an extent that sometimes he dared not walk out publicly. At last one day a Milanese, called Bautista Baron, arrested him for two hundred ducats which he owed him.

When he found himself arrested, he got the sergeant to go with him to the Camp-Marshal Gamboa's house, and no sooner had they arrived there than Julian began to launch out in loud complaints, and to say unreasonable things, amongst others, that anybody who would serve heretics must be a great big knave; and he swore that he would have no more of it, but would go with only a pike on his shoulder and four ducats pay to serve somewhere else; and he said a good many other things that had much better have been left out, for certainly no good came of them.

At last Gamboa had to make himself answerable for the two hundred ducats, and there was no lack of people to go and accuse Julian before the Council for what he had said. And the lords of the Council sent for Gamboa, and

said to him, "Gamboa, you deserve great punishment. You have fallen into treason, and have allowed the King and the Council to be abused in your house." Gamboa was deaf, and told them so, and said to them, "I have taken part in no treason, and if I heard the King or his Council spoken ill of in my house I would punish it." So the lords thought that as he was deaf he had heard nothing of it, and told him that Julian had said so-and-so in his house. Then Gamboa swore a great oath that he had not heard any such thing, which was the truth, for he was in his chamber at the time that Julian said it.

Then presently they sent for Julian, and rated him soundly, and Julian said, "Gentlemen, I have said nothing for which I should be so maltreated." "Well," they answered, "you said this, that, and the other, and there are witnesses who heard you." But Julian denied it; and they called a merchant who was present in the house of the Camp-Marshal, and who had heard everything that had passed.

Before this merchant went before the Council Gamboa spoke to him, and begged him to accuse Julian as much as he could, so that they should take away his pay from him; but the merchant, seeing the malice of Gamboa, said, "Señor Gamboa, I am not a mischief-maker, to do harm where I can do good," and he would not speak to Gamboa any more.

And as I said, the lords sent for the merchant, and there were there all the captains and Julian. As the merchant was going in Gamboa said to him aloud, so that everybody should hear, "Señor, I beseech you to favour Julian as much as you can, for good or evil to him depends upon what you say." Good God! how artfully Gamboa said that, when not three hours before he had begged him most affectionately to accuse him and get his income taken away. But Julian and the other captains thought Gamboa was favourable to him.

Well, when the merchant had gone before the Council, the Duke of Somerset spoke to him, and said, "We have been told that thou wert in Gamboa's house when Julian said many things against the King and his Council, and as we hold thee for an honest man, and we believe that

thou wilt tell us the truth, thou must swear to what passed."

Then they made him place his hands on the Gospels, and he swore to tell the truth. The lords had got written down what Julian had said, and a great deal more. And the merchant said, "My lords, it is true that I, going to the Camp-Marshal Gamboa's house, entered at the same time as Captain Julian and the two sergeants; and Julian, very angry at being arrested, called out, as well as I could hear, 'They don't care much for me, either the King or the Queen, or Lady Mary or the Council, and I'd rather have a —— than anything they can do for me. I'd better like to serve anyone else for four ducats' pay than I'd serve here for a mint of money.'" Then the lords said, "Didst thou not hear him say that he would come with a pike on his shoulder to fight against such heretics?"

The merchant answered, "My lords, there was so much noise amongst the soldiers that he may have said such a thing, but, with so many talking at the same time, I did not hear him, and as I went there about other things I took no notice of it."

Then the Admiral, who was the Earl of Warwick (Huaruyque), said, "My lords, let us send him about his business; the six hundred ducats' pay he has will do for two gentlemen prisoners." There were five lords who were of the same opinion, but Secretary Paget said, "My lords, we ought not to look too closely at what a person says in a passion; besides, what he said after all is not a crime, and we all know the services he has rendered to the King. We need not return evil for evil, but rather good for evil, and my opinion is that your lordships should have him before you, and scold him well, and order him never to say such things again under threat of severe punishment if he do." So they presently called him before them, and the Duke of Somerset[1] said, "Julian, for what you are accused of you are deserving of punishment, but the King is so clement a prince that he will not look hardly upon words said in anger. Look you, though, we

[1] He was Earl of Hertford yet, until the accession of his nephew, Edward VI.

order you to take good care that you never say any such things again, or you shall be punished. But we pardon you this time." Julian did not answer, but made a very low bow, and then they told him to go, and if anyone was sorry he was not dismissed it was Gamboa." [1]

CHAPTER LXIV.

HOW THE EARL OF SURREY WAS ACCUSED OF TREASON BY HIS OWN SISTER.[2]

SOON after the King returned from Boulogne and married his last wife, the Earl of Surrey, son of the Duke of Norfolk, was accused of treason. This Duke had a daughter married to a natural son of the King, called the Duke of York,[3] but who had been widowed by his death, and refused to marry again. She was one of the most beautiful dames in the land, but she was young, and, it was suspected, too free with her favours. She had two brothers, one of whom was the Earl of Surrey, and the other Lord Thomas, and as they were grieved at her mode of life, especially the Earl, he went to her one day and said, "Sister, I am very sorry to hear what I do about you, and if it be true I will never speak to you again, but will be your mortal enemy." The Duchess took no notice of what the Earl said to her, but gave herself up to her

[1] This dramatic scene no doubt took place late in the autumn of 1546, a few months after the return of the captains from France and their reception by the King in July, as related in Chapter LIX.

[2] The barbarous sacrifice of the noble Surrey, the last effort of the dying despot, is told here with many small touches which reveal the eye-witness or deeply interested spectator, particularly the striking story of the attempted escape, which I have not previously met with.

Surrey was taken, with his father, at the end of September, 1546, and was brought before the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Mayor, and a jury at Guildhall, early in January, and judicially murdered on the 19th of the month, ten days before the tyrant died.

[3] Duke of Richmond.

pleasures. Before the Earl knew anything about her conduct he always visited her, and showed great affection for her, telling her all his affairs.

And it appears that the Earl had had a picture painted in which the arms of his father were joined to those of the King, and surrounded by the garter; and where the motto of the garter should have been "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," he put in English "*Till then thus*" (*Tel dandus*), and then ordered the painter to put another painted canvas over it, so that it looked as if no other painting was there. The Count could not keep his secret from his sister, and she told it to the Duke her father, who called the Earl aside and rated him soundly about it, when the son replied, "You know, father, that our ancestors bore those arms, and I am much better than any of them, so do not grieve about it." The Duke said, "My son, thou knowest that if it come to the ears of the King he may accuse thee of treason, and me too; so pray keep thy secret." "No one knows it father," he said, "but you and my sister, for the painter is an Italian, and has gone to his own country." This was the truth; and the Duke said, "God grant, my son, that no ill may come of it. Do not tell thy brother Thomas, who is too young to be trusted, and might tell it to someone who might accuse us. Bring it to me, and let me see it;" to which the Earl replied, "Sir, it is impossible to see it, for another painting is over it."

As the Earl was offended with his sister, and had threatened her, and she on her part still continued her mode of life, without thinking of the great evil she was bringing on her father and brothers, she went to the King and said, "Please your Majesty, my brother, the Earl of Surrey, has had such-and-such a picture painted, I know not with what intention (and she described the picture to him), and as I have learnt it I thought well to tell your Majesty, so that you may ask him his intention." The King, who was very clever, said, "Go home, Duchess, there is nothing of much importance in it." And as soon as she was gone he called Paget and the Duke of Somerset, and said, "What do you think of the Earl of Surrey, who presumes to take my arms, saying they belong to him?" and the Duke answered, "If it be

so, your Majesty should have him arrested and the truth investigated."

Then the King ordered the captain of the guard very secretly to take the Earl as he was coming to the palace. And the captain, the next day after dinner, saw the Earl coming in to the palace whilst he (the captain) was walking in the great hall down stairs. He had a dozen halberdiers waiting in an adjoining corridor, and approaching the Earl, he said, "Welcome, my lord; I wish to ask you to intercede for me with the Duke, your father, in a matter in which I need his favour, if you will deign to listen to me." So he led him to the corridor, and the halberdiers took him, and without attracting notice put him into a boat, and carried him to the Tower, and nothing was known about it in the palace until night.

When his father the Duke heard of it he nearly died with grief; and the next day the King sent the Duke his father, the Duke of Somerset, and other nobles to the Earl, to ask him what he meant by having the painting done, the painting itself having been taken before the King. No sooner had they arrived at the Tower than Paget came with an order that the Duke likewise should remain a prisoner, as the daughter, when she knew of her brother's arrest, went to the King and told him that her father knew of the picture as well.

When Paget arrived at the Tower he whispered the King's orders to the Duke of Somerset and the others, so that the Duke (of Norfolk) should not hear; and they sent for the Earl, and as soon as he entered the chamber in which they were they begged him to tell the truth in the matter they wished to question him upon; and he said, "Gentlemen, tell me your errand, I will tell the truth." "Well," said the Duke of Somerset, "your sister accuses you of having a picture with the arms of the King, and an inscription of your own. What was your idea in this?" to which the Earl replied, "My lords, you know that all my ancestors have borne these arms, and King Henry VII. took them away from the Duke, my father." "But what does the inscription mean?" said they. "It means, my lords, 'that so it will remain until it comes to light.'"

They looked at one another, and the father did not say a

word. Then they sent the Earl back to his chamber, and calling the captain of the guard, ordered him, in the King's name, to arrest the Duke, who remained there. The lords then went to the King with the confession that the Earl had made, and the King, before the Council, had the canvas removed from before the arms, and they saw the inscription, which said, "Till then thus;" and the King ordered it to be destroyed.

The Earl that night spoke to a servant of his whom he trusted very much, and said to him, "Martin," for that was his name, "I want you to bring me a dagger very secretly," and the servant said he would do so. They let the Earl have a servant, and the Duke two. The Earl was confined in a chamber overlooking the river, and he saw that he could escape through a retiring room, if he killed the two men who slept in it. The tide came up under it, but at low water it was dry, and that night at midnight the tide was out. The servant was thinking a great deal about what his master had ordered him to do, and resolved to carry him the dagger inside the breeches he wore, and no one discovered it, so he gave it him, and said, "My lord, what do you want me to do?" He took him apart and said to him, "Go to St. Katharine's and take a boat, no matter what it costs, and wait for me there. I hope to be with thee at midnight; but first go to my brother and tell him I beg that he will send me fifty nobles, and give them to thee, and above all take care that nobody knows that thou art going to take a boat, or about the dagger."

The servant put the dagger on the top of the bedstead by his master's orders, and then went to the Earl's brother and asked him for the money, which he gave him, and afterwards he provided himself with a boat, saying to the boatmen, "Brothers, I will be here at midnight, prithee wait for me here." When the night came the Earl said that he was unwell, and wished to go to bed; and the guards that slept in his chamber at night said, "Your lordship can go to bed; we have to go on the rounds and cannot come until past midnight." It may well be imagined whether the Earl was sorry when he heard this, for he thought that when they were gone he could the more easily escape, and every moment seemed a year. He arose from

his bed and went to see whether the tide was low, and found that it would be quite midnight before it was low water; so when midnight came he went and took off the lid of the closet, and saw that there was only about two feet of water; so, as he would not wait any longer, he began to let himself down, but at that instant the guards came in, and seeing that he was not in the bed ran to the closet, and one of them just reached his arm. The Earl could not help himself, and the guards cried out and other guards came.

It is to be believed that, if they had taken him in the chamber instead of in the closet, he was so courageous that he would have killed them both before anyone knew of it; and if he had waited for another night he would certainly have killed the guards. The other guards came and put some shackles on his feet, and the next day the news was all over London. The servant who had taken the boat went away with the money, and nothing more was heard of him. The King ordered that the Earl should be tried at once, and if he were found guilty that he should be beheaded; so in order that everybody should see the trial, the judges came to the Guildhall of London, this being the first time that ever such a thing was seen as a gentleman being tried there, but always at Westminster. And twelve gentlemen of rank met there, and the Earl was brought from the Tower, escorted by three hundred halberdiers, and placed before the judges. It was fearful to see the enormous number of people in the streets. When the judges and the twelve gentlemen had taken their seats, the King's lawyer spoke and said, "My lords, for either of the offences which the Earl has committed he deserves death; first for usurping the Royal arms, which gives rise to suspicion that he hoped to become King, and the other for escaping from prison, whereby he showed his guilt." The Earl, with manly courage, said, "You are false, and to earn a piece of gold would condemn your own father. I never sought to usurp the King's arms, for everybody knows that my ancestors bore them. Go to the church in Norfolk and you will see them there, for they have been ours for five hundred years." One of the lawyers said, "Why did you put the inscription on the garter?" to which the Earl

replied, "I did not put the King's motto, so as to give no ground for suspicion, and you have no reason to blame me for using the words '*Till then thus*,' for you all know, gentlemen, the great services my father has rendered, and I hoped, in recognition of them, that the King would return the arms to me. That was the reason I used the motto." Then up and spoke Secretary Paget, saying, "Hold your peace, my lord; your idea was to commit treason, and as the King is old you thought to become king." Then cried the Earl, "And thou, Catchpole! what hast thou to do with it? Thou hadst better hold thy tongue, for the kingdom has never been well since the King put mean creatures like thee into the government." He called him catchpole (which means bailiff) because his father had been a constable, and Paget was very much abashed, and held his peace.

Then spoke the Earl of Warwick, and said, "If you are not guilty and meant no harm, why did you put the cover over the painting, and why did you attempt to break out of prison?" "I tried to get out," said the Earl, "to prevent myself from coming to the pass in which I am now; and you, my lord, know well that however right a man may be they always find the fallen one guilty."

Then the gentlemen all entered a chamber together, and asked whether there were any other accusations against him besides these two, and they were told there were not. They were there inside over six hours, for there was great difference of opinion amongst them, and Paget had to go to the King. When Paget came back, he went into the chamber where the gentlemen were, and they stayed another hour after that, when they came out before the judges. The whole twelve were called over by their names, and they all replied, saying that the Duke of Somerset would speak for them. Silence was then cried in the court, and the Chief Justice asked them whether they found the Earl of Surrey guilty or not guilty, to which the Duke replied in a loud voice that all the people should hear, "Guilty, and he should die." He had hardly said the words when the people made a great tumult, and it was a long while before they could be silenced, although they cried out to them to be quiet, but silence was at last restored.

The Earl of Surrey then said, "Of what have you found me guilty? Surely you will find no law that justifies you; but I know the King wants to get rid of the noble blood around him, and to employ none but low people."

It is thought that when Paget came back from the King, he brought an order that he should be condemned. They took him at once to the Tower with the axe turned towards him in sign of his condemnation, and it was shocking to hear the things that he kept saying, and to see the grief of the people. In short, they brought him out and beheaded him next day; and on the scaffold he spoke a great deal, but said he never meant to commit treason. They would not let him talk any more, and after he was beheaded they buried him in Barking Chapel.[1] The King ordered them to spare the father, who remained in the Tower until his death, and the King took possession of the dukedom of Norfolk. It was ordered that the father should not be informed of his son's death, but he got to know of it afterwards; and the younger son was given leave to go in and talk to his father whenever he liked, one pound sterling a day being allowed to the Duke for his expenses by the King. This Duke certainly rendered very great services to the King, and his imprisonment was a great misfortune for the kingdom, for if he had remained in prosperity he would never have consented to so many heresies as there are now-a-days in the country. So we will talk no more about them, but recount what else happened.

CHAPTER LXV.

HOW THE KING GAVE SO STRICT AN ORDER TO THE CLERGY THAT NO ONE WOULD CONSENT TO BE A PRIEST.

AS the heresies became more evident every day, and the priests even asserted their right to get married, and many fearlessly did it, the good Bishop of Winchester,

[1] All Hallows Barking, Tower Street.

seeing the evil that was being done, went to the King and said, "Your Majesty is head of the Church, and if a remedy is not found for this great evil will come of it, and the Church will be ruined." The King answered, "It appears bad to me, Bishop, and I will find a remedy." So he sent at once to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and ordered him to make known to the priests and prelates that if any one of them was found with a wife or woman, he should lose his benefice for a first offence, and should die for a second, because those who have to absolve others every day should have no scruple of sin themselves. This was preached everywhere, and the clergy seeing the order, reformed themselves very much, and so remained until the King's death.

One day a doctor named Gowar, said to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "My lord, the clergy are kept in such strictness, that in twenty years time there will not be a priest in the kingdom." "How will that be?" asked the Archbishop; to which the doctor replied, "I will tell your lordship; let anyone go to Oxford and Cambridge, where the majority of the students are to be found, and if out of every hundred ninety do not say they refuse to be priests in consequence of this order, I am willing to be punished."

Then the Archbishop sent thither, and in each college (*i.e.* University) there were more than two thousand students, and there were not ten amongst them that wanted to be priests. So those who went to inquire came back, and when the Archbishop heard of it he said, "I am surprised; but we must have patience, Dr. Gowar, and I will try to get it remedied." And so it remained, until afterwards it came about that all the priests married, as will be told.

CHAPTER LXVI.

HOW THE KING FELT INDISPOSED AND MADE HIS WILL.

SOON after the death of the Earl of Surrey the King felt unwell, and as he was a wise man he called his Council together and said to them, "Gentlemen, I am unwell, and cannot tell when God may call me, so I wish to put my soul in order, and to reward my servants for what they have done."

He then called Secretary Paget to him and said, "Paget, come hither; I know my days will be few, and I wish to reward you for your services." And he then gave him before them all six hundred pounds a year in perpetuity, and said, "I grant them to you, and forgive you the monies you were to pay for them." Paget had agreed to buy this income, and pay for it in seven years, but he got it for nothing. There were many other gentlemen who had bought incomes in the same way, but he gave them to them all free, so that to a great number of his servants he granted large incomes. He ordered Paget to stay with him that night, which he did, and he was told to take pen, ink, and paper, and the King dictated many things, some of which I will relate here.

First he left sixteen of the principal members of his Council as a Regency,[1] and ordered that his son should be

[1] Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Sir Thos. Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, Lord Chancellor.
Sir W. Paulet, Lord St. John, Great Master of the Household.
Sir Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford (afterwards Duke of Somerset), High Chamberlain.
John, Lord Russell, Lord Privy Seal.
Sir J. Dudley, Viscount Lisle (afterwards Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland), High Admiral.
Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham.
Sir Anthony Brown, Master of the Horse.
Sir Edward Montague, Chief Justice of Common Pleas.
Sir T. Bromley, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
Sir W. Paget, Chief Secretary.
Sir Edward North.

at once crowned King, and in the event of his (the Prince) dying without issue, that his daughter, Madam Mary, should succeed him; and after the death of both, that his daughter Elizabeth should be Queen; and, failing all three, that the Crown should pass to the Marquis of Rutland.[1] He ordered that seven thousand pounds a year should be given to his daughter, Madam Mary, for her maintenance, and to his daughter Elizabeth four thousand pounds; and provided that as soon as his son arrived at eighteen years of age he should do as he liked, but that until then the Council of sixteen should govern. He directed that none of his servants should be dismissed nor changed in their offices, and that all his gentlemen of the Chamber were to hold the same post with his son; besides which he ordered many other things.

Eight days from the day he fell ill he died; and in the meanwhile every day he summoned his nobles, and prayed them to be loyal to his son. One day before he died he sent for Madam Mary, his daughter, and the good lady on seeing her father so ill, went and knelt before his bed. When he saw her abundance of tears came into his eyes, and he said to her, "Oh daughter! fortune has been hard against thee, and I grieve I did not have thee married as I wished; but since thy fortune wished it, or my misfortune prevented it, I pray thee, my daughter, try to be a mother to thy brother, for look, he is very little yet. I leave these as governors of the realm, and they will honour thee and serve thee as thou deservest." The good lady at first could not answer for weeping, but made an effort, and said, "I hope to God that your Majesty will live many days yet, and will not do me so much harm as to leave me an orphan so soon;" and as the King could not bear to see the good lady weeping, he made signs with his hand that she should go away, for he could not say it in words.

Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir W. Herbert.
Sir Edward Wooton, Treasurer of Calais.
Nicholas Wooton, Dean of Canterbury and York.

[1] This is an error. The crown in this event was to pass to the descendants of Henry's sister Mary, Duchess of Suffolk.

He then sent for the Queen, and said to her, "It is God's will that we should part, and I order all these gentlemen to honour you and treat you as if I were living still; and if it should be your pleasure to marry again, I order that you should have seven thousand pounds for your service as long as you live, and all your jewels and ornaments." The good Queen also could not answer for weeping, and he ordered her to leave him. The next day he confessed and took the Holy Sacrament, and commended his soul to God.[1] One day before he died he had sent the Duke of Somerset for the Prince, who was fifteen miles from London, and he went with three hundred horse, but he was informed before he could return that the King had died. The Prince was then brought to the city and carried in great state to the Tower; but the King's death was kept secret until the Prince was crowned King, as will be told.

[1] The writer, a strenuous admirer and apologist for Henry, represents him as dying in the odour of sanctity and in all comforts of faith. Most Protestant historians tell a somewhat different story. Godwin says that when he was asked whether he wished to see a priest, he answered, "Only Cranmer," but before the prelate could arrive he was speechless. Cranmer desired him to give some sign of his dying in the faith of Christ; he squeezed his hand and immediately died. The historian, Rivadaneyra, as may be supposed, paints the deathbed of the rebellious son of the Church in the blackest tints. "Tormented by the cruel rack of his conscience, he tried to return to the communion of the Church, but no one dared to tell him the truth. There flocked round the King a gang of rascals and sycophants diverting his thoughts from this, and trying to overcome the scruples that assailed him, because they feared to lose the goods that had fallen to them from the loot of the Church. He was at last, when in extremis, and given up by his doctors, advised of his danger, and ordering a cup of white wine to be brought to him, he turned to one of his familiars and said, '*Omnia perdidimus*,' and with some painful words of mortal anguish, mentioning several times the clergy and the monks, he is said to have expired."

Between the furious Catholic and the no less ardent Protestant, the account given by the Chronicle is probably the true one, as Henry's separation from the Papacy arose not from religious scruples so much as wordly convenience and overbearing ambition.

CHAPTER LXVII.

HOW THE PRINCE WAS CARRIED TO WESTMINSTER TO BE CROWNED WITH GREAT STATE.

HOW the Duke of Somerset went for the Prince by the King's orders has been told, but as the King had died, it was decided not to divulge his death till his son was crowned. So great preparations were made in the city of London and in Westminster Hall, and the Prince was carried with more state than had ever been seen before. In the streets of London stood all the trade guilds in array, and the number of people in the streets and at the windows was something terrible.

Next to the great Cross at Chepe there was a scaffolding, and on it a triumphal arch made to look like the sky, and by an artifice it opened in the middle, and there came down a boy like an angel, and as the Prince passed he gave him a purse with a thousand pounds sterling in it, and when he handed it to him the little Prince said, "Why do they give me this?" and he had not strength to hold it in his hands. The Duke, his uncle, who went by his side, said that it was the custom of the city, and then he gave the purse to the captain of the guard, at which everybody was surprised, for it was thought that he had not been told to do so. All the way along there were triumphal arches, so he had plenty to see; and to be brief, they went to the church at Westminster, the custom being that when the King passes through London the Lord Mayor, bearing the sword in his hand, goes before him, and when the King dines the Lord Mayor serves him the first time with wine, which he gives him in a great gold cup, and when the King has drunk the Lord Mayor carries off the cup, which is his by right.

From the Abbey to the Hall where they dined they went on foot, and along the street was spread fine cloth, of which there were at least twenty lengths, and the moment the King passed these cloths disappeared, for whoever

could, cut a piece off and took it for himself. Many other ceremonies were enacted; especially that all the time the King was eating a gentleman on horseback and in armour rode up and down the great Hall, and called out loudly, "If anyone wishes to question the right of King Edward to the throne, let him come; I defy him to combat!" and he has to ride up and down saying this the whole time the King is dining; and after the King has dined they take him (the King) to the palace, and as he enters the door the porter plucks hold of his garments, and as soon as the King goes upstairs the clothes are sent down to him, the chamberlain getting the tunic, doublet, and trunks.

The day after the coronation the death of the late King was published, of which we will speak.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

HOW THE DEATH OF THE KING WAS MADE PUBLIC, AND THE GREAT CEREMONIES WHICH WERE HELD.

THE day after King Edward was crowned, the death of the late King was proclaimed by sound of the trumpet, and masses were ordered to be said in all the churches in the kingdom. All the Court dressed in mourning, and it was wonderful to see the great number of mourning housings which were made for the horses. The body was taken to Windsor for burial, and a bust and figure in the likeness of the King were carried on a car all covered with mourning. The figure looked exactly like the King himself, and he seemed just as if he were alive. The car was drawn by eight horses all covered with mourning, sprinkled over with the King's arms. In front of the litter there went over a thousand horses in deep mourning, as also were their riders, who carried each one a torch in his hand, and at every place the clergy came out with crosses and holy water, which they sprinkled upon the litter. The great number of gentlemen in mourning on horseback may

be imagined—a wonderful sight to see—and the decorations of the church at Windsor with candles and torches were incredibly grand.

He was entombed in the chapel where the other kings were buried, and the tomb was so costly that to attempt to describe it would be a never-ending task. Before the interment the Bishop of London preached a sermon, which inspired all those who heard it with deep sorrow for the death of the King. He enumerated all his noble deeds, and the many boons he had granted in his time. After the funeral the lords remained there four days, and many masses were said, and the almoner was ordered to distribute alms, whereupon he came to London, and to the great churchyard of the cathedral there came a large number of poor people, to whom were given two groats each, or eight pennies. The same almoner went to all the hospitals and gave five shillings (sueldos) to each poor person, and they were many; and he afterwards went to a great number of houses of the shame-faced poor, and gave them a pound each, besides doing many other charitable things.

The treasurer then ordered all the servants of the King to be paid, at which they were all very much pleased. Truly they lost much by his death, especially the foreigners, for a foreigner never went to speak to him and came away discontented.

When all these affairs were finished a large number of people, both from England and abroad, had business at Court, and as the King had left sixteen members of the Government, it was necessary that they should all meet to dispatch business, which was a great trouble to petitioners; and one day Paget, who was a man of great wit, and knew well the good that such a course might bring to him, said, when they were all met, "Gentlemen, it appears to me that the petitioners are put to great trouble, as nothing can be settled until we are all here, and I think it would be better if we were to appoint one of our number to be the Principal or Protector, who could dispatch business. No one could fill this place better than the Duke of Somerset,[1]

[1] The Protector had been made Duke of Somerset immediately on his nephew's succession, and the proposal to make him omnipo-

who is here, for he is the King's uncle, and deserves it more than any other." As soon as Paget ceased speaking they all—for their own convenience—said, "Master Paget speaks wisely, we will have the Duke for governor;" and from that hour, by common consent, they called him Protector, and made him governor of the person of the King. When the Duke saw this he said they conferred a great honour upon him, and the news soon got abroad in the palace and the city that he had been appointed Protector, and he took up his residence in the palaces of the King, and the petitioners all addressed themselves to him.

From that hour forward the Protector became so haughty that it was fearful, for he lived in such great state, and spent so much money, that if he had been King he could not have done more, and it would have been much better if he had moderated himself. He was so covetous, too, that it was said that in the two years and a half that he was Protector he became rich and the King became poor. He began building houses better than any of the King's; and very few of the petitioners were pleased with him, for he became very tyrannical, and people rarely obtained justice in their demands, and if they did it was after long delay and at heavy cost.

The Protector had a wife who was prouder than he was, and she ruled the Protector so completely that he did whatever she wished, and she, finding herself in such great state, became more presumptuous than Lucifer. She thought that as her husband ruled the kingdom she ought to be more considered than the Queen, and claimed to take precedence of her.

We will tell presently of the great dissensions which took place between her and the Queen, and for the present will relate how the brother of the Protector was made Admiral.

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tent in the Government was acquiesced in by all but Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, Lord Chancellor, who was at once compelled to resign.

CHAPTER LXIX.

HOW MASTER SEYMOUR, BROTHER OF THE PROTECTOR, WAS MADE ADMIRAL.

SHORTLY after the Duke became Protector, he spoke to the Council, and said, "My lords, you know how long my brother, Master Seymour, has served, and how the King esteemed him, and if he had not died would have given him great rewards; and you also know that it is time the Earl of Warwick was allowed to rest, and had another less laborious office. My brother is young and is well fitted for this post, so if you approve I propose to make the Earl Constable, and my brother High Admiral."

They approved of what the Protector said, and confirmed Seymour's appointment as High Admiral. Then the Protector thought as he was now in this high post he would get him married, and secretly spoke to the lords, and said to them, "I wish to put my brother in a great position, and as the Queen is still young, and my brother is a gentleman, I should like them to be married to each other." The Chancellor said that it would be a great, good thing for Seymour if it could be brought about, as he would enjoy the seven thousand pounds a year the Queen had; but the Archbishop of Canterbury said he thought it would be a disrespect to the late King for his widow, being a Queen, to come to be the wife of an Admiral, but he said of course the Protector could do as he wished about it, and he (the Archbishop) would place no obstacle in the way.

The Protector replied, "My lords, what I have said has been simply to hear your will in the matter. I am aware that it is a presumption, but you know he is an uncle of the King, and the higher his estate, the greater the honour." Then said Secretary Paget, "My lord Duke, I will take this matter in hand; your lordship knows that my wife never leaves the Queen, and she can do a great deal with her." So they said no more about it.

The Duke summoned the Admiral, and said to him, "Brother, I have spoken to the Council about you, and have mentioned the idea of marrying you to the Queen, so in future you must bear yourself very gallantly, and pay great court to her." The Admiral was nothing loth, and thenceforward was very lavish, and being a gentleman of good presence, he became very attentive to the Queen. Paget had taken charge of the affair, and the same night he spoke to his wife about it, and told her to endeavour to get the Queen to accept the Admiral for her husband, but warned her that she would have to treat the matter very judiciously. The wife answered him that she would do her duty, and hoped to be able to give him a prompt answer.

So, one day after dinner, when the Queen was in the great hall of the Palace with all her ladies—Madam Mary being also there—and the Paget was talking to the Queen by design, the Admiral came in, looking so handsome that everyone had something to say about him, and praised him as one of the prettiest men in the Court, which indeed he was; and Paget's wife, who was talking to the Queen, whispered in her ear, "What does your highness think of the Admiral's appearance?" to which the Queen answered that she liked it very much.—Oh how changeable women are in that country!—Then Paget's wife said to the Queen, "All the ill I wish you, Madam, is that he should become your husband;" and the Queen replied, "I could wish that it had been my fate to have him for a husband, but God has so placed me that any diminution in my state would be a reproach to me." The Paget told her that she could never cease to be called Queen, and to win so pretty a man a person might well stoop a little, although he was, as she knew, an uncle of the King.

Then Paget's wife called the Admiral, who came and bowed before the Queen; and the Paget asked him how it was he did not take a wife, to which he replied very bashfully, as he was in the Queen's presence, "Madam, there is still time, and I hope with God's help to find favour in a lady whom I love and wish to serve." The Queen looked at him as he spoke, and noticed that he said it very shyly,

so she was silent. The Duke then came in, and the Queen had time to tell the Paget the next time she spoke to the Admiral to ask him who the lady was, and as the Duke came to speak to the Queen the Paget took the opportunity of going and asking the Admiral the question; to which he replied that he lacked courage to name her; so the Paget said to him, "Oh, Admiral, you may well tell me. I promise you I will help you all I can. Do not refuse me."

Then the Admiral told her that the Duke had spoken to him about the Queen, and that since then he had set his heart on her; and the Paget answered him that he was to be praised for setting his heart so high, and promised to strive in his favour.

No more was said; and as the Duke left the Queen the Paget told her what the Admiral had said, and the Queen was at length won over, and said, "Well, if the Admiral loves me I do not dislike him, but for anything to come of it the Duke will have to speak to me on the matter, and I will act in a manner which shall please the Admiral." The Paget told her husband that night what had passed, which gladdened him very much, and he went and told the Duke.

The next day the Duke talked it over with the Queen, and in short they arranged the marriage, which was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was known all over London the next day. She was called Queen till the day of her death, and the Admiral treated her with royal honours, and always spoke to her with his hat in his hand. From that time forward this Admiral became more fantastic than ever, as will be told.

CHAPTER LXX.

HOW THERE WAS GREAT JEALOUSY BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND THE WIFE OF THE PROTECTOR, AND HOW THE QUEEN DIED.

HARDLY a year had passed after the marriage of the Queen with the Admiral before there was great jealousy between the Queen and the Protector's wife, who seeing that the Queen was the wife of the younger brother, resolved not to pay the usual honours to her. When the Queen saw it she was much annoyed, and said to her husband the Admiral, "How is this, that through my marriage with you the wife of your brother is treating me with contempt and presumes to go before me? I will never allow it, for I am Queen, and shall be called so all my life, and I promise you if she does again what she did yesterday I will pull her back myself." The Admiral was greatly grieved at this, first that his brother should not treat the Queen with more respect, and next because he did not wish these two to be on bad terms; so he spoke to the Duke about it; but as he (the Duke) was more ruled by his wife's desires than anything else, instead of trying to pacify the Admiral, said, "Brother, are you not my younger brother, and am I not Protector, and do you not know that your wife, before she married the King, was of lower rank than my wife? I desire, therefore, since the Queen is your wife that mine should go before her."

Here the Protector showed his great arrogance; and it is thought when he got the Queen to marry his brother it was principally to exalt his own wife over her, as he was Protector. The Admiral was very sorry at what his brother said, and he replied, "My brother, I am sorry there should be any anger between them, but I can tell you that the Queen is determined not to allow it, so do not blame me for it." And no more passed.

The next day, at the time when they usually went to the chapel of the palace to hear matins, the Protector's wife

came and thrust herself forward, and sat in the Queen's place; and as soon as the Queen saw it, she could not bear it, and took hold of her arm, and said, "I deserve this for degrading myself from a Queen to marry an Admiral." The other ladies who were there would not allow the quarrel to go any further; but, from that day forward, the Protector tried to do all the harm he could to his brother; and the Queen said to her husband, "Are you not also the King's uncle as well as the Protector? Why need he have so many offices of Protector, King's guardian, and ruler of the realm? You should at least try to get the guardianship of the King." The Admiral listened to the words of the Queen, and as he had been a member of the Council for some time, he said one day when the Duke his brother was not there, "My lords, I ought to have the guardianship of the King, for my brother has quite enough to do in the government." To which they answered, that they would speak to the Protector about it; which they did, and he understood at once that if his brother was the King's guardian, he would work against him; and from that hour the Protector bore great animosity towards his brother, and resolved to ruin him, as will be told. When the Queen saw the small consideration in which she was held, so great was her chagrin that she fell ill, and in a short time died. The Admiral's loss by her death was a great one, for amongst other things he lost the £7,000 a year, and as he was living in great splendour, and had no revenue to keep it up, the following things happened.

CHAPTER LXXI.

HOW, AFTER THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN, THE ADMIRAL ABETTED A LARGE NUMBER OF ROBBERIES AT SEA.

WHEN the Admiral found himself a widower, and bereft of his revenue, there continued to come before him innumerable complaints of robberies at sea; and whereas during the Queen's lifetime he did justice, as soon as she died he upheld all robbers and pirates at sea, and

never gave justice in any matter of value. The pirates gave him a half of what they stole, and he became very rich thereby, so much so indeed that he arranged with the master of the Bristol mint to coin money for him, and to such an extent that he had soon in his possession, as will be told, a sum of two hundred thousand ducats. He always pleaded poverty, and said one day in the Council that he marvelled the Protector did not give him an income as uncle of the King. So the Council agreed to give him one thousand five hundred ducats a year more than he received, and he was at once paid a year in advance, although he had no need of it as it turned out.

The Admiral being rich, and a protector of the pirates, every day there came greater complaints before the Council, and they were obliged to summon him, and ask him why he did not look after these matters. He answered that he was now dispatching three ships to see that no injury was suffered by the merchants, and assured them that he had spent a thousand pounds out of his own pocket on them. This was quite true, for he had fitted out three very good vessels, which, when they sailed, did more harm than any, so that the poor merchants and sailors paid for it in the long run; and it is a fact that in the matter of a year or so the English stole more than four thousand ducats on the seas.[1]

Well, to return to the Admiral; one day he spoke to the Protector as follows, whence came much ill to him, and ultimately caused his death.

CHAPTER LXXII.

HOW THE ADMIRAL ASKED FOR THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING FOR HIS WIFE, AND WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARDS.

AS the Admiral found himself more and more prosperous with what they gave him, he said one day at the Council, "My lords, since I am uncle of the King it would only be

[1] Probably four hundred thousand ducats.

fitting that I should marry honourably, and as I was formerly married to the Queen, it would not be much more if you were to give me Madam Elizabeth, for I deserve her better than any other." The lords told him he had better speak to the Protector about it, and if he desired it they would offer no objection. Then the Admiral went to his brother, and said, "My lord, I have spoken to the lords of the Council, and have asked them for Madam Elizabeth, and they have sent me to you, so now I have to ask you to be good to me, and give me your favour in this, and also that you will agree that I should have the custody of the King." When his brother heard this, he said he would see about it; and the Protector then called the Council together, and told them how his brother wanted the custody of the King. When they heard this, they looked at each other, and the Protector, who was already offended with his brother, continued, "I do not know what idea my brother has, but you must consider it well, for I have in my mind that he cannot have any good intent in asking for Madam Elizabeth for his wife, and then wanting the custody of the King. The devil is strong! He might kill the King and Madam Mary, and then claim the crown." Whilst they were talking about it the Chancellor, who had been absent, and knew nothing of what they were discussing, entered the Council-chamber, and said, "My lords, if some remedy is not found, great trouble will arise. I have to inform you that the three ships the Admiral sent out do nothing but rob right and left, and you ought to send for the Admiral and discover whether he consents to such things."

As the Council was already discussing the affairs of the Admiral, this complaint had a bad effect; and they sent and summoned the Admiral. When he came the Duke addressed him, "Admiral, great complaints are made every day of the many robberies at sea, and it is openly said that you are an accomplice of them, and that the three ships sent out by you are doing great damage. If this be so you deserve a heavy punishment. All these gentlemen know that only a short time ago you were poor and could not sustain the state you kept up when the Queen was alive, for which reason we gave you fifteen hun-

dred pounds, as you said you had spent it in fitting out the three ships, but we now see you are spending more money than ever, and you cannot do this without having very large sums of money." The Admiral answered, when he heard what the Protector said, "I wish your lordships to know that I had and have money, and I deserve to have a higher rank than I have, and if evil is done at sea it is no fault of mine, and I will have the three ships sent back again."

Two days after this happened they brought to London under arrest one of the sea robbers, who was found to have stolen goods of the value of fifteen hundred ducats; and when he was brought before the Council he was examined, and confessed that he had given to the Admiral a half of all he had stolen. And it was discovered that there were merchants in Bristol who bought the goods. As soon as the Protector heard this he told the Council that they ought to punish him; and it was agreed to send the Admiral to the Tower, and they took measures to find out what happened at Bristol, where they discovered that out of over twenty captures the Admiral had taken his half. He was accused, also, of ordering to be coined in Bristol great sums of money, whereby he became so rich.

They went to his house, and found he had silver money to the value of a hundred thousand pounds; and when the lords saw this, and remembered that he wanted to marry the King's daughter, and to have the custody of the young King, they thought that he must certainly have intended to kill him. So all the lords said to the Protector, "My lord, it is you who rule. Do justice, like the gentleman you are." And as his animosity was as strong as ever, he resolved to dispatch his brother. They went one day to the Tower, and examined him, but he would not confess anything. They referred the whole case to the Protector; and he said to his brother that a man who abetted so many robberies should die, and this was determined upon.

They brought him out in three days' time for his execution, and he certainly would have been spared if it had not been for the wife of the Protector, who pressed the matter forward, and said to her husband, "My lord, I tell you that if your brother does not die he will be your death."

This was quite enough for the Protector; so this gentleman ended thus, that all might see that the Protector did justice, even upon his brother.

All that he had was given to the King, and the poor merchants who were robbed got nothing. The thieves were punished, but the merchants had no other satisfaction for the very large value of the merchandize of which they had been robbed.[1]

CHAPTER LXXIII.

HOW THE CLERGY STROVE UNTIL THEY GOT LIBERTY TO MARRY.

IN another chapter I told of the strict orders that the King laid upon the clergy, and that very few would be priests in consequence; but they strove so much that one day they had a meeting of more than thirty of them, and they went to the house of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and said to him, "My lord, we marvel much that you, who are our vicar, do not intercede to the Council for us, for you can see we are dying out, and nobody now will become a priest in consequence of the strictness imposed upon us by the King's order. The remedy is in your hands." Then said the Archbishop, "What do you want me to do?" "We want," said they, "liberty to get married—those who wish to—for, as you know, in the Old Testament all the priests were married, and in Greece the clergy marry now. There is no law to prevent it, and it would be much better than to live in concubinage as many do." The Archbishop answered them, "Gentlemen, I cannot undo what the King has done, unless all the Council agree to it; but, to satisfy you, I will mention it in the Council, and will see what they say."[2]

They all went away for the time, and the next day the Archbishop went to the Council, where they were discuss-

[1] The unfortunate Seymour was sacrificed on 20th March, 1549.
[2] November, 1549.

ing amongst themselves the question of taking away the altars from the churches, for they had already done away with the sacrament. The proposal was that, in future, no priest should be allowed to elevate the host to the people; and when he desired to administer, that a part of the host should be given to someone else, and if there was nobody to take it with him, he was not to consecrate it, or take it himself.

This was ordered; and the Archbishop then said, "My lords, you know that hitherto the priests have been kept in strict subjection by the mandate of the late King; and since we have now ordered this new rule by which anyone can take the host with the priests, you might well allow the clergy liberty to marry, and issue a strict command that any priest who was married, and was found living a loose life with any other woman, should be very severely punished." The lords answered, "My lord Bishop, that is your affair; you can order it if you like." And the Bishop then said, "My lords, I will do nothing without the Council; but, if you are willing, I will draw up an order to that effect, and will show it to you, when, if you approve of it, I will publish it, and, if not, it can be torn up."

The Archbishop then went and drew up the following: "King Edward and his noble Council have ordered and hereby give licence to all the clergy within his realm, both old and young, to marry if they so wish, and the King commands, as their spiritual head, that if after they have taken a wife, and find themselves free, they should dare to have any connection with another woman, they shall lose their benefices, and all their goods, and suffer three years' imprisonment. Those who do not wish to marry, and who are found in concubinage, shall be fined £20 for the first time, and if they have not so much, then the half of all they have; and, for the second time, shall forfeit their benefices, be degraded, and lose everything they possess." When this edict was drawn up, the Archbishop took it to the Council, who all said it was good, and ordered it to be promulgated, as it was. To be brief, in two months' time so many had married that it was impossible to distinguish who were priests, as they also went dressed like laymen; so that, after all, they got what they wanted. And so, to-

day, most of them marry; and even some bishops have married, and many priests with large families have married the mothers of their children.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

HOW THE PRIESTS, BY THEIR GREAT JEALOUSY, GAVE RISE TO THE EDICT WHICH IS SPOKEN OF IN THIS CHAPTER.

THE priests having now wives of their own, many laymen, knowing how jealous they were, made fun of them; so one day the clergymen went to Lambeth, where the Archbishop of Canterbury was, and one of them, who had well learnt by heart what he had to say, for about twenty married priests had agreed about it, said: "My lord, if your lordship, as pastor, does not remedy the present state of things much evil will come to the country. We have to tell you that there is so much wickedness in the city of London, and the country in general, that women and girls, married and single, shamelessly, and without the fear of God before their eyes, go from tavern to tavern, and from one bad place to another, and, although many of them want to be good, they cannot be because of the dissoluteness which surrounds them. If this is allowed to go on much longer your lordship will see that everyone will take whoever pleases him best, and women will become common property." The Archbishop asked them what remedy they wished him to adopt; and one of them, who was a doctor, said, "My lord, if your lordship commands me, I will preach next Sunday in London, before the Lord Mayor and aldermen, on this subject, and your lordship, after hearing the sermon, can issue a decree for reformation." The Archbishop said he would go and hear the sermon, and hoped that the people would reform.

When Sunday came this doctor ascended the pulpit and began his sermon, and after preaching for an hour he said: "My Lord Mayor and worshipful masters, great is the evil which in these days is done in this city, more, indeed,

than in all the realm, and if a remedy be not found we shall soon be worse than Turks, for the great liberty now enjoyed by the people, both of speech and action, allows them to surrender themselves to vices and pastimes such as have never been equalled in this realm. No doubt you think that the sin of lewdness is a venial one, and therefore married men and bachelors, married women and spinsters, all consort together in the most shameless way. One married man will say to another, lend me your wife and I will lend you mine. If you wish to prove the truth of all this make a strict investigation, and punish the evil-doers, for great dissoluteness is rife. I will counsel you how best to find out the truth. Choose two honest men in each parish and let them call before them all the inhabitants of the parish and question each one privately, and inquire closely in the mode of life he leads, and you will then see the behaviour which prevails amongst them." When the sermon was finished the Archbishop of Canterbury went to dine with the Lord Mayor, and after dinner they talked for a long time on this matter, and it was settled that the Lord Mayor should cause each alderman to sit in his own ward, with the deputies and parish clerks, and call the inhabitants before them.

Within five days after the sermon was preached they met, and the result of their inquiries was that they found very many women, married and single, acting wrongly, and a great number of men living immorally.

When the Lord Mayor found so much dissoluteness, he informed the Archbishop, who sent to the Lord Mayor telling him to punish the wrong-doers, and the Lord Mayor entered so rigorously into it that every day a large number of women, married and single, were taken to the river bank, and there made to sit in a chair and were ducked under the water. Some of them were ducked six times, some more some less, but they found so many of them that they were sorry they had had anything to do with it, besides which very many women were disgraced who had always before enjoyed good reputations; for the search was so strict that a great number of women of position and standing were taken, and this lasted for a fortnight. The Lord Mayor thought that the men also ought to be

punished, and when they were unsuspecting a great number of them were arrested, many of high position, and many others absented themselves so as not to come to the shame of their fellows. The men were carried along on a cart, and people threw dirty water and other filth out of the windows at them. Some of the citizens went to the Lord Mayor and told him that it was not right of him to be so severe, and said that it might cost him dear after he finished his year of office; but he did not cease on that account, although many men would have paid large sums to be saved from the disgrace.

The clergy were delighted and pleased at all this, especially those who were recently married to pretty wives; and on one occasion when three priests were looking on and laughing whilst a worthy man was being disgraced, someone said to them, "Oh you rascals! It is all through you that this is done. I hope to see the day when you will be only too glad to cover up your pates, for when you were not free to marry you left no woman alone, and made light enough of this offence, trying to dishonour all your neighbours. Now that you can marry, and are afraid that other people will pay you back in your own coin, you have planned all this." Many other things happened in the realm which I will not recount here, only that, as I have said, the priests were the cause of many men and women being brought to shame.

CHAPTER LXXV.

HOW THERE WAS A GREAT SCARCITY IN THE COUNTRY, AND THE CAUSE OF IT.

WITHIN a week after the Admiral was executed, all the common people began to murmur against the Protector, letting him know, and saying openly, they could not believe that the Admiral deserved the death to which they had condemned him, and many other things of the same sort. So great was the murmuring that the people began to say that it was no wonder God sent such scarcity,

seeing the bad government that existed. In order that you should know what was causing the ruin of the country, I will explain that it doubtless was the fault of the governing lords, who took possession of an enormous number of parks and meadows which were formerly common for the poor labourers and husbandmen, and, when once they got possession, they made the poor folk pay them for what previously cost nothing. From this cause wool and all sort of victuals, particularly mutton, began to get very dear, because the lords, when they had firm hold of the pastures, began to buy stock, which the poor people were obliged to sell because they could not keep it, so that in some cases a lord who before had no stock at all, very soon owned five or six thousand head, and they made the butchers pay double what they used to pay. To such a length was it carried that a good sheep which formerly was not worth more than eight groats of their money, came to fetch ten shillings (sueldos) and more. It was frightful; and oxen dear in proportion. The lords, not realizing the injury they were doing, sent to summon the London butchers; and when they came before them, they asked them why they were selling meat so dear. The butchers were silent, until one of them, after a time, up and spoke thus: "My lords, you need not marvel at it; if you do not remedy it, great evil and great disturbance will happen in the realm; and look ye, my lords, although I am only a poor man, I will tell you plainly, for I would rather that you knew, even though I may be punished for my boldness, than that the poor people should suffer as they do." The Protector answered him that he might speak what he had in his mind without fear, and he continued, "My lords, do you want to know the truth? The fault is yours; and hear me out without anger." And then looking towards a gentleman who was called the Lord of the Cinque Ports, and whose name was the Lord Warden, he said, "I call you, my lord, to witness, for you know how, not a week ago, I was in Kent, before your lordship, and bought of you two hundred sheep, for which you charged me ten shillings each; of course to sell them again as provisions for the people we must make some profit. And you well know, my lord, that you have taken all the commons in Kent,

and the poor people were obliged to sell you their stock. Do not be angry, nor think that the Lord Warden is alone to blame." And then turning his face to Secretary Paget, he said, "And you, Sir Secretary; it is notorious the number of commons you have taken in Northamptonshire, and that the poor people complain that there is no place where they can pasture their stock. Here is a neighbour who came from there only yesterday, and could buy nothing because stock was so dear. The reason the poor people give is, that you have taken their pastures away from them. Do not think, then, that you are all free from blame, for nearly all of you have done the same thing; and I beg you to mend this, for the realm is being ruined." Then he stopped and said no more.

Certainly his words were notable and full of reproach for the lords at the present time. There is no doubt he wanted to imitate the Danubian bondsman when he addressed the Senate. However, the lords looked at each other in great surprise; but as the butcher spoke so boldly they did not know how to answer him, only to tell them all to go away and they would have things remedied. The matter, however, touched them all; and as they were very greedy so they took no account of it. What the butcher had said was soon spread all over the country, and there arose so much discontent and riot amongst the common people, that one night in Kent over five hundred villagers met, and went to the Lord Warden's parks and knocked all the fences down, and laid open the fields which they formerly enjoyed. Then they carried their cattle thither, and armed themselves in case anyone should interfere with them. When the lords heard of it at Court, they considered that if affairs were not mended the same thing would happen all over the kingdom, so they sent to say that what the people had done was quite right, but asked them to be pacified now and go to their homes, and make no more disturbance. The people then dispersed, and thenceforward they had the pastures which they previously enjoyed; but all this was not done so quietly as not to become known all over the country, and thereupon happened what will be told afterwards.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

HOW THE PROTECTOR WENT TO MADAM MARY TO WARN HER TO DISCONTINUE THE SACRAMENT, AND WHAT SHE ANSWERED.

AS all over the country the sacrament had been discontinued, the Protector and the lords of the Council thought that the Princess did wrong in not discontinuing it, so the Protector himself determined to go and speak personally to her where she was, fifteen miles from London, and get her to do away with it on the spot. The good lady, when she saw his object, said to him, "Duke, what do you want me to do?" "I wish, Madam, for you to do what everybody else in the country has already done, to abolish these saints and the sacrament, and that in future you should do the same as others." The good lady, in great anger, asked him who had made him the ruler and master of her brother's kingdom, and the Duke answered, "I have the command because all the Council have made me Protector." The good lady rejoined, "I can well believe what you say; but my brother orders no such thing, and you know well, Duke, that the King, my father, maintained the sacrament with deep veneration. Since you have had command the nation is being ruined. I do what my father ordered me, and what a good Christian should, and I shall continue to do it until the King, my brother, comes of age, and then I shall act as my conscience may dictate. It will be better for you, Duke, not to interfere in my affairs, or try to command in my house."

When the Duke saw the attitude of the Princess he thought that to use force would be badly interpreted, so he went away. The good lady called all her servants together, and said, "My servants, you know that all your ancestors have always been good Christians, and I think you are the same. I say this in case there should be any amongst you who may think my present conduct wrong, and any such I will pay his salary, and give him leave of

absence." They all replied, "Madam, we all consider ourselves good Christians, and we see nothing wrong done in your house. We have been brought up in this way, and we wish to die the same." So that all of them to this day venerate the holy sacrament, and three masses are said in her house every day, and they are all very good Christians.

When the Duke arrived in London he told the lords what had passed with the Princess, and they decided to dissemble and keep silent. One day the Princess determined to go and see her brother, the King, and from the city of London there went three hundred horsemen to receive her, and amongst them many foreigners, but no one belonging to the Court went.

This lady was always much beloved by the common people and foreigners, and the day after she arrived in the city she went to the palace to speak to the King. When the Council knew of her coming they went into the Council-chamber, and sent word that she was to wait. When the good lady saw the small account they made of her, without more ado she went straight to the chamber where they were sitting in council, and entering, she said to them, "What is this, my lords, do you not know me? Are you not aware that I am the daughter of King Henry VIII., and sister of King Edward? How is it you make so small account of me? Truly it was a great pity that my brother should be left an orphan so soon, and that his kingdom should fall into the hands of such governors, and I hope to God that I shall yet see the time when you will regret what you are doing." She said no more, but left, and went straight to the King's chamber, who was very pleased to see her, and the good lady said, "Oh, brother, sorry am I that you do not feel and understand what I do." Presently the Protector came in, but she took no notice of him; but the King said, "Welcome, uncle; I am so glad my sister has come. I wish she were always here." The Duke did not answer him, but the good lady said, "I should be glad too, my brother, for it would be better for your soul, and I hope to God that when you know what is going on you will find a remedy." The Protector left the room as if he had not courage to answer. It is certainly a great injury to the good King that he has not his sister

always near him. God grant that she may live until she converts the King and his realm again. When she had been there a long time she went away, and the next day returned to her usual residence. If any good ever comes to the kingdom it will be through the good prayers of this Princess.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

HOW THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER[1] WAS ARRESTED AND TAKEN TO THE TOWER.

OF all the prelates in England none opposed the heretics so much as the Bishops of Winchester and London. I will speak first of the former.

When the good Bishop saw the great heresies which were being invented every day in the kingdom, it grieved him sorely; but as the principal promoters of them were the Protector, the Earl of Warwick, and many lords of the Council, and he also knew the Archbishop of Canterbury's jealousy of him, he could do nothing. This Archbishop of Canterbury one day spoke to the Protector and the other lords, and his speech, which was founded in malice, was as follows: "My lords," he said, "I see that the Bishop of Winchester is trying to contradict us all, and that he presumes to know more of the holy scriptures than any of us. I should like him to preach some day before the King, and I wish your lordships would order him to do so." "I am sure the Bishop will not preach unless the King commands him," said Secretary Paget, who had been a servant of the Bishop, and had been introduced into the King's service by him. When the Protector heard what Paget said, he volunteered to speak to the King, and get him to order the Bishop to preach. So he spoke about it to the King, who sent to summon the Bishop from his diocese, where he had been for some time

[1] Stephen Gardiner.

admonishing the people, and urging upon them not to be led to the great heresies which were being invented. When he came before the King the latter said to him, "How now, godfather; where hast thou been? I have not seen thee for a long time, but since thou hast come I beg thee preach to-morrow, and come and see me oftener." The good Bishop saw plainly that this did not originate from the King, and said, "I will do what your Majesty orders me, although I know that my sermon will be disagreeable to many."

The next day many people came to the Court to hear the sermon, and when the Bishop was in the pulpit he began to preach in such a way that the lords wished very much they had never asked him, because of the large number of people who had come to hear him.

All his sermon was in praise of the holy sacrament, and he said very plainly that whoever spoke against it was a great heretic, and he would maintain it against everyone until he had brought them to the stake. "I well know there will be no one really desirous of contradicting it, but what with hopes of favour, and the small fear of God, they will want to appear to do so. My sorrow is that his Majesty the King is badly informed, and is not yet of an age to know it, and to see the wickedness that is published in his realm. It would have been good for him if his father had lived a few years longer, and would have been better for all the kingdom, for I well know that he would never have allowed the evil which exists at the present time." He said many like things, whereat all the lords were indignant against him; and he also said to them, "You, my lords, all of you, do wrong in inventing new things in the Church until the King comes of age, and he can act as its head. What you are doing, my lords, is against the commandment of King Henry VIII." These words greatly favoured the Bishop, because the lords could find nothing in them by which they might undo him, so without any more ado they at once sent him to the Tower, where he still remains to this day, but they have not taken his rents away, and all his house is intact. He is well served in the Tower at his own cost. God grant that he may succeed in his object, for there is hope that if

the King reaches maturity, and understands what is going on, he will reform it.

The lords, and especially the Archbishop of Canterbury, would much like to finish him, but they do not dare, as they can find no good reason. God help him and keep him as he is.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

HOW THE BISHOP OF LONDON [1] WAS ARRESTED, AND WHY; AND HOW HE WAS TAKEN TO THE THIEVES' PRISON.

SOME time after the Bishop of Winchester was taken, the lords, knowing that the Bishop of London upheld the same doctrine, and preached in praise of the holy sacrament, and refuted those heretics who spoke against it, desired him to preach before the King, as he wished to hear him.

This good Bishop also understood the malice, and said, "My lords, I shall be very happy to preach." And they then told him not to preach anything about the sacrament, but, as he was learned, that he should instil learning into the people. He answered them, "My lords, if it be God's will that I enter the pulpit, I shall preach that which the Holy Spirit may put into my heart." The next Sunday he went to the Court to preach, and had a tremendous congregation. His sermon was such that for a long time no one had preached one to compare with it at Court, unless it was the Bishop of Winchester; for, by divine inspiration, the Holy Ghost spoke in him, and said, "Brethren here assembled, I am here in this pulpit by command of the lords of the King's Council, to preach and exhort, and I was ordered to say nothing about the holy sacrament; but I, as your pastor, since the Church obliges me to say it, tell you that all those who disbelieve in the holy sacrament of the altar will be damned, and con-

[1] Edmund Bonner, imprisoned 1st January, 1549, until the accession of Queen Mary.

demned to the pains of hell. Have a care, my brethren; I admonish you and I urge you, for I am obliged to do so as your pastor, that from good sheep ye turn not to goats. I exhort ye to hold firm in the faith of Christ, and to venerate the most holy sacrament, and all the sacraments of holy mother Church." And he preached many other excellent things, for which, if it had not been for fear of raising a disturbance amongst the multitude that heard him, they would have made him come down from the pulpit before he finished his sermon.

He was hardly out of the pulpit when twenty halberdiers carried him off with every indignity to the thieves' prison, where he still remains to this day. They took his house away from him, and only allow him for his expenses one crown a day.

Many good Christians were grieved at the imprisonment of these two Bishops. God maintain them in their good opinion. The lords go to talk with them very often, to persuade them to conform to what they have done in taking away the sacrament; but they still stand firm, and say they will die before they consent to such wickedness. They say their King is not of age, and when he reaches his majority they will say what it is their duty to say; but, in the meanwhile, they wish to be not further troubled. It is true they may put them to death, but they will never go against what they have preached, for it is the veritable truth. And so I leave them, hoping in God that a time will come when their truth may prevail, and the wicked be confounded, and that God will not allow error to last for ever.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

HOW THEY ABOLISHED MASSES AND ALTARS, AND THE WAY THEY NOW ADMINISTER THE SACRAMENT.

WE have already related how the priests now marry, but I did not declare how they had abolished masses; so I will tell it in this chapter. You must know

that when they had taken the saints away from the churches, and the holy sacrament, which in each parish church they had in the middle of the altar, they agreed that in future it should not be called mass, but the Lord's Supper, and that it was sufficient for them to have a table in the middle of the church, to which anybody could go who wished to partake of the supper, when the priest was in his vestments, and was taking it himself, and at the same time administering it to others. It was ordered, also, that the host should not be consecrated until it was just going to be taken; and if anyone wanted to partake of the supper, that the priest should consecrate it, and give the communicant a half, or, if there were more than one, to each a piece.

They are ordered to make a general confession in English, which the priest recites, and the clerk answers, and all those who wish to communicate kneel down. When the general confession is ended, the priest gives a piece of the host to each one, and then lets him drink from the chalice, which they call consecrated. When he gives them the host, he says these words, "The body of our Lord, which was given on the cross for thee and for me, preserve thy soul unto everlasting life. Amen." And when he gives the chalice, he says, "The blood of the Lord, which was shed for thee and for me, preserve thy soul unto eternal life. Amen." And when they have taken it, the benediction is said, and they go; but the priest had previously said the Epistle and the Gospel in English, as well as certain prayers. So this is the way they administer it; and they say matins, vespers, and litanies in English; and in one passage of them it says, "From the wiles and errors of the Bishop of Rome, good Lord deliver us."

They say many other heresies which, to avoid scandal, I do not repeat here; but I want to say how many evils and great injuries have happened since the existence of these heresies, for all the world knows there was not in Christendom a nation so rich or so abundant in all things when the abbeys and monasteries existed—everything dirt-cheap—money plentiful—and yet to-day there is no country so ruined in the world: all through the King having taken away the great store of wealth, and the plate belonging to

the abbeys, and the endowments, which also were a great treasure. There were in the country fifty thousand parish churches. If there were only ten ducats a year in each, on an average, one with another, the King took it all—but really in most of them there were more than a hundred ducats—and turned them into money, selling these revenues to his subjects, and amassed untold sums. Besides which, he had the first-fruits of the Church, and has levied money on his subjects four times in three years—no small sum—and melted down all the good money; and the money now coined is the basest in the world—the groat of four pence, which used to be worth twenty-five maravedis in good money, not being now worth seven maravedis. The gold is worse still, although formerly both gold and silver used to be the best in the world. And after all there is none of it left, for it is all gone, and the King is poor.

Certainly it has been a great plague, and it has all happened in the last eight years, and gets worse and worse every day. Everything is so dear that in time I do not think there will be a foreigner who will take service in that country. I trust the Redeemer of the world will send a remedy, and convert these people to His holy faith, so that they may regain their good name. It used to be called a country of angels, but it might now be called a country of devils.

You can see plainly that they even prophesied it themselves, for not long ago they represented a comedy there at the time they were doing away with the saints; and in one part it represented God, sitting alone on a chair, and someone came in where He was, and, looking all round about, and seeing nobody else, he asked, "How is this, Lord, that thou art all alone? What has become of all thy saints?" And He answered, "There are none left here; they have all gone to Spain, France, Flanders, Italy, and Portugal, and are divided." Then the man said, "Well, since Thou art alone here, I shall not stay. I want to go to a place where there is more company." So he goes to the other side, where there is a very ugly man seated in a chair, representing Lucifer, and he sees that he also is alone, and asks him, "How is it possible that you can be alone? What has become of all your devils?" To which Lucifer

responds, "They have all left me, because they have so much to do in England, and cannot come: they have not time." So they themselves foresaw it would be a country of devils. God in his mercy make it a land of saints again!

CHAPTER LXXX.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK ROSE, AND ALL THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL.

AS soon as the people of Norfolk and Suffolk knew what the Kentish men had done, one of them, called Anthony Kett,[1] who was a rich villein of Suffolk, being one Sunday at the parish church with his neighbours, said, "What is this my brothers? Why should we not do the same as the Kentish men? For my part I would rather die than the lords should keep us in such great subjection." They then met together to the number of two hundred, and, in two days, more than ten thousand had joined in the rising, and they made this Kett their captain. It was in the summer time, and they went from place to place and did not leave a single park or field enclosed, for they threw them all open. They did no harm to any husbandman, but they took the lords' cattle for their maintenance; and when the lords heard this and learnt the great damage that was being done, they sent thither two thousand soldiers, who at that time were in London, and Germans, Italians, and Spaniards to the number of four thousand.[2] As soon as they arrived the villeins defeated them, and finding themselves so numerous and strong, the rebels then resolved to push forward, and left no noble's house in all those parts which they did not visit to demand money and food, taking the lords with them by force; and so it went on, until they all, with one voice, demanded that everything should be in common.

[1] Robert Kett was in business as a tanner at Norwich, and, with his brother William, had some property at Wymondham, Norfolk.
[2] Under the Earl of Northampton.

Things were in this state when news came to the Protector that a rising had taken place in Cornwall, under a gentleman called Master Arundel, who had over thirty thousand men with him to march against the lords; the cause of this rising being that commissioners had been sent thither to remove the sacraments from the churches, and the people resenting this rose to resist it. This Master Arundel sent word to the lords that they would die rather than submit to any such thing, and then fortified themselves strongly with much cannon, taken from Plymouth and other forts of the King, and bore red flags with the holy sacrament on them. So that these people rose in defence of the faith, and the others in Norfolk and Suffolk because they wanted everything to be common property.

The lords then sent the Earl of Warwick to Cornwall with ten thousand troops, in very good order, and amongst them there were over three thousand foreigners. When the Cornishmen heard of their coming they determined to give battle, and waited on the field for them. The Earl only marched six miles a day so as not to distress his people, and on the way they picked up a great many men, some by good will and some by force.

They arrived one night within a mile of the Cornish force, and as the rebels were not soldiers, although they were very brave and well armed, an Italian captain named Spinola said to the Earl that night, "My lord, we are not tired, but our enemy will think we require rest, so my opinion is that we should feign to pitch our headquarters here so as to lead any spies they may have to believe that we are going to sleep, and then, if your lordship wishes, we can be with them at daybreak, and take them unawares and defeat them easily.

The Earl liked the advice, and ordered proclamation to be cried that all should go to rest, as within three days he wished to give battle to the Cornishmen. The announcement was made, and the spies let the Cornishmen know, and thus caused them to be taken by surprise.

That same night the Earl sent for all the captains, and ordered them to advise their men to be ready to attack the enemy before dawn, and this was done. To be brief, at the first sign of daylight they were on them and took them

unarmed, and with such cleverness, that before they could rally six thousand of the Cornishmen were killed, and the rest fled amidst great slaughter. It is piously believed that many people in the kingdom were grieved at their defeat, as they came with such a good demand. When the Earl had routed them he pushed forward, and at last did whatever he liked, and immediately had the sacraments taken away from all the churches. It was not very long before the rest of the Cornishmen became worse than any others.

During this time the Norfolk and Suffolk folks were still fortified, eating as much as they pleased, and had determined to go on to London. When the Londoners heard this they posted strong guards, and placed a hundred armed men and three big guns at each of the city gates, as well as an infinity of muskets round the walls.

As so many guards were at the gates, no person, either on foot or horseback, was allowed to pass without examination, and with such care was this done that ten spies were taken. Gallows were erected at the various city gates, and they hanged the spies, so that those who might follow them should see their fate. The villeins soon heard of it, and swore to set fire to London, and sent word to that effect.

From this time forward it was ordered that every night six aldermen, each with a hundred men, should perambulate all over the city, so for fifteen days over six hundred men watched the city by night, besides the guarding of the gates by day as we have described.

When the Earl of Warwick[1] had finished in Cornwall, and could leave it tranquillized, he came with all his force as quickly as he could to attack the villeins, which he did

[1] "After Northampton's defeat, the Earl of Warwick, with 2,000 lance-knights retained for service in Scotland, attacked the rebels, and being a bold and prudent general he assaulted them first with the said strangers, being footmen, on the front, whilst he and his horsemen gave charge on the flanke of the battaile." (Grafton.)

Hollingshead mentions that 1,400 foreign lance-knights came to reinforce Warwick before Norwich, and that some of these foreign troops, having skirmished too near the town without orders, one of their number, an Italian, was caught by the rebels, and hung up in sight of all his comrades.

so successfully as to defeat them in a very short time. It was a wonder the two hundred knights and gentlemen whom these villeins kept by force in their company, and compelled them to furnish them with victuals, were not killed.

At the engagement where the villeins were defeated, the captain, who was called "King," ordered these gentlemen to be placed in the front rank of the battle. It is believed that this caused the destruction of the villeins, because the Earl, who was kept well informed, knew what was going on, and ordered that no harm should be done to the first squadron in front. The gentlemen, doubtless, were also advised, and went to the attack very boldly, and the Earl's men let them pass through, whereupon they all turned round and attacked the villeins and defeated them.[1]

King Kett—for this is how he was called—when he saw his folks routed, turned rein and fled, and for his sins he arrived at the house of a servant of one of the gentlemen who were carried by force with the rebels. This servant was a carter, and had a cart loaded with provisions to be carried to the villeins' camp, and when Kett arrived he begged the servant to help him; and the carter replied, "Who art thou that comest flying like this?" "The Earl of Warwick has routed us," said Kett. When the carter heard this he was prudent, and said, "Sir Captain, alight and enter my house, I will keep you secretly." When Kett alighted the carter asked him what had become of the gentlemen whom they carried with them. "They are routed as well," said Kett, "for they went in front." The carter asked no more, but told him to sit and rest himself, and offered him food if he wanted it, which he accepted, and, little thinking the carter would betray him, he then went to rest.

When he had retired the carter went and called a comrade of his, and said to him, "Brother, we shall be rich if we can take this mutinous devil and carry him to London." So they agreed together, and went to where Kett was sleeping unsuspectingly, and throwing themselves upon him with a rope, tied his hands and feet; the carter saying to

[1] 26th August, 1549.

him, "I promise thee, Kett, thou shalt pay for the death of my master." Kett thought by fair words to persuade them to let him go, and offered them large sums of money, but it was not God's will that he should do any more harm, so they kept him well bound, and taking his horse and the two cart-horses, they rode all night, and brought him in the morning to a place eight miles from London. They informed the lords of the Council, who sent two hundred men for him and took him to the Tower, the carters being ordered not to go away, and promised a good reward. Nearly all the gentlemen who had been kidnapped by the villeins were in London, and amongst them the master of the carters, who used his influence with the lords of the Council to get the men recompensed for the service they had rendered.[1]

As we have already said, this Kett was a rich villein, with considerable estates, which the lords of the Council granted by patent to the two carters; the first of them to have two-thirds of the property, and the other one-third, besides which they gave to the former a pension of two hundred shillings, and to the latter one hundred pounds. So these men who had started out poor went home rich. Thus ended Kett, who was sent as an example to where the rising had taken place and cut into four quarters.

Thenceforward the city had nothing to fear; and the lords, to prevent any more rioting, sent into the country and had all the lands and commons which had formerly belonged to the people returned to them, and ordered that

[1] The writer is not quite correct here, he was probably watching the train bands in London, and only had hearsay evidence as to what was happening in Norfolk.

Hollingshead says: "The next day, 27th August, the Earle of Warwick was advertised that Kett, being crept into a barne, was taken by two servants of one Master Riches, of Swannington, and brought to the house of the said Riches. Hereupon 20 horsemen were sent thither to fetch him, who brought him to Norwich."

The next day all the principals, except the brothers Kett, were hanged on the Oak of Reformation, at Norwich, the Ketts being sent to London and lodged in the Tower, and after protracted trials and torture were sent back to Norfolk, in custody of Sir Edward Wyndham, High Sheriff, on 29th November, 1549, Robert Kett being hung in chains from the top of Norwich Castle, and his brother being hanged from the spire of Wymondham Church.

no lord should own more than four thousand head of stock; so in less than two months a good sheep came to be worth eight groats as it previously was. No more risings, therefore, took place; so now we will tell you what happened afterwards.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

HOW THE EARL OF WARWICK QUARRELLED WITH THE PROTECTOR, AND WHAT HAPPENED.

WHEN the Earl of Warwick had defeated the rebels in Cornwall, Norfolk, and Suffolk, one day he went to the Court accompanied by many captains who had served with him, both English and foreigners, and going to the Protector, said to him, "My lord Protector, these captains and their troops have worthily served the King, and your lordship must grant them rewards for their services." To which the Protector replied, "They have been paid their wages, and the King is not in a position to give rewards." When the Earl heard this, he retorted, "My lord Duke, in the case of men who have rendered such signal services as these gentlemen have in pacifying the kingdom, which was all in revolt, no excuses will serve, and you must give them rewards, and large ones too." The Protector replied that nothing more could be done, as there was no money; and the Earl, who is a man of high spirit, said very angrily, "What! my lord Protector, do you think to excuse yourself by saying there is no money? Well, it shall not be so. I do not wonder that the King is poor, my lord Duke, seeing the sums of money you are squandering in buildings. You think much more of that than of what is good for the King or his kingdom. God knows, and we all know, that if you had made proper provision, the King would not have lost the forts near Boulogne which he has lost. If you keep in power much longer, you will end by losing everything." The Protector, hearing the boldness of the Earl's speech, was offended,

and replied, "My lord, you have no right to say what you have said, but I deserve it, for showing you so much favour." "The fault," said the Earl, "lies more with me and the other lords for giving you so much power. If you keep it much longer the kingdom will be ruined."

The Earl would stay no longer, but went away, and all the captains with him, besides two hundred soldiers. They went to London; and the same night he went to the Marquis of Exeter's house, and thence to the house of the Earl of Rutland, and calling them together, with many other lords and gentlemen who were in London, he said, "My lords, great shame and disgrace comes upon us every day with news of the loss of forts which the King has built or won, and all through the fault of the Protector being so penurious, that he would lose everything rather than part with money." Then he told them what had passed between them, and spoke to them so well, that they agreed to take the command away from the Duke, since they had entrusted him with it. When they were talking thus, there entered one of the Protector's household, and said to the Earl, "My lord, my master, the Protector, sends me to tell you to go and speak with him to-morrow." The Earl, who knew very well that he did not want him for any good, replied, "Tell the Protector I will go when it suits me."

The messenger went with this answer; and no doubt the Protector thought if he could get the Earl to go to Court, he could take him and send him to the Tower; but when his gentleman returned and told him what had passed, he suspected that they were conspiring against him.

The Earl secretly spoke to the foreign captains, and said, "You saw the altercation I had with the Protector, and all in order that you should be well rewarded. I hope, therefore, you will hold your men ready if I should want them;" and the captains said that they were all at his service.[1] The Protector began to get frightened, and with-

[1] This evidently first-hand account of the intrigues of Warwick to obtain the support of the foreign mercenaries is new and interesting, but may be well supplemented by a short account of the proceedings of the conspirators from Hollingshead. "A great assemblie of the sayde counsailors was made at the Earle of Warwick's house in Ely Place, Holborne, whither all the confederates in this matter came privily armed, and finally concluded to possess the Tower of

out giving any notice, he moved his residence, and that of the King, whom he determined to take to Windsor. So he called the servants of the King together, and said, "Gentlemen, you already know that the Earl of Warwick wants to come with an armed force, and I fear he may wish to kill the King, so I have resolved to go to Windsor to have our King better guarded." It was certainly a very unwise step the Protector took in carrying the King off to Windsor, for if he had gone with him to London things would have turned out differently. As he went along the road the King was all armed, and carried his little sword drawn, and kept saying to the people on the way, "My vassals will you help me against those who want to kill me?" and everybody cried out, "Sir, we will all die for you," and by this means the Protector got more than ten thousand men to join the King's force.

The lords being quite in accord with the Earl of War-

London, which, by the policy of Sir Wm. Paulet, Lord Treasurer of England, was peacefully obteyned for them. . . . . And after that the said counsayle was broken up at Ely Place, the Earle of Warwick removing forthwith into the City of London, and lay in the house of John Yorke, citizen of London, who was then chief master of the Mint in Southwark, in Suffolk Place, which said Yorke was shortly after, by the aide of the Earl, made by the King a knight, by name of Sir John Yorke."

On learning these proceedings the Protector hurriedly removed the King from Hampton Court to Windsor, and thereupon, according to Hollingshead, the Earl of Warwick asked the Lord Mayor, Sir John Amcotes, for 500 men to fetch the Protector. The Lord Mayor said he could do nothing without the Common Council, which should be called for the next day. In the meanwhile the lords of the Council met at the Lord Mayor's house and issued a proclamation denouncing the Protector as a traitor, and on the following day repaired to the Guildhall to attend the meeting of the Common Council, which in the meanwhile had received a letter from Somerset asking for 500 men against the lords. Considerable pressure seems to have been put upon the Council by the Lord Mayor and Recorder in favour of Warwick and the lords, but when the Council was apparently about to give way, a citizen, bolder than the rest, in a witty and persuasive speech urged them to refuse both requests, which they did.

The following day the lords sent Sir Philip Hoby to Windsor to see the King, and on the day after they themselves went and brought the humbled and fear-stricken Protector to London, and lodged him in the Tower.

wick, decided to meet in a church called St. Thomas A'Beckett, and held a council there. Whilst they were sitting a post came from the Protector to the Lord Mayor of London asking him to send two thousand men to defend the King. Then the Lord Mayor and aldermen went to where the council was sitting, and said, "My lords, what is your intention, that the Protector should send to us to ask for two thousand men?" and the Earl replied, "My Lord Mayor and gentlemen, keep quiet, and make no move, for we assure you that we are met together to devise some means by which we may get our King without disturbance amongst the mob. The Protector has risen with him in Windsor, and has ten thousand troops with him. You have liberties, take care you do not lose them. We shall endeavour to get our King."

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen went and met in council in their city, and sent an answer to the Protector to the effect that they would, if necessary, die for their King, but as they saw the Protector had risen and taken the King away, they would do all they could to help the lords to set the King at liberty again. They said the Protector well knew that the privilege of the citizens of London was to guard their city, and that they were ready to serve the King day and night, and they therefore marvelled greatly that the Duke should have carried the King off so far. They sent the courier off with this answer, and when the lords left the council they took possession of the Tower, the Earl going every night to sleep there, and they all agreed together that the next day the Protector should be proclaimed a traitor.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

HOW THE PROTECTOR WAS PROCLAIMED A TRAITOR, AND GAVE HIMSELF UP.

WHEN it was decided to proclaim the Protector for treason, two heralds with two trumpeters, and with them the clerk of the Council, who was called the chal-

lenger, went through the city, and proclaimed him a traitor for wishing to kill the King. When the crowd heard this they shouted, "Down with the traitor! death to the traitor!" and if any of them could say anything worse they did so. And it turned out that in less than a week there were three hundred gentlemen in London, with over fifteen thousand men. When the Protector knew that they were going against him, and that if he attempted to place himself in attitude of defence great damage would be done to the country, as well as danger to himself, he resolved to send the following communication to the lords: "My lords, I see that you are all determined to go against me, although I do not know the reason why you are disturbing the whole kingdom. I crave you, my lords, not to be swayed by passion or indignation towards me, for I have done nothing that you should come armed against me, and to prove that I am guiltless of what they allege against me, I will go in person, and surrender myself to prison. The King is here sound and well, and you can come for him without tumult." When the lords read what the Protector sent, they told him to surrender himself in the Tower, and they would go for the King. He certainly was well advised to take the course he did; for if the lords had attacked him as they wished it would have been bad for the country, and a danger for him. As soon as he went to the Tower it was agreed to bring the King to London, in order to pacify the people.

It was said in London, although it was not known for certain, that one night the Protector had ordered the King's guard that they need not trouble to watch, as his guard would undertake the duty. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Paget were in the castle with three hundred men, and when they heard of the order, they suspected some harm to the King, so they went that night to the King's chamber, and as soon as the King saw them he said, "Gentlemen! what are you doing here at such an hour as this?" and the Archbishop said, "Sir, suffice it that we are here." The next day the Protector gave himself up, and it is suspected that he intended to do some harm to the King, but it cannot be believed. When the lords had the Protector in the Tower, and they saw that

the common people were clamouring for their King, he (the King) was brought to London in great state with two thousand horsemen in his train, and the crowd was delighted to see him again. So he was taken to Westminster, and the lords sent their men to their homes.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

HOW THE LORDS MET AT WESTMINSTER, AND WHAT THEY AGREED THERE.

WHEN the lords had sent their folks back to their homes, they met at Westminster, and agreed that thenceforward no one of them should have predominance in national affairs, but that all should act together, as the King had left it in his will. Then the Earl of Warwick, who was more forward in wanting to command than any of them, made a speech, and said, "You well know, my lords, the trouble I have taken in pacifying the kingdom, and also many of the captains, both foreign and English, and they must be recompensed for their work." It was resolved by the lords that all the captains should receive rewards for their services, and they gave Captain Spinola a very good income to live upon; so they all were very well contented.

In the meanwhile the Protector was still in the Tower, and every day it was said that either on that, or the next day, he would be led out to have his head cut off. The wife of the Protector was, however, a very prudent woman, and saw that she would have to humble herself; so she went one morning to the Earl of Warwick's house, and without showing any offence, she threw herself on her knees before the Earl, and said, "My lord, I am much surprised that there should have been words which have angered you, between my husband and yourself, for I always heard him say that the King had no wiser or more prudent councillor in his realm than you, and yet out of mere passion you have had him proclaimed a traitor; an

act of which neither God nor man can think well. It lies in your hands to make amends, and as he has done no treason, I pray you consider that he is the King's uncle, and although the King is too young to understand yet, he will, nevertheless, in time come to know the truth, if you, my lord, are the cause of my husband's death." The Earl, all this time, could not get the Duchess to rise, and it was more by force than with her will that at last he made her sit on a chair; and the Earl replied to her, "Duchess, you well know that I was the cause of your husband's being made Protector, and you also know that the kingdom has never been so ruined as it is now, and yet it is confidently asserted that he has spent more than two hundred thousand ducats in his buildings, which seems almost incredible. Where can he have got these sums if not out of the King's treasure? and yet for want of money we have lost the forts at Boulogne, which cost a treasure to erect, as well as other important things in Scotland, all through his penuriousness, and his desire to take the treasure for himself, instead of providing properly. For the least of these things he deserves death." The Duchess rejoined, "My lord, it has not been so much the Duke's fault as you attribute to him, and I beg you, putting aside anger, and for fellowship's sake, to be a good friend to him, for I well know that if you are for him none will be against him." Then the Earl returned, "My lady, go to your house. I will do my best, and if the Duke wished there need be none of this." The Duchess did not like to press him further, but she begged leave to speak with the Countess, and presently passed into her chamber, where they talked for a long time, and the Duchess begged the Countess to speak that night to her husband in favour of the Duke, and at the same time she took out a very rich jewel of diamonds, and gave it to the Countess, and begged her to take it to remind her of her promise. The Countess refused it at first, but afterwards accepted it.

The next day the Duchess went again to the Earl, and sought leave to go and see her husband, and the Earl answered her that he would speak about it to the Council, and would do his best. When he went to the Council he repeated the request of the Duchess, and the lords, who

thought more of the Earl than of anybody else, told him he could order as he thought best. Great is the power of gifts; for from the very night that the Countess spoke to her husband in favour of the Duke he lost all rancour against him. God grant that the Earl may not have to pay dearly for it some day.

The Earl told the Duchess she could go as often as she pleased to see the Duke, so she went once every day; and one morning, after talking with him, she went to the King, and threw herself on her knees before him, asked him to grant her a boon. When the King saw her, he said, "My lady aunt, what do you ask?" "I ask you, Sir, to pardon your uncle, the Duke." "Where is the Duke, aunt?" said the King; and she told him that his uncle was a prisoner in the Tower, and that if he did not pardon him the members of the Council would kill him. The King exclaimed, "Jesu! they told me the Duke was ill, and I want to know why they have made him a prisoner." So he sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and asked him, "Godfather, what has become of my uncle the Duke?" and the Archbishop told him he was a prisoner in the Tower. The King asked what evil he had done that he should be arrested, and the Archbishop answered, "May it please your Majesty, if God had not helped us, the country would have been ruined, for the lords were all up in arms, and we feared that he might want to kill you. If the Duke had not been imprisoned great harm would have been done." "Godfather," said the King, "the Duke never did me any harm, and as he went of his own accord to the Tower, it is a sign that he is not guilty." Then the Archbishop answered, "Your Majesty does not know all; the lords are well aware of what they are doing." The King said he wanted to see his uncle, and the Archbishop told him that he could do so, and that in his hands was the power of having him killed or saved; to which the King replied, "I do not want my uncle to be killed."

He then sent to say to the lords of his Council that he begged them to do him the pleasure of bringing the Duke his uncle to him, as he wished to see him, and that if the Duke had done any harm, he would pardon him; and he

begged the Council, as it was the first thing he had ever asked of them, to let the Duke go, and he would pardon him. The Earl of Warwick spoke, and said, "My lords, we must return good for evil; and as it is the King's will that the Duke should be pardoned, and it is the first thing he has asked of us, we ought to accede to his wish." The lords all agreed that it was right to do so, and they sent the captain of the guard, with the rest of the King's halberdiers, with the great barge to the Tower, and brought the Duke with great rejoicings, and took him before the King. The Duke knelt and kissed hands, and the King embraced him, and wept with pleasure at his return; and all the lords embraced him as well, the Earl showing him great affection.[1] God grant that some day these gentlemen may not be sorry for it. From this day forward the Duke did not enter the Council with the lords.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

HOW ALL THE HERETICS WHO HAD FLED RETURNED TO ENGLAND; AND I WILL ALSO SPEAK OF A DR. BARNES.

THIS chapter ought to have been written much before; but as it treats of an important thing, I will write it now.[2]

At the time when the friars existed there was in the church of the Augustines in London a certain Dr. Barnes, who was a very great preacher, and everybody followed him to hear him preach.

This was two years before the Cardinal plotted all the evil which afterwards happened; and as all the people

[1] Somerset's eldest daughter married a son of Warwick's immediately after, as a further proof of the sincerity of this most hollow reconciliation.

[2] This naive admission on the part of the writer is very evident, as the execution of the eloquent Augustine took place so far back as the 30th July, 1540. The clergymen executed with him were Jerome, Vicar of Stepney, and Dr. Garrad, parson of Honey Lane.

went to hear this Dr. Barnes, he sometimes allowed himself to mix some heresies with his good doctrine, amongst which was that when the soul left the body it went straight to heaven or hell, as there was no third place—that is to say, that he preached there was no purgatory. Another greater heresy he proclaimed, namely, that our Lady was no more than any other woman, and other very pestiferous things. So at last the King was told, and he ordered the doctor to be arrested; but he had so many good friends that they warned him, and he managed to get on board some Dantzig hulks which were there, and escaped to Germany, where he was for a long time. When he learnt what was going on in England, he determined to return, and wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury for permission. As this Archbishop was one of those who maintained these heresies, he wrote to say he could come; so he returned to England, and remained some years in great favour with the Archbishop. For a long time he refused to preach, but at last, being urged by many people, he consented, and everyone went to hear him again, and he launched so many heresies that nothing else was talked about but the snares of the Pope and the priests.

At this time there was great jealousy between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester; and one day the latter determined to go and hear Dr. Barnes, and listened with great attention to his words. The next day he went to the King, and said, "May it please your Majesty, if you allow Dr. Barnes to preach much, all the nation will be lost, and the people will become such heretics that they will not recognize either God or your Majesty." Then the King said, "I will have him to preach before me, and hear what he expounds." So Dr. Barnes was summoned to preach before the King, and preached very boldly that it was a great abuse to keep the sacrament in the Church, but that only as much should be consecrated as the priest blessed when he said mass. He said also that it was very wrong to elevate the host and the chalice to the people. This was Monday in Passion week; and the King ordered him to be arrested, and said that if he did not recant, and publicly state that he had preached false doctrine, he would have him burnt. So he was

ordered to preach for that purpose on the second day in Easter week, at the Spital.

That you should know why he was ordered to preach at the Spital, I should say that every year at Easter three doctors preach there on separate days. On that Easter, as usual, two more were to preach besides Barnes—one a very good Christian, and the other as great a heretic, also accused of heresy, and commanded to recant publicly. These sermons were preached outside London, in a Spital which holds a great many people, and it is done every year.

When the second day of Easter came, the first preacher was Dr. Barnes. There were many bishops and prelates there, and a great crowd of people—more of them to hear how he would recant than anything else; and after he had preached for about an hour, he said these words: "I am commanded to preach here to-day, in order that I may ask pardon for what I have taught; and so I say to you, in the hearing of God and all the world, that I ask for pardon. I know that I have offended some of the prelates who now hear me, and I crave their pardon; and, in order that I may be assured of their forgiveness, I beg them all to raise their hand." In an instant all the people raised their hands, and all the prelates, except the Bishop of Winchester, who inclined his head in sign of forgiveness. But Barnes did not say that he recanted of what he had preached before the King; and when the King was told, he ordered them to say no more about it, and he would find a remedy.

The next day the other heretic preached, and he said, "I ask the same pardon, neither more nor less than Dr. Barnes;" but he did not recant either. The last day the good Christian preached, and accused the other two, saying, "Dr. Barnes and the Vicar of Stepney were ordered to preach against the heresies they had enunciated; but their sermons seemed to me more for the purpose of sustaining these great heresies than of renouncing them as they were commanded to do. I, therefore, say they deserve to be burnt." This good man preached much in favour of the sacrament, and warmed so much with his sermon that he preached in favour of the Pope.

When the sermons were ended the King ordered all three of the preachers to be arrested, and sentenced them to be presently burnt at Smithfield. So they took all of them to be burnt, dragging them along in sacks—the two heretics in one sack, and the good Christian in another—burning three clergymen in one day, two because they were heretics, and the other because he was a good Christian. They would not have burnt the latter if he had not preached in favour of the Pope. And when they were being taken to be burnt, Dr. Barnes kept comforting the other, saying, "Cheer up brother, to-day we shall be in glory."

As soon as they arrived at the place where the wood pile was, Dr. Barnes burnt himself with a handful of straw, and told them to set fire to the pile; and he and his companion were burnt. The good man kept saying his prayers until the fire reached him, and he also was burnt. If he had consented to retract what he had said about the Pope, they would have spared him; but he would not, as he maintained that there must be a head of Christianity as a whole.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

HOW CAPTAIN GAMBOA FELL OUT WITH THE SPANISH CAPTAINS.

THE next year,[1] after all the Spaniards had left the King's service, the King, who had thought to make terms with the Scotch and had failed, was obliged to send another army to Scotland, and determined to get together some bands of Spaniards. So the lords of the Council sent for Gamboa, and said that the King needed some Spaniards; and Gamboa answered, "My lords, I will get what I can." They also sent to the other captains to get some Spaniards together, and when they asked when they would be wanted,

[1] This must be an error. It must have been late in the same autumn of 1546 as Chapters LIX. and LXIII. refer to.

they were told within a month. They answered that they would serve with their own persons, but they could not get Spaniards together in so short a time.

Gamboa at once despatched one of his ensigns, called Perez, to Flanders, and in thirty-two days he brought about one hundred and twenty men, mostly Burgundians, who were immediately sent to the North, and all the other captains went and served well in that campaign.

When the winter came the captains returned to London, and Perez remained with the troops in garrison; and it seems that many of them mutinied and went over to the Scotch side, and Ensign Perez with them; he, as it afterwards appeared, had received letters from the Queen of Scotland asking him to go over. The Queen sent him to guard a town with a castle called Haddington, and there he remained until the English took it.

After this, when the Council knew of it, they were very angry, and sent for Gamboa and the other captains, and the lords rated them soundly about it. The Spanish captains, seeing how they were being blamed, said, "My lords, if your lordships will recollect, we told you we would serve in our own persons, but could not get Spaniards in the time. Those who have gone over are Burgundians, and their ensign with them, and it was because we knew we could not come out of it with credit that we refused to get people together." When Gamboa heard this he was exceedingly wroth with the Spanish captains, and from that hour forward he disliked them, and tried to do them all the harm he could. But he did not succeed in his bad intentions.

When the spring had come the sound of war had brought together plenty of Spaniards, all of whom Gamboa collected and sent to the North, whither he had already despatched another ensign to dismiss such Burgundians as were left, they also passing over to the Scotch like the others. The Protector himself was about to start for the North when there arrived in London a gentlemen whose name was Carlos de Guevara, and who brought letters of introduction for Gamboa. "Señor Captain Gamboa," he said, "I can bring three hundred Burgundian horse for the service of the King, and I wish the Protector to be informed of it." As Gamboa was on bad terms with the Spanish

captains, and wanted to spite them, he at once went with Guevara to the Protector and the Council, and told them how this gentlemen could bring three hundred horse for the King's service. The Council replied that it was already too late, as the Protector was departing at once. But Guevara, when he saw they were not going to give him licence, said, "If your lordships wish, I will serve with my own people, and will be here within twenty days." The General, the Earl of Warwick, answered, "You can go, Señor Guevara, and will be welcomed." So Guevara was despatched, and Gamboa was very much pleased, and showed great friendship for this Carlos de Guevara. It would have been better if he had never known him, as will be told further on.

Guevara was not gone more than twenty-three days, and came back with fifteen horsemen, all in very good order. The Protector and the rest had started when he arrived, so he went to the Council, and they told him they thought he came too late, but he set out immediately, and had the good luck to arrive in Scotland on the very day when the English had gained the battle, and he went directly to present himself before the Earl.[1] As they were all glad at

[1] In the autumn of 1547 the Protector himself set forth upon his sixteen days' campaign in the North, and after the battles of Falside and Pinkie, in which the mercenaries distinguished themselves, pushed up to the very gates of the capital, burning and destroying as he went. The battle of which mention is made in this chapter is probably that of Pinkie, at which the Italian and Spanish harquebusiers on horseback, under Sir Peter Gamboa, by their dash and steadiness, turned the tide of victory in favour of the English. The Chronicle says that the Protector knighted Gamboa and the other captains after this fight, but that can hardly be true as regards Gamboa, as in the enumeration of the fighting forces of the King, on the accession of Edward VI., *Sir* Peter Gamboa is mentioned as being in command of 200 harquebusiers. No record exists of the granting of these particular knighthoods after Pinkie, which took place on the 10th September, 1547, but after the burning of Leith on the 25th of the month the Protector conferred knighthood, amongst others, upon Pero Negro and Alonso de Vile, probably the Alonso de Villa Sirga of the Chronicle. Sir Ralph Sadler also mentions that Cristobal Diez was knighted on the Protector's departure for the South, and Patten's curious diary of the campaign contains several references to the presence of the Spanish captains.

their victory they received him very well indeed, and paid him at once three months' pay for twenty horse. Guevara presented to the Earl a very good Flemish horse, and the Earl always showed him much good-will. At the end of the engagement the Protector gave many rewards, and made many knights, amongst them being Gamboa, Christobal Diez, Julian, Villa Sirga, and many others, Englishmen.

When winter approached the Protector left the fortresses and borders well provisioned, and returned to London, and Guevara with the favour of Gamboa, for they were always together, went to the General and asked for licence to bring some foot soldiers, which was at once granted to him. At this time there came from Spain a wool fleet, and in it came a young fellow called Pedro de Salcedo, who wrote a letter to the captain, Cristobal Diez, who went with it direct to the General. The Earl said, "Captain, you must speak to the Camp-Marshal, as he has charge of the Spaniards." The Earl sent for Gamboa and told him what Captain Cristobal Diez had said, and Gamboa, vexed that he had not spoken to him first, said, "My lord, Cristobal Diez cannot bring three men." And he quarrelled with Cristobal Diez, saying that he wanted to take his office away from him. Gamboa did not forget to do all the harm possible to Cristobal Diez, for he never let him alone.

As soon as they left the Protector's presence, Gamboa went to a merchant who was a friend of Salcedo, and said to him, "Señor, I beg you to write to Pedro Salcedo, telling him to bring as many Spaniards as he can, and I will make him my ensign." This was written to Salcedo, and within thirty days he brought one hundred and thirty men, very good folk, and he would have brought more than three hundred, only that Captain Guevara was in Zealand, and engaged another hundred and twenty. When they arrived the Council sent them to some of the villages near London.

Such was the friendship between Gamboa and Carlos de Guevara that no account was taken of the other captains, and seeing this, the captains tried to fall out with him as well. Before they were sent to the North they were in the villages more than two months, and Gamboa was then

summoned, and they were ordered to be gone at once; for, in less than three months, the English were to besiege Haddington, where Perez was who had been his ensign. When they arrived there they attacked it so vigorously that at last they took it, and the Burgundians and Perez were taken. Gamboa, to show the Council that he did justice, hanged this Perez and thirty more. Well, after taking the fort, the English strengthened it greatly, and the King spent a great deal of money in building a castle; and the year following the Scotch, with the help of three thousand Frenchmen, besieged it, and I will tell what happened in another chapter.[1]

The Spanish captains decided to tell the Protector that as they were the King's servants they would go and serve him under the General's flag, and that they did not wish to serve with Gamboa, so during that campaign Gamboa had nothing to do with them. The friendship between Guevara and Gamboa continued, and when the winter came on they returned to London, and in the spring Guevara quarrelled with Gamboa, why is not known, but it was suspected that they had agreed together to rob the King of as much as they could, and that as Gamboa was an old hand and Guevara was a novice, very likely Gamboa swindled him, and Guevara in his rage went to the Council and told them what follows.

[1] The expedition to take Haddington was that under Lord Grey de Wilton (February, 1548), who overran all the east marches unchecked until the landing of Baron D'Essé with 10,000 French troops, when (June, 1548) Grey retreated, leaving Haddington well garrisoned with English and Italians under Captain Tiberio. Baron D'Essé besieged the town at once, the same year, and a minute account of the operations before Haddington is given by a friend of D'Essé who accompanied him, Jean de Beaugué. "Histoire de la Guerre d'Ecosse pendant les Campaigns de 1548-1549." (Maitland Club.)

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

HOW GAMBOA LOST HIS OFFICE THROUGH WHAT GUEVARA SAID.

CARLOS DE GUEVARA, as he was made so much of by the General, went to him, and said, "My lord, I wish to serve the King with horsemen, and I beseech your lordship to favour me, for with foot-men the King is being cheated. I can assure your lordship that Gamboa has robbed the King of more than five thousand ducats; but with horsemen, being all Spaniards, the King will be better served." The General replied, "Guevara, I will do my best that you should get together a hundred horse; and if what you say about Gamboa is true, he deserves a heavy punishment."

So the General summoned Gamboa, and said to him, "Gamboa, you are accused here of robbing the King;" and Gamboa answered, "My lord, I have never robbed the King, but have loyally served him, and whoever accuses me lies foully, for I have always given in a muster-roll of my men on every pay day." Guevara, who was there, said, "What I have told the Earl I will sustain, for thou didst not pass a single muster without taking in over fifty soldiers more than thou hadst; and my ensign, who was a creature of thine, gave thee my soldiers without my knowledge." When Gamboa saw who his accuser was, he said, "I deserve this for befriending varlets." The Earl ordered them to hold their tongues, so that no more should pass between them; and both went away that time very angry. The Earl went to the Protector and advised him to dismiss Gamboa from his office of Camp-Marshal; and they then sent to Captain Julian, made him captain of those troops, and told him to collect all the Spaniards he could, and gave him the command of them. They sent Pero Negro to the North, to take charge of all the men Gamboa had there; so that they were quit of Gamboa.

Then they ordered Guevara to get together the hundred

horsemen,[1] and Cristobal Diez to get all the horsemen he could. You may very well imagine how glad all the Spanish captains were when they heard that Gamboa had been deprived of his command, for each captain tried to do his best. Pero Negro went with letters of recommendation from the Council, and took over Gamboa's people, and Julian took more than two hundred Spaniards, who flocked in every day to serve the King; and Guevara got together, with his own people and others who came over for him, a hundred horsemen well in order; and Cristobal Diez collected as many as eighty very pretty fellows.

And so they were sent to Scotland,[2] for the Scotch and French were already before Haddington, and attacking it very stoutly; and, a week before the captains left, Gamboa was coming away from the Court as Guevara was going thither, and Guevara passed by him without taking any notice of him. When Gamboa saw this, he called him, and said, "I say! Don't you know me?" and at the same time he threw his arm round Guevara's neck, and called out to his servants, "Kill this rascal!" and, as he said the words, one of Gamboa's servants began beating Guevara with his cudgel, and he, seeing his best course, went

[1] It is somewhat curious, considering the familiarity of the chronicler with Guevara's affairs, that no mention is made of an important incident that happened to him in this connection. The story is told in the State Papers. On the 29th April, 1549, the Council at Greenwich write to W. Daunsell, the English consul at Antwerp, saying that Carlos de Guevara had engaged to conduct hither 100 horsemen to be in Calais by the 7th June, and desire a sum of money to Guevara for his needs, taking security in case of non-fulfilment of contract. On 16th May Daunsell advises payment to Guevara of 800 crowns, security having been given.

On 15th June Daunsell writes that the troops raised by Captain Hackford and Guevara have been arrested at Bruges by command of the Emperor and the Queen. Hackford's may be released, but he doubts that Guevara's men will, as the matter is being taken very grievously, as Guevara, who is in prison at Bruges, has allured some of the Emperor's retinue, as well as five or six of the Duke of Saxony's guard, and other such. Shall he call upon Guevara's security for the 800 crowns, or wait?

[2] Guevara appears to have got out of his dilemma in Flanders, as he was in Scotland in the autumn, and was in garrison at Berwick in the winter of that year, 1549.

away. Soon it was known throughout the Court, and the Protector and the General were very angry. As Guevara was obliged to depart with the troops, he had no time to avenge himself, and from that time forward Gamboa tried to get Guevara killed, as will be told.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

HOW, BY THE INDUSTRY OF CAPTAIN PERO NEGRO, HADDINGTON WAS NOT LOST THAT TIME.

IT has already been told how the Scotch and French had surrounded Haddington, and fought against it every day; and how those who were inside found themselves without powder, and so hardly pressed, that they decided to acquaint the English general, who was twenty leagues away. So they sent a spy, who was fortunate enough to pass without trouble; and when he arrived at the English headquarters and told the need that existed, the General called the captains together, both English and foreign, and told them of the necessity, and asked their advice. It was found that they had not six thousand men, whilst the besiegers numbered ten thousand. There were many different opinions amongst them, but at last Captain Pero Negro said, "Sir General, if you will give me three hundred horsemen, I will undertake to pass through and succour the town, notwithstanding all their force. Each one of us can carry a bag of ten or twelve pounds of powder hung from his saddle-bow, and with this I hope to raise the siege." When the General saw that Captain Pero Negro came forward so willingly, and was wishful to serve the King, he said, "Sir Captain, what men do you wish to take?" and he answered, "Let me have two hundred Englishmen and one hundred Spaniards."

So he presently got them together, very smart fellows, and they offered to serve with good will, and set out on the road, each with little bags of ten pounds of powder. The good Pero Negro went on encouraging them, and

when he found himself near the enemies' quarters he collected his men in a field and spoke to them after this fashion: "Gentlemen, you know that the General has sent us on this enterprise in preference to others because we were picked men, and if we fail in it the greater will be our disgrace, so, now that we are together, I beg of you, gentlemen, that if any of you are going to turn tail when you are before the enemy, you had better go back now. For my own part, I swear to you that if all the power of Scotland is before me, I shall not turn back. I would much rather gain honour than that it should be said that I undertook an enterprise, and then turned out a coward." They all in one voice said, "Sir Captain, carry out your enterprise; we would rather die than turn back." When the captain heard that, he said, "Well, gentlemen, you see we all carry muskets, and my opinion is, that when we reach the enemies' lines, we should all fire them off, each one where he thinks best, so that our enemies should be afraid of us, and think we are many more than we are. Commend yourselves to God and follow me;" and with that he clapped spurs to his horse and went off at a gallop, and the rest after him, as if they had been more than two thousand.

And when they reached the lines, and were going helter skelter through, the enemies were in a great fright with the surprise, and the discharge of so many muskets, and so they passed without loss or difficulty. When they found themselves before the castle they cried out for them to open the gates, and the English, thinking it was some trick, would not open till they had found out that it was their own people. As soon as Captain Pero Negro found the gates open, he cried out to his men, "Now, gentlemen, all do as I do." And he dismounted and took his bag of powder, drew his sword, and cut the legs of his horse. This they all did, and went in.

It was a very pretty feat of war, for they saw that the horses could not go into the castle, and there were no victuals for them if they could, so they sacrificed them rather than they should fall into the hands of the enemy. The effects of this doughty deed were such that in three days the siege was broken up, for as soon as they got in

their artillery fired night and day, and the enemy, seeing so many dead horses, decided not to await the bad smell which would come from them. They tried to get them away, but the musketry kept up such a fire that they could not get near, so they determined to retire to a fortress which the Scotch had some seven leagues off. As soon as they had gone, Captain Pero Negro sallied out with three hundred men, and dug great caves into which they threw the dead horses, and covered them with earth to prevent the stench.

Captain Pero Negro soon let the General know what had happened, of which all were very glad. Verily, if King Henry VIII. had been alive he would have given him a signal reward for that service.[1]

[1] This chapter is probably somewhat tinged with Iberian exaggeration; at least no historian of the siege of Haddington makes especial mention of this feat of Sir Pero Negro. Many small relief parties were thrown into the town, but without raising the siege; one in particular is described by Jean de Beaugué, who says that a traitor Scotchman, whom he calls "l'homme à deux têtes," deceived D'Essé by telling him that a large party would attack on the opposite side, and whilst D'Essé was off on his fool's errand 200 of the enemy passed through with baggage and provisions. But this cannot have been the relief described by the chronicler, as the siege was not raised until Lord Shrewsbury crossed the border with 20,000 men, 4,000 of whom were foreigners, when D'Essé temporarily retired to Musselboro' (August, 1548). The largest relief party before then that had entered the town was that led by Captain Windham, which consisted of 200 men, and was probably that to which Beaugué refers. Beaugué frequently mentions the Spanish captains by name. He complains of the Scotch manner of fighting without baggage trains, and says the delay at Peebles waiting for them to lay in provisions enabled Captains Pero Negro and Julian Romerou, chiefs of bands of Spaniards, to escape into England, and "we went back to Edinburgh without doing anything." A plucky deed was done also by eleven of Pero Negro's soldiers at Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, where they and some English ran out of the fort and captured one of the French generals, D'Étanges, who had incautiously approached too near. Beaugué says the English ran away as soon as the General's people showed fight, but the Spaniards stood to it and captured him. No doubt the ransom for such a prisoner well repaid them for their risk.

Sir Pero Negro himself died in London, according to Strype, of the sweating sickness, a plague which swept off an enormous number of victims in the capital. Machyn gives, as usual, a pompous account of his funeral on the 15th July, 1551, with the fifers and drummers and plumes and velvet.

As the winter came on the captains left Haddington well provisioned, and they returned to London, and the General recommended that Captain Pero Negro should be given two hundred crowns in money. If the King had been alive he would have got as much a year for ever. And Gamboa was more grieved than before, because the other Spanish captains were so much liked."

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

HOW GAMBOA TRIED TO HAVE CARLOS DE GUEVARA KILLED, AND HOW GUEVARA KILLED GAMBOA.

ALL the Spanish captains being in Scotland, serving the King, and Gamboa finding himself deprived of his office and disliked, thanks to Guevara, he determined to send and have Guevara murdered. So one day he called to him two soldiers, who were about London, and upon whom he showered favours every day—their names were Salmeron and Velasco—and said to them, "Brothers, you see the evil which has befallen me through Carlos de Guevara. I should like to be revenged upon him." Then without more ado these soldiers offered to go to Scotland and murder him. Gamboa, seeing how they offered, said, "Brothers, I will give you horses and money to enable you to go, and will hold you as brothers all my life." They set out at once to carry out their promise, and when they arrived in Scotland, and saw what good fellows Guevara had and heard how well he treated them, and, finding themselves with horses, Salmeron said to Velasco, "Brother, why the devil should we get ourselves into a row? We have got good horses, and are all in order; it would be much better that we should join his company, and if he treats us well we will tell him all about it." So they spoke to a relative of Carlos de Guevara, whose name was also Guevara, who persuaded Carlos de Guevara to take them into his company, and give them double pay.

And they began to get so friendly with Carlos de

Guevara, that one day, in the presence of the other Guevara, his cousin, they said, "Sir Captain, look out for yourself, we tell you that Gamboa wants to send and have you killed, and we, out of love for you, think well to warn you, and will help you unto death." So Guevara gave them thirty ducats each for the warning, and in five days they spoke to him again and said, "Señor Guevara, we have already warned you to look out for yourself." Then said Guevara, "What do you advise me to do, gentlemen?" Salmeron answered, "I will tell you, Señor. We came from London, Velasco and I, and no one will suspect us, so you can go, and we will go with you, and secretly and concealed we can kill him." Then said Guevara, the cousin of the Captain, "Señor, if you want to live in peace, and not to be in constant dread, we ought to carry this out." Bad advice, for instead of counselling him not to do it, he only heaped up the fire.

So Captain Guevara presently posted to London, and took with him his relative and the two soldiers, Salmeron and Velasco. Verily of these two it may be said they were double-dyed traitors, for Gamboa had been very kind to them, and they themselves had volunteered to kill Guevara, and then they went to kill Gamboa. Truly the devil moved them strongly, or else Gamboa's sins were the cause of it all.

After the devil had put into Guevara's heart to go, he ordered four tunics of russet frieze to be made, and took post and arrived in London. It was suspected that the Earl of Warwick (Huaruyque) knew of his arrival. Very secretly they kept at an inn for three days, and only went out every night. The day of the murder they changed their lodgings, and went to another inn. And at about eight o'clock at night they went out. Adjoining Gamboa's house there was a church, and they all concealed themselves in the churchyard. It was said that they had with them over fifteen men in all, well armed. When Guevara saw Gamboa was coming—for he had him well watched—he came out of the churchyard with his three companions, and they placed themselves before Gamboa's lodgings. The evening was rainy, and to avoid getting wet they went in single file under the eaves of the houses; first two serving lads with

torches, and then Gamboa, and after him Captain Villa Sirga, and a Spanish gentleman named Antonio Vaca, and five other servants after. As I said, they walked in single file for the rain, and Guevara and his companions, with drawn swords, threw themselves upon Gamboa, and before he could say, "God help me!" all four of them together thrust their swords into him. And, as it afterwards appeared, each one of them must have given him three or four stabs, for the unfortunate man had thirteen very bad wounds, each one right through him. And as the ill-fated Villa Sirga followed him he clapped his hand to his sword, and they also gave him a mortal thrust, and Guevara and the others took flight.[1]

God was merciful to Villa Sirga, inasmuch that, although he had a thrust in the guts that came out at the loins, he lived until eight o'clock the next morning, and was confessed and absolved, but the ill-fated Gamboa had not time to say a word. God's judgment! everyone ought to think well what he swears, and take care not to curse, for Gamboa possessed this bad habit amongst many others; and when he wished to affirm a great lie, and get credit for it, he used to say, "God let me die by bad stabs if it be not true." And of a verity they were bad enough, for the least of them would have killed a giant. And the murderers went to their inn, and were there in hiding

[1] "The 19th January (1550), at night, were murthered at St. Pulcher's Church, against the King's Head, without Newgate, London, two captains who had served the King at Boulogne and elsewhere, the one was Sir Peter Cambo and the other Filicirga, which murther was committed by Charles Gavaro, a Fleming, who came post from Barwike to do that act. On the morrow he, with three of his companions, was taken in Smithfield by Lord Paget, and sent to Newgate, and the 24th January they were all foure, Charles Gavaro, Balthasar Gavaro, Nicholas di Salmeron, and Francis Den Alonso, had in a cart to Smithfield. And by the way, at the place where the murther was done, Charles Gavaro had his right hand stricken off on the cart-wheel, and then all hanged at Smithfield, who being exhorted to reconcile himself to God and the world by confessing his sin and repenting himself of the offence, and asking forgiveness, that he might with an unburthened conscience resign his soul into the hands of God, obstinately and desperately answered that he would never repent him of the deed." (Hollingshead.)

until six o'clock next day, the news of the murder being known at once all over London and the Court. The lords of the Council sent to order the officers of justice to make strict search, and discover the murderers; and a proclamation was cried over London, that whoever hid or harboured the culprits without surrendering them should suffer death if they were detected. Certainly Guevara could easily have escaped, but it is believed that he had great expectation that even if they knew he had done it, he would not have to suffer. This was clear from the fact that he himself confessed that he had killed Gamboa. As soon as it was known that Carlos de Guevara had done the deed it was thought that the Earl of Warwick would have him pardoned, but it turned out just the reverse, as will be told.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

HOW CARLOS DE GUEVARA WAS HANGED WITH HIS COMPANIONS.

IT may well be supposed that it was fore-ordained that Carlos de Guevara was to be hanged, for a year before he committed this crime he went on a voyage to Flanders, and was going down the river at London in a boat, in company with two servants of his a Spanish youth and a page, after nightfall, and very dark, when the boat ran against a barge so violently that the boat was smashed, and the Spanish youth, a page, and a servant were drowned, the other servant, seizing hold of a plank floating down the river, was saved by a ship, and Guevara clutched hold of one of the barge ropes when the boat struck, and was rescued from drowning by the bargemen. The boatmen, who knew how to swim, were also saved; so we may say of him that he who is born to be hanged will never be drowned.[1]

[1] This confirms Guevara's voyage to Flanders to raise the 100 horsemen, and his imprisonment there, as mentioned in the State Papers, June, 1549, but not otherwise referred to in this Chronicle.

To return to the subject. When Guevara and his companions had been arrested and taken to the thieves' prison, the Council ordered that they should be tried, so they were carried in iron chains, two and two, before the judge of the realm. It was really quite a sight to see the people in the streets, and those who went to hear the sentence pronounced. The law of the country is that twelve men have to condemn or acquit the accused person, and if he be a foreigner they give him six foreigners and six Englishmen, twenty-four being called from whom to choose the twelve. Well, when Carlos de Guevara was before the judge, the King's Attorney spoke and said, "My lord Judge, I demand justice in the King's name, and I accuse Carlos de Guevara of having violated the King's highway, and killed two of the King's servants, Pero de Gamboa and Villa Sirga." The judge then said, "What have you to say in answer to this charge?" Guevara replied that he did not understand English, and demanded an interpreter to speak for him. So they called a merchant named Antonio de Guaras,[1] who spoke good English, to declare Guevara's answer. Then Guevara said, "My lord Judge, I admit that it is true that I killed Pero de Gamboa; and I had very good reason for killing him, for he had insulted me, and tried to have me killed." From this it will be understood that if he had not expected to be let off he would not have confessed the crime. "And furthermore, my lord Judge," he said, "I alone killed him, and these gentlemen here, whom you have arrested, are free from blame." So Antonio de Guaras interpreted what Guevara had said, and it was taken down in writing.

He was very badly advised to say this, because by confessing that he did it, he condemned the others as well. The lawyer then said, "My lord Judge, I also demand justice against Guevara, Salmeron, and Velasco, who were together with Guevara, the murderers of Pero de Gamboa

[1] This Antonio de Guaras lived for many years afterwards in London as Spanish consul, and in the absence of any Spanish ambassador from 1572 to 1578 served as diplomatic agent. He was imprisoned for a long period by Queen Elizabeth. An interesting series of his letters from London to Philip II. has recently been published in Madrid, edited by the Marquis de Fuensanta del Valle.

and Villa Sirga." The judge asked them what answer they had to make to the charge, and Salmeron replied, "My lord Judge, we know nothing of such violence, and since Carlos de Guevara here confesses that he killed him, it is clear that we do not deserve punishment, not having done it." And at the request of the judge Antonio de Guaras declared what he had said, and the judge asked, "Are you willing to submit yourself to the law of the land?" They said, "Yes;" and the judge answered, "Well, you shall have all the right of citizens," and he ordered a sergeant to call the twenty-four deputies, each one by name. So they called twelve foreigners and twelve Englishmen, all very honest men; and the judge said to Salmeron, Guevara and Velasco, "You see these four and twenty honest men? Choose from amongst them six foreigners and six Englishmen, for they have either to condemn or to save you." So they chose twelve, and the judge called upon the King's lawyers to show in what way Salmeron, Velasco, and Guevera were guilty of the death of Gamboa and Villa Sirga. The lawyers then said, "We have here good proofs that they were the murderers," and thereupon was called, in a loud voice, into the court, a Spanish gentleman named Antonio Vaca, who took the oath, and said in a voice that everybody could hear, "My lord Judge, I came in company with the unfortunate Gamboa and Villa Sirga, and was walking after them and the lads who bore the torches, and I saw these four gentlemen who are now here, with their swords drawn, and with the same tunics that they are now wearing, and I saw them stab Gamboa, each one, as I think, giving him three or four thrusts, and by the oath I have just taken, I swear that these men killed him." He then said no more; and one of the lads who carried the torches, came up, and having taken the oath, he said, "My lord Judge, by the oath I have taken, I saw Carlos de Guevara and the other three that are here attack my master, and before he could say a word, except to exclaim, 'What is it?' Guevara said, 'That's what it is!' and stabbed him; and the others as well. My master then fell to the ground, and I drew my sword and gave Salmeron that cut that he has on his forehead."

Many other proofs were brought, and the judge presently ordered the twelve men to go into a chamber and consider what they had heard the witnesses say, and give an end to it. So the twelve were locked in, and there was great difference of opinion amongst them, the foreigners saying that strict justice was not being done, as the prisoners had no lawyer to speak for them. They passed four hours in these differences, and the foreigners sustained that as Guevara had confessed that he himself had killed him, the others should not be made to suffer. But as they delayed so long, the judge sent word for them to come to an agreement, or, if not, that he should have to keep them locked up till the next day. The Englishmen said, "It is quite clear that Guevara would not venture to kill Gamboa alone without these others accompanied him; and it is also proved that Guevara did not kill Villa Sirga, but these others, so that there is no pretext that can save them, for Guevara's own confession condemns them." There is no doubt that if Guevara had denied instead of confessing, the verdict might have been acquittal, as the witnesses were all interested parties.

At last the twelve men agreed, and one of the Englishmen was chosen to speak for all, and they went out to where the judge was, and their names were all called and each one answered; and when they had all answered the judge said, "Who speaks for the others?" and the Englishman answered, "I, my lord." "Then what is your verdict as regards Salmeron, Guevara, and Velasco?" "I say, my lord, that they are guilty." He had hardly pronounced the words when Salmeron and the others began to shout so loudly, and make so much noise, that if they had been loose instead of bound as they were, they would have done much damage. The judge ordered them to be quiet and hear the rest which had to be said; and when they were quiet again the judge said these words, "Carlos de Guevara, you have seen that no verdict was necessary in your case, because you had already confessed the crime. I counsel you make your peace with God, for to-morrow you must die." When Guevara heard this he answered not a word, but only raised his hands to heaven, made with them the sign of the cross, and kissed it. The judge then turned to

Salmeron, Velasco, and Guevara, and said, "You have been condemned justly by law; commend yourselves to God, for to-morrow you likewise must die."

Then they cried out, "Justice, Lord God, justice!" The judge asked what they said, and Antonio de Guaras told him, and he told him to tell them that they should have the justice they deserved, and ordered them to be taken to prison.

The judge went away, and that night a priest named Olivario, who was in England, went to the prison and confessed them; and the same night all the foreigners who were in London, both Italians and Spaniards, met together and went to the Earl of Warwick's house, to beg of him that the execution should not take place so soon, but that fifteen days should be given to Guevara to put his affairs in order. This course was taken by the foreigners in the hope that in the interim a letter might come from the Emperor's Court in favour of Guevara. But the Earl of Warwick, with tears in his eyes, said, "Gentlemen, I am very sorry I cannot help you, for the Council has ordered that they should die to-morrow, and nothing in the world can save him. Truly Guevara was very ill-advised to confess that he did it, but as it is so, gentlemen, do not waste more of your time, for there is no help for it."

So all these gentlemen went away; and at nine o'clock the next morning the sheriffs of London, with many halberdiers, went to the prison and sent for a cart. Then the sergeants went up for Carlos de Guevara and the others, and brought them down with their hands tied, and before they got up into the cart the Sheriff said to Guevara, "Señor Guevara, the King has ordered me to execute justice upon you, and I have to tell you that it is my duty to take you to Smithfield, where a gallows is placed, and there I must have you hanged until you render up your spirit to God. And I also have to tell you that it is my duty to take you before the house of Gamboa, and have your right hand cut off. You have heard your sentence." And to the others he said, "I have to take you along with Carlos de Guevara, and you will be on the gallows as long as he."

They were then made to get up into the cart, and they found there Lope de Carrion and Antonio de Guaras, two

Spanish merchants, who encouraged Guevara and the others as they went along. I'faith they served as good friars indeed on that day. Very soon they arrived at Gamboa's house, and the hangman got up and took Carlos de Guevara's right hand, and placed it on the wheel of the cart and chopped it off with a hatchet; and very near there was the place where the gallows was erected; and, to be brief, they put ropes round the necks of all of them, and the hangman whipped the horse and they remained dangling. God have mercy on them. The three deserved that death and worse, for they were double traitors, and were the cause of Guevara's committing the crime, for it is sure he would never have done it if it had not been for the bad advice of the others. He would have remembered that, thanks to Gamboa, he had risen to be captain, and that Gamboa had fallen out with all the Spanish captains for his sake.

This Guevara was one of the handsomest young fellows that could be found, and, as I have said, he had been made much of by the lords, and particularly by the Earl of Warwick. Indeed, his ruin was that he depended too much on his friendship, for after committing the crime it would have been easy for him to save himself, as he was a whole day concealed. He had perfect confidence that the Earl would get him pardoned, and he knew that the Earl was not on good terms with Gamboa, so, as I said, he confessed openly that he had done the deed with his own hands. It would have been much better to deny it, and he would probably thus have delayed the issue in proofs, and during that time perhaps he might have been saved; but I think that the sins of the others were what he paid for as well, for it was said that they had done many other evil deeds. May God have forgiven them."

CHAPTER XC.

HOW THE ENGLISH RETURNED BOULOGNE TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

HOW the Protector was blamed for the loss of the forts has already been told, and certainly, if he had taken as much care as the good King Henry VIII., Boulogne would not have been surrendered, as will be related here.

When the King of France learnt the few men that guarded the forts, he sent some eight thousand troops, who first took St. Jean de Rus, three leagues from Boulogne, on the Calais road, and afterwards captured the "Old Man," as the English called it, and subsequently the other fort which was on the slope opposite Boulogne. The French also had on the other side of the water another fort which they had erected, so that no supplies could now reach Boulogne. The French did not effect much damage, but as the English saw they could not hold out, they decided to make peace; and the French, knowing that if they took the place by force, it would cost many lives and much money, determined to offer an indemnity, and at last agreed to give four thousand crowns, on condition, however, that the English were not to destroy any edifice they had constructed. Truly the English might write a lament on Boulogne, and say, "Thou hadst better not been founded," for certainly, without any contradiction, it cost the King over six millions in gold, besides being the ruin of his kingdom for years, and God knows the loss of how many lives. And yet, after all, by carelessness and bad management, they gave it up for the sum mentioned.

Truly the English lost much on the day that the valiant King Henry VIII. died, and great evil comes, and will come to them from having sown such discord amongst their governors; and I only hope to God that King Edward will soon be able to govern. He was a very young child when his father died; and I am sure that when he understands the errors of the people around him, he will mend

them. There will be no lack of someone to tell him that his father was a very wise man, and a good Christian, notwithstanding his blindness in throwing over his obedience to the Pope, for, as regarded the services of the Church, he would never allow them to be altered, although he consented to some of the things being in English. He always caused the holy sacrament to be venerated and honoured, which was all done away with after his death.

Perhaps even his son may be inspired by the Holy Ghost to return to his obedience to the Church, and to the services as they used to be; but it is notorious that if the late King were alive he would never allow such evil-doing, and would take more care of things, for he was liberal, and did not begrudge expenditure, and always gave rewards to his captains and soldiers.

CHAPTER XCI.

HOW THE PROTECTOR AND OTHER GENTLEMEN WERE ARRESTED AND BEHEADED.

IT is notorious how the lords who rule the nation sent ambassadors to France, it was said, for the purpose of carrying the Garter to the French King, although it was not known for certain; but what was known was that the ambassadors stayed in France over two months, and in the meanwhile the King of France sent ambassadors over to England, who were received by the lords with great feastings. It was suspected that the principal object of this embassy was to bribe them to make war on the Emperor. Whilst these ambassadors were there they were greatly feasted by the Earl of Warwick and the Grand Master, much more than by any other of the lords; and it appears they could not get ear of the others, so they returned to France.

A very short time afterwards the King of France broke with the Emperor, and before the latter knew anything of it he armed vessels on the seas, which took from the Em-

peror's subjects much value in merchandise, so much that for years these subjects could not recover themselves.

But to return to our subject. The King of France found out from his ambassadors which of the English lords showed more leaning towards France, and against the Emperor. These were the Earl of Warwick and the Grand Master;[1] and it is suspected that the King wrote to them to look out for themselves, as the Protector and the Earl of Arundel and others were plotting to put them to death. Whether this was true or not was not known for certain; but it is a thing that might well be true. Others asserted that the Protector was advised to go armed himself in person, and kill the Earl; and this seems more likely, as the Protector certainly received much provocation through the Earl, and I believe that the animosity always existed—indeed, I know for certain that the Protector went to the Earl's house, and entered his chamber, but, when he found himself inside, had not courage to do what he went for. I quite believe if he had done it he would have carried it through successfully. When the Earl saw him so early in the morning in his chamber, he, like the brave man he is, threw on a garment, and said, "Why so early as this, my lord Duke?" And the Duke, embracing him, said, "My lord, I come to converse with you on subjects of interest to me; but when you are dressed, I will speak to you about them at the palace." Then he went away, but not without arousing considerable suspicion in the mind of the Earl.

When the Earl went to the palace, a gentleman went up to him, and said, "My lord, take care of yourself." The Earl needed no more, but entered at once into the Council, and said, "My lords, such a black treason as this can never be overlooked. If God had not blessed me, I should be a dead man at the hands of the Protector. I, therefore, demand that this should be investigated, and that justice be done, for if this be not punished, he will try to kill us all."

The lords decided to go and tell the King; and when they arrived before him, and told him, the King answered,

[1] William Paulet, Lord St. John, Great Master of the Household.

"My lords, if the Protector has offended, let the law take its course." They then sent the captain of the guard and his men to arrest him, and the same day they took four of the principal gentlemen in the kingdom,[1] and the next day the Earl of Arundel. This Earl of Arundel is one of the nobles who was strongly opposed to the Protector the first time he was arrested, and afterwards the Protector tried to gain his friendship, and the Earl of Warwick seeing this friendship took him as well, so as to find out whether he was in the plot.

The lords of the Council wanted to put the gentlemen to the torture, but they would not allow it, and confessed that they had advised the Duke, although they never admitted that the Earl of Arundel was in their councils, so that these four gentlemen and the Protector were condemned, and the next day the four gentlemen were led out and beheaded. In the course of three days the Protector was executed, and on mounting the scaffold he said these words, "Gentlemen, this is God's justice, and the blood of the just cry out against me. I was cruel to my brother, the Admiral, who after his condemnation wrote to the lords of the Council and to me asking to be heard, which I refused him. And now the lords have refused to hear me. I beg you to pray to God for me." And so they cut off his head. It was said that they executed him very early in the morning, and this in order that the people should not cause a disturbance. I trust God may have forgiven him, and the three as well.[2]

Nothing can be proved about the Earl of Arundel, and I believe that he is still in prison. A few days after this a gentleman committed a crime punishable by death, and nearly all the lords of the Council went to the King to ask him to pardon him. The King answered them very deliberately: "How is this my lords? There was no one

[1] Somerset was arrested 16th October, 1552, with Sir Ralph Avane, Sir Giles Partridge, Sir Michael Stanhope, and Sir Thomas Arundel.

[2] Somerset was beheaded 22nd January, 1552, after being acquitted of treason in Westminster Hall by his peers on 2nd December, 1551. He was committed and executed for felony—plotting to murder Warwick.

to beg for mercy for my uncle, and for this man you all come. My command is that the law's behest be carried out." The lords knew by this the King loved his uncle, and was grieved at his death. So the gentleman was executed, and thenceforward the lords did not dare to ask for pardon for anyone.

CHAPTER XCII.

HOW LORD PAGET WAS ARRESTED, AND WHY.

SOME days before the death of the Protector the lords of the Council sent Lord Paget as ambassador, and it is said that besides many other things that the Emperor said to him he (the Emperor) asked him to write to the lords, desiring them to treat Madam Mary well, and not to take from her the mass, the holy sacrament, nor the saints from her chapel. Paget, as it afterwards appeared, promised the Emperor to do so, and it is said that Paget wrote both officially and privately to the Council. Nothing is known, only that for some time they dissembled, and when he came back he was very well received by the Council, for they knew he was one of the wisest men in the kingdom, and was also chamberlain to the King and ruled all the household. But in the meanwhile the lords every day introduced some innovation into the kingdom, and they forgot the promise made to the Emperor, and determined to proceed to denude Madam Mary's chapel, which they effected, to the great sorrow of the good lady, although they could never convert her to the vile sect to which they belong. When the Emperor heard of it, he wrote to the King and to his Council that he marvelled greatly that they should take away Madam Mary's objects of devotion after what Paget had promised him. When the lords received this letter, not knowing what excuse to give, and to palliate their conduct, they ordered Paget's arrest, saying that Paget had made the promise on his own responsibility, and without the

knowledge of the Council, who knew nothing about it. So Master Paget, as he is a very wise man, gave his lawful excuses, and apologised to them all, although it is believed that all the Council knew about it. If they could find any reason for doing it, they would have beheaded him to cover their own deceit, but he knew how to defend himself. So they let him go, although it is said that they took away all his rents, and deprived him of his seat on the Council. Truly they were badly advised in turning him out of the Council, for they ought to have considered the wisdom he has possessed, and still possesses, and that his advice would be valuable to them.

I believe that if he lives until the King comes to the government he will return to the Council again. Henry VIII. knew him well, and often said that he had no better or wiser man in his Council than he. I do not doubt, and have every hope that I shall see him in time like a king in the land, for his wisdom and discretion are such that his Prince will recognize the benefit that God has granted him in giving him such a man for his Council. I wish to God there were many of his stamp and knowledge, for the good I desire to that country.

DEO GRACIAS.

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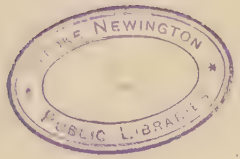

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